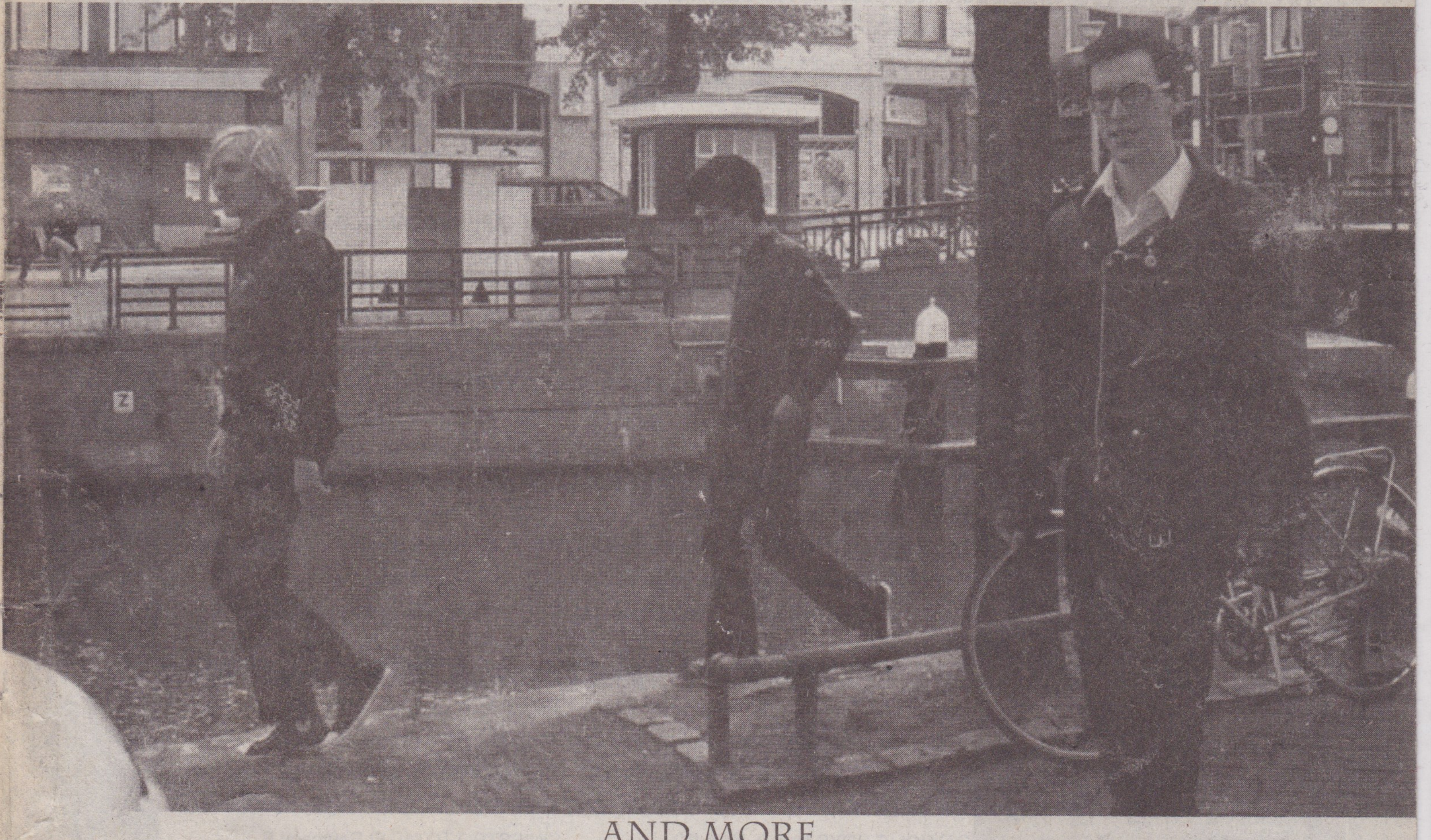
ISSUE #270 NOVEMBER 2005 $4.00

maximum rocknroll

CLOROX GIRLS CZOLGOSZ REGULATIONS THE TIME FLYS TAXI



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- BURIAL-Never Give Up…Never Give In-LP
- SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
- SYSTEM-…Is Still Murder-CD
- SISTE DAGERS HELVETE-Helvete Er Løs-LP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
- THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
- V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-Home For Orphans-LP
- SEEIN' RED-We Need to Do More Than Just Music-LP
- THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP

MITCH CARDWELL

- THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP
- V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP
- THE REBEL-Prawns-LP
- REIGNING SOUND-Home For Orphans-LP
- FRUSTRATIONS-Nerves are Fried/Summer-45
- THE HOSPITALS-LP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
- THE BLACK LIPS-In & Out/Stuck in My Mind-45
- SUBSONICS-Die Bobby Die-LP
- SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP

ROB COONS

- SEEIN' RED-We Need to Do More Than Just Music-LP
- MARTYRÖD-In Extremis-EP
- SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
- AVSKUM-Crucified by the System-EP
- PROJECT X-Straight Edge Revenge-EP
- BURIAL-Never Give Up…Never Give In-LP
- THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
- SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP
- TOTALITÄR / AUTORITÄR-split EP
- SISTE DAGERS HELVETE-Helvete Er Løs-LP

PAUL CURRAN

- FOUR EYES-Sweet Sounds-CD & live
- DOGS-Rollin' In It-LP / THE MINDS-EP
- I EXCUSE/WHISKEY SUNDAY-split EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
- DISCONVENIENCE-War on Wankers-EP
- DHOOM-The Mountain Is a Trap-45
- SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
- V/A-Killed By Que?-EP
- RED TAPE APOCALYPSE-EP
- HEY GIRL-live

JONATHAN FLOYD

- BORN/DEAD-Repitition/Fear-45
- ONION FLAVORED RINGS-LP
- BURIAL-Never Give Up…Never Give In-LP
- SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP
- THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
- THE BOMB-Indecision-CD
- REIGNING SOUND-Home For Orphans-LP
- I EXCUSE/WHISKEY SUNDAY-split EP
- SEEIN' RED-We Need to Do More Than Just Music-LP
- MARKED MEN/BIRTHDAY SUITS-live

NEW TOP TEN! CHRIS HUBBARD

- SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
- SISTE DAGERS HELVETE-Helvete Er Løs-LP
- THE TROUBLE-Nobody Laughs Anymore-LP
- FRUSTRATIONS-Nerves are Fried/Summer-45
- THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
- TOTALITÄR / AUTORITÄR-split EP
- THE INSOMNIACS-Switched On/'Bout My Love-45
- RIFF RAFF-Lowlifer-EP
- GRUK-While You Were Apathetic-EP
- BOMBENALARM-Buried Alive-LP

KENNY KAOS

- THE JET SET-Let's Get Broken-EP
- DISCONVENIENCE-War on Wankers-EP
- PLASTIC LETTERS-Don't Tell Your Boyfriend-LP
- THE MINDS-EP / THE DISSIMILARS-EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
- THE BLACK LIPS-In & Out/Stuck in My Mind-45
- WEEKENDERS-Anyplace Else-EP
- THE INSOMNIACS-Switched On/'Bout My Love-45
- THEE FINE LINES-Looking Everywhere-EP
- SINIESTRO TOTAL-El Regreso-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP
- THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP
- THE DISSIMILARS-Landmine-EP
- CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
- THE REBEL-Prawns-LP
- THEE FINE LINES-Looking Everywhere-EP
- THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
- FRUSTRATIONS-Nerves are Fried/Summer-45
- V/A-Killed By Que? #2-EP
- V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP

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#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 160-163, 166, 172, 174-175, 179-181, 184-210, 214-227, 229-269
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

WILL WEBER KNEITEL

NEW THRILL PARADE-12"
I EXCUSE/WHISKEY SUNDAY-split EP
AGAINST ME!-Searching for a Former Clarity-CD
THE REBEL-Prawns-LP
PROJECT X-Straight Edge Revenge-EP
REIGNING SOUND-Home for Orphans-LP
THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP
FOUR EYES-Sweet Sounds-CD
M.O.T.O.-Raw Power-CD
MIKA MAKO-live

RAY LUJAN

INQUISITION-Revolution-CD
AK47-The Fucking Enemy-CD
YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!-Hit the Floor!-CD
THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP
PLASTIC LETTERS-Don't Tell Your Boyfriend-LP
THE MINDS-EP / M.O.T.O.-Raw Power-CD
TWIN CAM-CD / THE CONFESSION-CD
SOFAHEAD-Pre-Marital Predicament-CD
IPANEMA-Me Me Me-CD
ONION FLAVORED RINGS-LP

ALLAN McNAUGHTON

BORN/DEAD-45 / DISCONVENIENCE-EP
ONION FLAVORED RINGS-LP
SEEIN' RED-LP / GITHEAD-Profile-CD
SKITKIDS-EP / CATHOLIC BOYS-EP
REDWORMS' FARM-Amazing-CD
I EXCUSE/WHISKEY SUNDAY-split EP
SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP
BAD BLOOD-Ignorance is Bliss-EP
V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP
THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

MARTYRÖD-In Extremis-EP
BURIAL-Never Give Up…Never Give In-LP
THE BLACK LIPS-In & Out/Stuck in My Mind-45
ATAQUE FRONTAL-No Habra Paz-EP
DISCONVENIENCE-War on Wankers-EP
SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
ONION FLAVORED RINGS-LP
DECONDITIONED-Where Am I?-12"
NEW THRILL PARADE-12"

DONNA POOLE

THE HORRIBLY WRONG-Bleeding for You-EP
THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
I EXCUSE/WHISKEY SUNDAY-split EP
CATHOLIC BOYS-Hurt to Hate-EP
THE BLACK LIPS-In & Out/Stuck in My Mind-45
DISCONVENIENCE-War on Wankers-EP
SKITKIDS-Valkomna Till Paradiset-EP
SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD-EP
THE TROUBLE-Nobody Laughs Anymore-LP
V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

SKITKIDS-EP / MARTYRÖD-In Extremis-EP
V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP
TOTALITÄR/AUTORITÄR-split EP
CHAMPION-Promise Kept-LP
BRODY'S MILITIA-Appalacian-12"
THE TROUBLE-Nobody Laughs Anymore-LP
AVSKUM-EP / BURIAL-LP
GUIDED CRADLE-Riding the Witches Billygoat-LP
PROJECT X-Straight Edge Revenge-EP
ANTiSEEN/HAMMERLOCK-live

RYAN WELLS

THE TIME FLYS-Fly-LP
SUBSONICS-Die Bobby Die-LP
REIGNING SOUND-Home for Orphans-LP
THE BLACK LIPS-45
THE REBEL-Prawns-LP
THE HORRIBLY WRONG-Bleeding for You-EP
V/A-Staring Down the Barrel-LP
THE DISSIMILARS-Landmine-EP
THE MINDS-We Got the Pop-EP
THEE FINE LINES-Looking Everywhere-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Beat Motel #2
Born 20 Years Too Late #4
Brains #2
Brendan Rocks Rants
Modern Arizona #8
Nosedive #14
Ratcharger #3
Snakepit #34/Gullible #26
Toinen Vaihtuezito #188
Underworld Crawl #3

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#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.
#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia-article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene report

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

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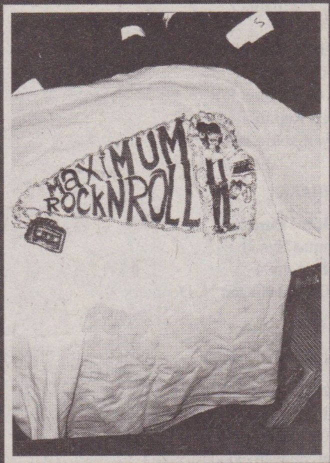

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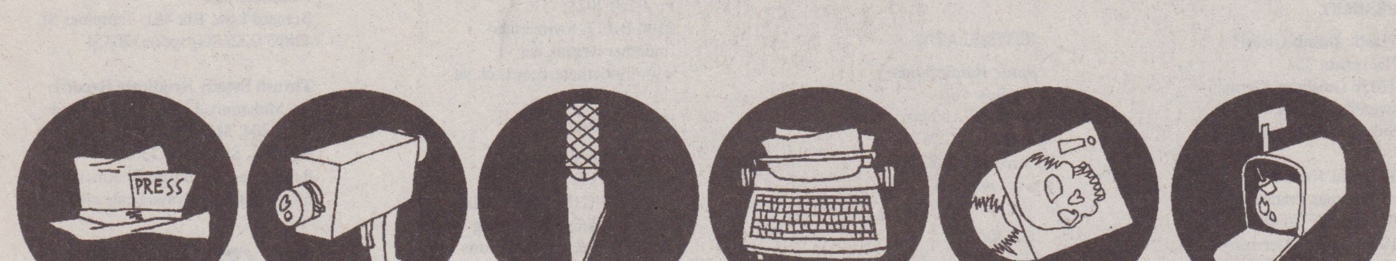

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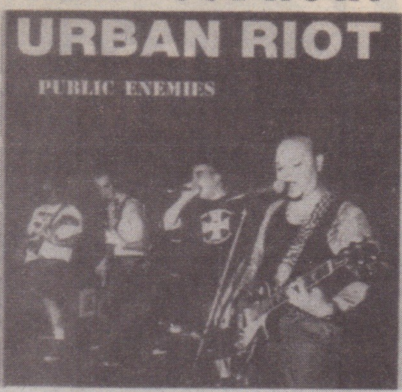

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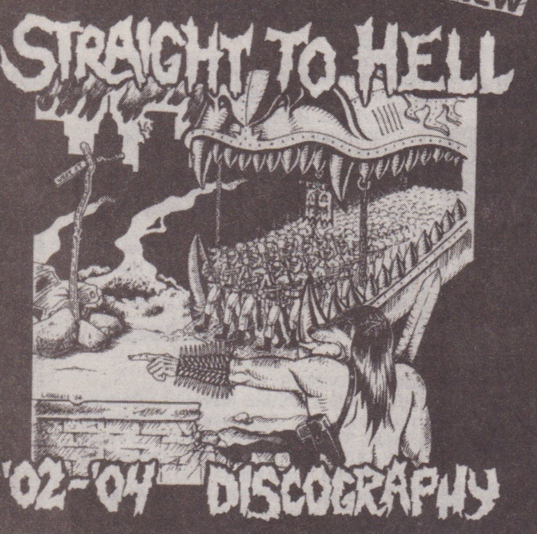

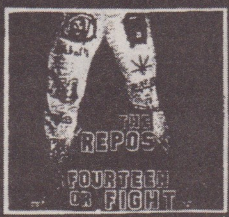

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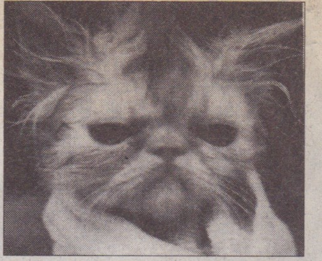

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Maximum Rocknroll —

Hey, it's Ethan in Asheville.

Earlier this month I read a piece of writing at the Asheville Community Resource Center about how blessed my former home, New Orleans, is when it comes to Hurricanes. Not a week later I watched in horror as every worst-case scenario, every drunken nihilistic statement, every joke about the levee breaking, came true and the city filled, exactly as everyone had always said it might, "like a bowl." And all that we could do was sit, dazed, and watch, wondering how it is that CNN can show us these people a thousand miles away fighting for their lives, but no one can do anything to physically remove them from danger. After mayor Ray Nagin's freak-out on the radio in which he implored President Bush and Governor Kathleen Blanco to "get their goddamned asses on a plane" and get down to New Orleans, then, finally, help began to appear in the city that care forgot—but not before the death toll had reached thousands. (Nagin, apparently a bit concerned about his own life, later apologized for losing his temper on the air but added something like, "…I think it worked out OK, but if the CIA slips me something and I'm not around next week, everyone will know what happened.")

Most of my loved ones got out and are accounted for, but not without loss and struggle. H and S "looted" our neighborhood grocery store, A and O stole a van, siphoned gas, looted a convenience store and left. Soon refugees began rolling into Asheville by the carload, wandering around in a haze, planting themselves in front of television sets and trying to drink enough to keep from panicking while they watched their homes sink.

At the yuppie bike shop where I grudgingly work, I'd listen to NPR and try to hold in the pain and anger. Once, while some dude yelled at me because my boss had scratched the paint on his fifteen hundred dollar bike, I began physically shaking. When he left I broke down into tears. My co-worker tried to comfort me and I screamed, *"It's not OK!!"* But what could I do? I'd get off work and drink myself into a stupor. I wanted to drive to the city more than anything, wanted to see with my own eyes, wanted to do something, anything to help. I was prepared to forge press passes and just go there, when things came into focus for me.

I started to see my friends, via their phone calls and emails, pull it together and take hold of the situation around them as best they could by starting websites, doing outreach, feeding people, signing up with the Red Cross, helping individual families. I was trying to figure out what it was that I could do, because getting drunk and crying intermittently certainly wasn't helping anything. Then Shelley, via email, suggested that I put together a New Orleans zine comp. It seemed a little trite to me at first, but before I'd made it out of the library computer lab the idea really began to sink in with me. So I'm doing it. It's tentatively called the New Orleans Zine Project. *[See the flyer for it on the ad page right after the News section. —Ed.]*

For those that don't know, the Crescent City has had a strong zine community for years. For a while it'd be rare to pick up a copy of *MRR* that didn't have at least one New Orleans zine on the top ten list. *Chainbreaker*, *Nose Dive*, *Crude Noise*, *Full Gallop*, *I Hate This Part of Texas*…the list goes on.

This project will collect and preserve that cache of literature (some of which may never be reprinted again due to hurricane damage) in book form and use profits from the book to help grassroots groups involved in the rebuilding of New Orleans.

This undertaking, I feel, is a way to meet this catastrophe on our terms, by preserving a part of our own punk culture, but also to reach out to another culture, the mostly African-American natives of New Orleans who are the ones to truly suffer in this tragedy. If you aren't from the area or have never been to the city, this may be hard to understand, but I truly feel that the real issue of what has happened in New Orleans is not the hurricane—this destruction is the punctuation mark at the end of a three hundred-year-old sentence. For its entire history the people of New Orleans have been shat upon, treated as though they weren't US citizens. The city boasted the worst roads in the country, one of the highest unemployment rates, one of the highest illiteracy rates, some of the worst schools and, of course, a completely lacking emergency defense system. The split between poor and rich, white and black, is deeper in New Orleans than anywhere I've ever been, and the actions of the federal government during hurricane Katrina prove that I wasn't imagining it. Now is a time when punks can stand up for what they claim to believe in by fighting back against the long, drawn out genocide being performed on the people of New Orleans.

With some luck and help, this zine collection could be a great way to show that punks can stand up, do something, and make a change. We need help with the printing costs (benefit shows would rule!), distribution, publicity…so spread the word, let people know what we're trying to do, please.

Also check out: www.neworleansnetwork.org and www.lhainfo.org to see other ways that you can help rebuild New Orleans—as much as is possible—to the place of beauty, culture and history that it was.

—Ethan Clark
french-fry@riseup.net, PO Box 2413, Asheville, NC 28802

The New Orleans Zine Project is being sponsored by the Asheville Community Resource Center, a 501c3 non-profit organization.

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—

This is Shelley from New Orleans. I put have been putting together *Chainbreaker Bicycle Zine* from there for the last few years, and I wanted to write to y'all about this hurricane and about what is going on with my city. It is hard to know where to begin, so I guess I will begin with the beginning.

I have lived in New Orleans for the better part of the last 10 years, and can say that not a day has gone by that I have not thought or even said out loud how much I love my city. And now, the terrible thing we residents have speculated about every hurricane season finally happened, the "perfect" hurricane hit. The Friday before the storm, I read the paper over coffee and saw that this little storm was coming up through the gulf towards the Florida panhandle, no big deal. That night, my mom called from Indiana and said there was a hurricane coming our way. She does that a lot so I didn't think much of it till my neighbors called later and said they had reserved some rooms in Jackson, Mississippi, for them and any of us from my place (lovingly called "the compound"), a group of eight homes with a shared yard. Still, I didn't think much of it, even into the next day that we all spent cleaning the yard of potential flying objects, putting plants inside, boarding up my and the neighbors windows in a great communal effort, all the while listening to the news of this storm worsening. We all planned to meet down the road at midnight, so with a few hours left, I cleaned and swept my house, still wondering if the evacuation was necessary. We have been through this so many times, and every time we are back at home in a few days, out a bunch of money spent on an unneeded and unplanned vacation. So I cleaned and thought, wondered and doubted, until a jar of green tea fell from my shelf from the kitchen all on its own. When I heard the crash from my front room, my stomach dropped deep. For the first time the feeling of danger crept in and I thought, “Get it together Shelley, this I real.” So I put three photos, my Buddha statue, my journal, a bag of pet food, and a few pairs of unders in my bag. Then, with a few hours left until we were to leave, I painted my toenails red, and lay on my small, dog-eaten couch and listened to my two favorite tapes, Drive Like Jehu and Dead Moon, front to back. At midnight, I grabbed the bag, my dog, my cat, walked out of the house, kissed my front door goodbye, and went with Daniel and his two dogs to meet up with the others, making us 13 people (including two kids, one pregnant woman, and one guy on a three-day vacation from Los Angeles) and eight dogs. We got in five cars and at two in the morning started driving towards Jackson, Mississippi. At about 6 a.m. we heard that the hurricane had made Category 5 and was still headed straight for the city. It is hard to write that. The only time I feel real stress in me is when I think about all those moments leading up to now, to the raising wind speeds, to the reports of an unprecedented mandatory evacuation of the city of New Orleans, to evacuating again to Memphis when we heard the storm would still be a Category 3 when it hit Jackson, to the moment we sat in the park getting ready to all meet Kristen for food and drinks and we heard the worst news yet—that the breach in the levy had gotten so big that plans to repair it had been abandoned. That was the worst of all. When I heard that I sobbed. I sobbed and sobbed.

For those of you who don’t know me or others from New Orleans, there are few places that inspire the type of devotion to a city like New Orleans does. New Orleans is where I built my family, my community, the place that I had “grown up” and made a home of my own. I know that city, I know the people the neighborhoods, the houses, the smells, the progression of the blooming of the most beautiful plants in the world (gardenias, night blooming jasmine, sweet olive, crepe myrtles, hibiscus, ginger, banana trees!). The idea of that place slowly filling with water, like a slowly sinking ship, or like a painful cancer like death, it just broke my heart. There was nothing we could do but watch the water rise (and become more toxic) and to watch our community, 100,000 of which don’t have transportation—poor people, already disenfranchised and forgotten people—sinking into the city, as the lake and river poured in. The news can’t report on those people because the government has never chosen to recognize them. The news implies that these people were stupid not to leave, or that we, as a city, were stupid to use our limited resources trying to fix our public schools instead for preparing for a disaster. Even as I write this there’s some asshole ranting on the radio about how these poor New Orleanians should have had the foresight to not have children if they don’t have the means to care for them or evacuate them from a city in case of a disaster like this. It is too much; it is just too fucking much.

After the news of the levy we decided to have a meeting—well, to have beers really—and to decide what to do next. It became clear to us that because we probably had lost everything, that staying together was essential. So we decided to stay together and get a house in Lafayette because it was as close to home as we could imagine and at the very least, we could help our people as much as we could from there. Still, the next day many of us left, to Colorado, to New Mexico, to Chicago and California and Montana, vowing to make some money and meet up again after a month. The last five of us drove back to Lafayette, overjoyed to hear Cajun accents, to see the bayous and swamps, and within two days we were donated a small amazing Cajun cabin out in Catahoula, Louisiana, to work out of. We volunteered at a rest stop where the people of St. Martin’s Parish had put together a help station, with hundreds of pounds of red beans and rice, a dumptruck full of clothing, toiletries, baby changing stations and hugs and love for people just coming off the busses from the Superdome. Those people were in a state I had never seen, with stories, I assure you, you cannot imagine. Really. I don’t know if the people were just broken down so far that they didn’t know what else to do or say, but they were so happy, so kind, just totally overjoyed and thankful to be given some fresh clothes, the first meal they had had in days, some water and affection. They had no idea where they were going, they had nothing. Yesterday we worked at the Cajun Dome here, serving lunch to evacuees and the people there were frustrated. Nobody has received any help from FEMA; they have no idea what to do or how long they will be there. But they have beds, medical and counseling aid, they have clothing and free phones to make calls with. This is all local aid, with some help from the Red Cross. It is difficult to comfort them, but it is good to see my people together and I even ran into neighbors and even some weirdoes whose bikes I have been fixing in the French Quarter for the last five years. The people from Lafayette and from South Louisiana have been amazing. Just listening to people form the country here in tears on the radio explaining how FEMA shut down their efforts to save people, a group of guys who took their own boats into St. Bernard Parish to help evacuate people in the projects there that were heartbroken and in tears because they were forced to stop. The people here want to help so badly and they are working day and night to do it.

I am sorry I am going on and on. There are still more stories to tell, and this is nothing compared to stories of other friends who stole cars to escape or got picked up off of rooftops by helicopters. We were lucky, privileged. The reason, though, that I am writing this is to say that I am trying to keep hope for our city. There is a lot of talk about leaving New Orleans forever, or just fencing the city off and leaving it to die. But the people who I know, who love the city as much as I do, are not giving up. Abram (from New Mouth from the Dirty South) and Rachel are working to keep their community alive from the Astrodome in Texas. Jamie (also from New Mouth) is keeping people in contact through a website from Boston. I have been getting amazing lists of people who are alive and well from Joe Tuba in New York that have helped ease my mind. But for all you other folks, and there are so many of you, who have lived in or visited New Orleans, please think of us and don’t give up! There are a lot of memories of the music, the food and the French Quarter that people have been nostalgic for that I have heard on the radio. But think back to our city beyond what tourists see to what makes it special: it is the *community*, the people, the culture, the dilapidated buildings, the constant reminder of the precariousness of life, that drives people to celebrate both life and death.

All these government jerks are now walking into our water-filled city and saying, “It is like a Third World country here! We can’t believe this is happening in America.” Hello! It has always been this way! I want to be the voice of the city nobody knew! We all need to be. As Daniel said, as we sit here listening to the radio, “I haven’t heard the city’s name this much in my entire life.” That is why I am writing this to you all, because we have always been the forgotten city, the forgotten state, with schools full of peeling lead paint and mold, with more people living under the poverty level than any coastal American could imagine. So many of our people didn’t have the means to leave this city, and now people are blaming them for staying and for looting houses and corporations for food and water to survive. This is our city and we have always had desperate people who have barely been able to get by and who have only succeeded in doing so in relying on each other, instead of the damn government, through community, neighborhood pride, and churches that check on and care for our elderly. We have had music and art and the love of celebration. Remember the musicians that come from our city (and remember how many that I won’t list here that extend beyond the punk community)—Impractical Cockpit, the Foreheads, the Fairies, Dirty Charlie, Frozen Head, Beasthead, Panorama Brass Band, and more! Remember the zines (*Emergency*, *Nosedive*, *Full Gallop*, *Crude Noise*, *I Hate This Part of Texas*, *Sweet Olive*, *Chihuahua and Pitbull*, *Chainbreaker*, and more!) and the books and publishers, the art, and the special aesthetic of New Orleans. Lots of us lost our instruments, art supplies, zine masters, and all of the equipment that has been recording musicians coming through our city. It may be awhile, but all of these creations will be back, either out of New Orleans or from other communities helping to support our evacuees.

For now, this will help: Ethan Clark of Chihuahua and Pitbull Zine is organizing a New Orleans zine comp if anyone want to help, write him at New Orleans Zine Project PO Box 2413, Asheville, NC 28802. The New Orleans Bookfaire was to happen in October; Kyle and Jenny from Hot Iron Press were organizing this. Maybe we could do it still? Somewhere? The Neighborhood Story Project organized by Abram and Rachel hopes to return. To keep up with them, check http://blogs.chron.com/exile/. If you want to keep up with our community and neighborhoods of New Orleans, check out the website Jamie put together NewOrleansNetwork.org.—we'll all be checking in there. There are so many more groups and friends to mention—Nowe Miasto, Plan B, the Iron Rail—but this is too much already. Just please, don't forget about us y'all! Find us, talk to us, comfort us, feed us, and keep us together! This is a temporary diaspora. We'll be back!

Thanks! If anyone needs anything or is looking for anyone, you can contact me at 318 Clinton Street, Lafayette. LA 70501.

Love,
—Shelley

Hello MRR—

You sure weren't lying when you said the letters were sparse lately. Issue #268 had about two, I think. Thought I would drop you a line to do my part to contribute to your zine because it has meant so much to me over the past years. Nothing major, just an anecdote that I think will resonate with many punks out there.

A couple of weeks ago, my wife's nephew came to stay with us for a week. He is 16 and from rural Alabama. From what I gather, his home life is pretty messed up, and he's getting into trouble at school because of the jacked up situation with his mom and step-dad. My wife thought it would be good for him to stay with us for a while, so that he'd be exposed to a relationship between a man and a woman that is based upon mutual respect, honesty and love, as well as a home built on hard work, responsibility and principle. When I met him, I thought he was a pretty cool, but very confused young man. I guess it is to be expected at that age, and I found myself thinking back to when I was 16. Although that was nearly 20 years ago, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was about the same way he is: confused, alone and really in need of some guidance (even though I would have never admitted it at the time).

A few days of the week elapsed, but I didn't really feel like I was connecting with him, so I thought I would try to find some common ground with him. I asked him about music. He said he liked all kinds. I asked him what about punk music. He said he liked "punk" and mentioned bands like Good Charlotte, Blink 182, and Green Day. This was kind of neat, because I started to talk about punk and also "punk style" music. We started to talk about the punk paradigm, and DIY versus industry and consumerism. We didn't just talk about music, although that's where we began, but also about how the punk ethos, DIY, and principled living are concepts that can be applied to so much of your life. It wasn't a talk about music, but about truth and freedom that comes from principled living. By the end of the conversation, he asked me to make him a mix of some of my favorite punk tunes. That night, I mixed up a CD full of some of my favorites when I was his age (remember, I'm over 30!), and also some newer stuff. I mixed up Minor Threat, SOA, Jawbox, Fire Party, Slant 6, and Fugazi (guess where I'm from). I also threw in a bunch of rockin' tracks from Spoke, Radon, Wordsworth, and Hot Water Music (guess where I live now). I finished the disc off with assorted tracks from Dead Kennedys, Bad Brains, Agnostic Front, Ramones, Joan Jett, Black Flag, MDC, NoFX, Suicidal Tendencies, Bad Religion and even some Pain Teens for yucks. By all accounts a rockin' but woefully incomplete assortment of essential punk tunes—however, a good place to start. When I was done I was pretty pleased with what I'd put together. So much so that I made an extra copy for myself. By then, it was pretty late and I'd had a few beers, so I started to reminisce a little bit.

I started to think about how I had come to know punk. I had been living in Dunedin, Florida until my mom died in 1985. I was fourteen years old. After that, I went to live with my dad in the Washington, DC area. It was tough adjusting to a new junior high school, especially since I was in the midst of puberty, the "awkward" period for anyone, and I had spent the previous couple of years struggling with my identity. Not to mention that my relationship with my dad was pretty messed up because of the animosity my mom had towards him, and that I had lived with for so long. I was just full of resentment and alienation. I just never seemed to fit with any group. It was an utterly, totally, and absolutely awful period of my life. Funny thing was, I was so lost and desperate at that point, that I was pretty malleable, willing to do anything for someone to like me. At my new Jr. High, the administration assigned me a "buddy" student. This guy, Ritchie, was nice enough, but the kids he hung out with were just not where I was. I fit in, kind of, but not really. It wasn't where I belonged. One day, this girl Cara, who used to sit with me in the lunchroom, made me four tapes from her brother's record collection. I think she had a crush on me, but back then I was so awkward I'd never had known. Anyway, the first tape had *Never Mind the Bollocks* and *Rock for Light*. The second tape had Suicidal Tendencies and a bunch of Ramones songs. The third tape was full of Dead Kennedys songs. The best tape, the fourth, was full of mid-80s Dischord stuff: SOA, Scream, Minor Threat, among other great DC bands. I had never heard music or ideas like that before. In an instant, I knew where I belonged. I listened to each one for hours every day. I had experienced my Minutemen moment—punk rock had saved my life. I knew where I "was".

Within a few months, I was fully immersed, taking the METRO to Gallery Place and walking to the 9:30 Club for all-ages shows, or other DIY spaces, seeing whoever was playing, if I could get in. I spent the mid-80s through early-90s catching shows here and there, and generally just digging the music without ever being part of a "scene." I just did my own thing and followed the music and ideas I loved. No doubt that the DC scene was huge in my formative years. The only aberration was that I was never straightedge, which sometimes proved a problem for me, because it was very popular in the 80s. Nonetheless, I found punk at just the right time in my life, and I thought about how great it was that I might have been able to pass along the same gift to my wife's nephew. The best thing about my story is that almost every punk has one like it.

My wife's nephew seemed to like the mix, but later in the week asked me to download a song by Korn, so I don't know if I got through after all. Punk speaks so loud that I hope as he sits in his bedroom in some North Alabama trailer court, he gives the CD a couple of spins while leafing through the stack of old *Maximumrocknroll* mags I gave him to take home.

Keep up all of the good work!
—JJ Meadowlark
Gainesville, Florida.

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—

Alright dudes, after keeping silent for so long on several issues in your mag, I gotta speak out. Recently, my friend showed me the new MRR which featured a "scene" report on the Bay Area. It was appalling. Sorry, but it's not 2000 anymore—Mission Records is over, and hardcore rules. The article covers bands that only appeal to artists and teenage neo-lesbians. Why the lack of coverage on the hardcore scene? I don't care about stupid scenester bands like Allergic To Bullshit and neither does the average punk on the street. But why barely mention any of the bands like Strung Up or Scurvy Dogs? The both have new 7"s out but barely warrant a mention, apparently. And what the fuck? who cares about Cooper Quintin? That guy's a fat, hairy "ska" guy who likes to get peed on (no joke). He does nothing for the scene and barely goes to shows. No mention of local teenage HC bands like Rotten Fux, Warkrime, or Suburban Death Camp. Art is dead, you fucking hippies. Hardcore rules!

—Brace!!!

P.S. Annihilation Time isn't "too metal."

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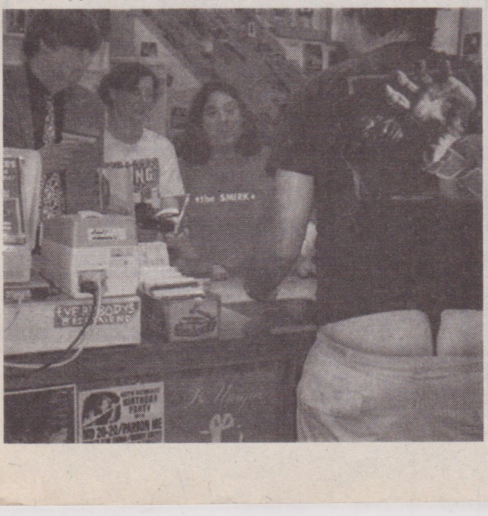

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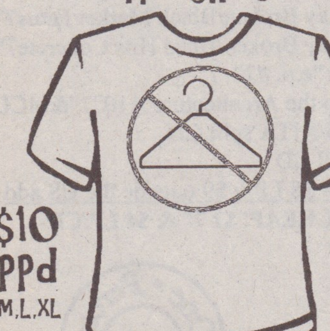

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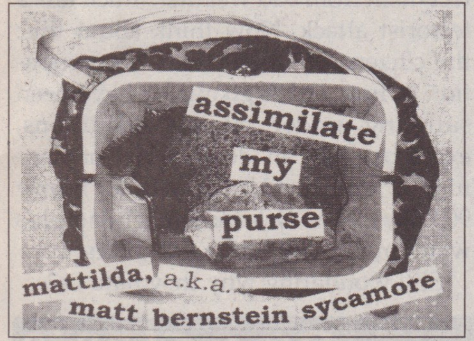


Rent: the Movie

I rarely go out to bars — there's nothing much left for me there, except for drug habits that I don't need. Plus, I've become super-sensitive to smoke, it's so extreme that if I'm near even one or two people smoking, I wake up in the morning feeling like someone stuffed my head with nails that are poking out of my face. I'm always up late, though; these days, my insomnia's so bad that I rarely go to bed before 5 am. So every once in a while, I get all wired around 1 am and rush out to some nearby event. Then I either arrive and crash immediately, or I get so wired that I get crazy.

On one of the crazy nights, the bar closed and someone told me that a Hollywood film crew was shooting the movie version of *Rent* on Sixth Street, just around the corner from where we were standing. For those lucky enough to remain ignorant about *Rent*, it was a cheesy musical about artists, activists and queers struggling with AIDS and poverty and love in downtown New York in the early 90s. It started as a hit downtown, then became a hot Broadway commodity. Sarah Schulman wrote a brilliant book, *Stagestruck: Theater, AIDS, and the Marketing of Gay America*, where she exposes how *Rent* stole the plot of her novel, *People in Trouble*, repositioned straight people as the heroes of the AIDS crisis...and made billions.

So now they're making a movie, and, apparently, no location in New York's whitewashed downtown looks authentic enough. So, just to get a little bit of downtown New York City realness, the Hollywood film crew came to San Francisco. Sixth St., between Market and Mission, to be more specific — essentially San Francisco's skid row, filled with rundown residence hotels and people struggling to pay the night's rent. Now, the block is also home to four trendy hipster bars: one for the rockers and art school casualties, one for the yuppies, one for the dancing crowd, and one for the whole big happy family.

I managed to gather a crowd of about ten or so people to survey the carnage. Sure enough, the entire block was commandeered by guys in headsets looking important, extras looking clueless, and at least three different types of cops: SFPD officers, rent-a-cops, and actors playing NYPD officers. There was fake snow on the ground, and there were rainbow feather boas wrapped around parking meters. On the side of the street, black women dressed as hookers peered out of an NYPD car. Someone had earlier mentioned a fake Keith Haring Absolut vodka billboard, but I forgot to look for it. In the center of the street was a crowd of...New Yorkers, I guess...and on one side of the street was another crowd gathered around a couple of local drag queens.

I grabbed a feather boa, wrapped it around my neck and started screaming, *"How much is the rent?"* Some security guard tried to pull me aside and I started doing frantic runway, smiling for the cameras even though I wasn't even getting paid. To the side, one of my friends was pissing in the fake snow. *"What street are we on,"* I screamed. *"Is this 42nd street? St. Marks place?"* A well-dressed lesbian glared at me. I looked her in the eyes, and said: who are you, Sue Friedrich?

I don't even know who Sue Friedrich is — I remember Sarah Schulman mentioning her as an experimental lesbian filmmaker. This lesbian didn't look too happy. The security guards started pushing me away from the actors, but the crowd I'd come with was blocking them with bikes. A cop was threatening to confiscate the bikes, trying to grab a guy on a bike who avoided him. I get a little crazy around cops. This one was pushing me away, and I was screaming, *"I'm not leaving until I get fucked."* I kept repeating that until the cops had pushed me around the corner with the bikers.

Around the corner, another cop had grabbed the guy who had pissed on the snow, pushed him up against a wall, and threatened to arrest him. The bike contingent was attempting to convince the officer to let our friend go. The cop replied that if we all went home, then he'd let him go; otherwise, he'd be arrested. We'd all heard that one before — we stayed right where we were. The cop twisted our friend's hand behind his back — *"Ouch!"* our friend yelled.

Then an officer with a grey mustache and a white helmet rode up on a Harley. Was this part of the movie? Some drunk tried to explain to the cops why gentrification was wrong and really we were on the same side. Great strategy. Luckily, I wasn't drunk or an extra, so I could switch roles. "Officer," I asked politely, "Why is this man apprehending our friend?" I don't know, the officer replied, but you need to get off the sidewalk. Listen, I said, it's late — all the bars are closed — we're just trying to get home, and we don't understand what's going on. Finally, he directed the other cop to release our friend, and everyone started to walk away.

Before driving off, the officer looked me in the eyes and added: "I do realize that you disobeyed my orders."

Mattilda, a.k.a. Matt Bernstein Sycamore is the editor, most recently, of

That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation (Soft Skull 2004) and the author of *Pulling Taffy* (Suspect Thoughts 2003). Contact Mattilda via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com PO Box 640047, San Francisco, CA 94164-0047, USA.

Taps run dry. Food rots when the power goes out. Toilets overflow with waste. Looters strip homes, businesses, and public buildings. Armed bandits run wild in the streets. Fires rage out of control. Terrified policemen abandon their posts. Flies buzz over bloated corpses. People wave signs at passing helicopters. "Please help us," they read.

"Help is on the way," their head of state assures them. But the government sends soldiers instead of relief workers. The troops treat the victims, who are taxpayers and citizens, as if they were prisoners. Aiming weapons at the sick and dying, they herd thousands into sports arenas where they receive neither water, nor food, nor safe harbor. While indifferent soldiers man checkpoints to prevent the detainees from leaving, babies starve, the elderly die from lack of medicine, and children are raped and murdered. They set up checkpoints to prevent anyone from leaving.

Reuters reports from inside a convention-center-cum-refugee camp:

"Sitting with her daughter and other relatives, Trolkyn Joseph, 37, said men had wandered the cavernous convention center in recent nights raping and murdering children. She said she found a dead 14-year old girl at 5 am on Friday morning, four hours after the young girl went missing from her parents inside the convention center. "She was raped for four hours until she was dead," Joseph said through tears. "Another child, a seven-year old boy was found raped and murdered in the kitchen freezer last night."

The horror of the aftermath is so extreme that it nearly erases the memory of the initial disaster.

Water, food, housing, electricity: in the modern era, society collapses without them. However, as I found while reporting on the invasion of Afghanistan, they are not equally essential.

I was surprised to discover that I hardly missed food. On the other hand, thirst turns people mean within hours. Water, orange cola, and a rusty case of mid-'90s Qatari Pepsi got me through for over a week. The lack of electricity, conversely, proved inconvenient in unexpected ways. Laptops and even satellite phones — essential technology whether writing from a war zone or organizing rescue operations in a flooded American city — rely on rechargeable batteries. Generators are expensive and cumbersome, and they run on gas. But without electricity you can't pump out the fuel.

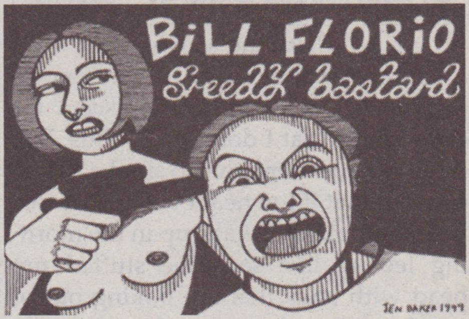
Shelter took a back seat to hygiene. Absent rain (a safe bet in Afghanistan), I would have picked a hot shower over housing. That had to go double for the newly homeless who have been wading through filthy floodwaters in New Orleans. Whether for drinking or bathing, clean water comes first.

American politicians and bureaucrats neither know life without the basics nor talk to those who do, which is why they failed to respond coherently to the humanitarian crisis caused by Hurricane Katrina. Airlifting bottled water ought to have been FEMA's first priority. Refugee centers ought to have featured rows of portable showers. It is inexcusable that hospitals weren't outfitted with backup generators and fuel reserves to run them. Police, firefighters and other first-responders ought to be equipped with satellite phones powered by disposable batteries.

Of course, the government's biggest mistake was its decision to privatize the evacuation. Those who owned cars fled. 100,000 poor people, who ride New Orleans' streetcar system, were left behind to die. Greyhound's nearly 2,000 buses could have gotten them all out — but commandeering private property is the act of a civilized nation, not the leaner, meaner, tough-break United States. Similarly, storeowners should have distributed water and other emergency supplies under a FEMA guarantee of reimbursement.

It only took a few days for New Orleans to descend into anarchy, for the survivors of Katrina to lose hope, for disgusted Americans to conclude that their leaders are too staggeringly stupid, incompetent, and uncaring to protect them from bad weather, much less a terrorist attack. Now think about this: the citizens of cities under US occupation in Iraq and Afghanistan have been suffering under similar conditions, exacerbated by an identical lack of planning by the same US officials, for nearly 900 days. New Orleans is Baghdad plus water minus two and a half years.

Still wondering why they hate us?



The Failure of Tough Guy Hardcore

MRR has had a history of not being nice to the average moron-in-a-wifebeater hardcore or third-rate-black47-skinhead bands or the folks who dig 'em. You know the band—they've been around for fifteen years—but for the first seven they only had a demo tape. The original singer is in jail, and now they play on the Warped Tour and RANCID kisses their ass, because the guys in RANCID got their abs and their anal bruising from Gold's Gym and tapered light bulbs and not from San Quentin. Yeah, this zine's always been unkind to these bands in the reviews section because they always end up beating on someone for looking at their girl or being a homo and touching their ass and you know, this liberal-faggot-smelly-armpit Bay Area-based zine can't relate.

Now, I am gonna criticize this type of band, and the crews and people who get their logos tattooed on 'em, but not for giving some midnight dentists that extra vacation money, or their grave concerns about the middle-aged Vietnam prisoners of war that are still eating cockroaches in Da Nang. (My friend Artie told me that hardcore bands don't sing about that anymore, but I always related watching an almost-like-Anthrax band with watching a Chuck Norris movie, regardless). Anyhow, I'm not gonna give them shit for making complete fools of themselves artistically, or the random violence associated with it. I'm gonna give them shit for selling out.

I expect this tough-guy, drug-addicted, metal-moshcore, show-up-in-the-House-of-Pain-video to give over some rewards now and then. Not to mention some good use of that E-string. I wanna hear the story about how INTEGRITY played with MXPX and broke the bass player's arm for cheating them out of $20. I wanna hear about how ONELIFECREW gang-raped a 13-year-old boy for stealing an embroidered beanie from the merch box. Hell, print up some rare 7"s and you know Brian from DROPDEAD's gonna buy four of 'em after he hears how your band set fire to a GAP in Cleveland.

So what goes down when a band like this gets to open for MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE? Nothing, nothing at all. You're so fucking tough, wearing those Vans, because the tour requires you to, and to leave your boots at home. It's a crime against humanity that the same band that probably gets kicked out of Denny's gets all nice all of a sudden when gracing a stage fit for emo bands from Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Now you look at me and say, "Hey Bill, you're sitting there complaining about how bad music has gotten—why don't you do something about it?" Well, this I do, but the truth is, if no one really cares about the music I'm playing, I may as well "help out" some just cause; even better, I'll come up with a just cause no one even thought of. The bands that are churning out the mundane poo-poo that the kids seem to eat up—they need to be shown the door. If the kids are gonna eat, let them eat teeth. If subculture is going to be defined completely by fashion, let's do some creative positioning.

I'm starting a new foundation called SPONSOR A SKINHEAD. It works quite simply: everyone sends in $5. The money goes into a pool to pay for the meanest ass-kickinest, break-your-nose-with-one-punch assholes on earth to get into Warped Tour, insert-adjective-fest, Anti-Flag shows, etc. etc. In return, you get your own photos of your own Skin and the aftermath of his victims. Then, when mommy and daddy get to take their kids to the ER after one or two large concerts, the huge corporate funding of such shows becomes endangered, the promoters hire even bigger, scarier bouncers who in turn create even more violence. The next thing you know, we'll all have to go to see regular shows where people are there to listen to music—what a freaking concept. The kids who were there just because it was the place to be will find a new place to be; the violence will follow them willingly. Bands will realize it's a pain in the ass to tour all year long without some big corporate funding and actually spend time writing better songs instead of doing photo shoots for Mountain Dew.

On the tough guy band front, think about Danny from NORTH SIDE KINGS punching out Glen Danzig last year. Everyone's seen the video. I don't know the entire story, but it seems like Danzig was being a class-A douchebag and then made the mistake of making it physical. I checked in with Thorp Records, and NORTH SIDE KINGS sales greatly increased after that. You gotta remember—for every mindless twerp with a girl's hairdo, there are 20 people like me who will buy something just for the history behind it. Sure, you may get kicked off the package tour, but you'll be seen as heroes for years to come.

This is rock 'n' roll, fellas—what happened to the danger? What happened to building the legend? I mean, I heard crazier stories about Tommy Boyce pissing on Mickey Dolenz from the MONKEES after he passed out in a hotel room than about HATEBREED in the past few years. Why aren't you born-to-lose, can't-get-a-job-better-than-a-grocery-bagger bands doing it right? You are all a bunch of fucking pussies. I mean, it's bad enough your music is as wishy-washy as the new wave pop bands you're playing with, but when the only story you have to tell your kids is about how you fixed up some 1940s milk truck you fished out of a junkyard and that you hung out with GOOD CHARLOTTE, what's life worth living for? Show a little dignity, now; I'm sure you didn't get those tattoos to pose for a tattoo mag.

Info about SPONSOR A SKINHEAD can be found at bill@candids.com

RaNSoM NoTE$
by Erika Ransom

Retrospect

No, I am not going to write about the US racist, capitalist, patriarchal state and the bile it produces in my soul.

No, I am not going to write about the joy of bikes, drinking too many beers, traveling, and seeing too many punk bands.

I will save those dear subjects for next month. For this column, it's time for something different. A tribute to women who are fighting for real change in their lives and communities.

I present to you, dear *MRR* reader, an interview I did exactly six years ago, in November 1999, with Rosalinda Santiz Diaz, President of *Jolom Mayaetik*, a vibrant women's weaving collective in the highlands of Chiapas, Mexico.

I was able to talk with her (with the gracious aid of Spanish translation by Mara Kaufman, who was working with Global Exchange at the time) at the cooperative's bustling office in San Cristobal de las Casas.

I had just finished a two-week long delegation to visit Zapatista communities with the Mexico Solidarity Network. During that trip, I was overwhelmed by both the severity and brutality of the Mexican military, and the determination, skill, and bravery of the Zapatistas to continue.

At that time, the Mexican military had surrounded Zapatista affiliated villages with checkpoints and troops, destroyed crops, blocked roads and constantly threatened invasion.

State-sponsored paramilitary groups (with ties to the infamous School of the Americas training ground in the US) had killed women, children, and men in horrific ways, raped women, and worked to terrify and suppress Zapatista supporters.

I distinctly remember a feeling in one of the Zapatista community centers, evidenced by the graffiti and what people told us, that, "We will probably die here. The future does not look hopeful for us, with the power of the Mexican military against us. But it is better to fight to be free, rather than live in slavery."

Even with this dire outlook, children went to the community-built school, and there was a collective health center and dentist's office. People continued on as best as they could, putting hope into their collective dreams.

On that trip, I also learned the meaning of solidarity.

Being young and wanting to do the right thing, inspired by the words of Subcommandante Marcos to travel to Mexico, I asked one of the Zapatista community representatives who met with us, "What can we do to help?"

He replied, "Nothing."

Without sarcasm or anger, he talked through his red bandana and said, "What you can do is go back to your country, and change things there. That will help us."

What I learned, as I thought about it more, is that true solidarity cannot be achieved by simply helping someone else, or supporting them.

Giving aid, while seemingly beneficial, is also a form of power and control.

Honest solidarity, I believe, is realizing how your struggle, your community and place, your issues, are connected with others. By finding and acknowledging how our lives intertwine, we are fighting for the benefit of all. Together, we are stronger.

That is the beauty of resistance.

It became clear to me in that moment, looking this older man in the eye, my struggle was with my own country, my own government, and the best thing I could "do to help" was fight against capitalism at home.

By fighting for my own future, and valuing the ways our lives are connected, and our enemies are the same, I found solidarity.

The following interview was originally published in *Dark Night Field Notes*, an independent magazine that chronicles radical indigenous resistance around the world.

Threads of Resistance: The Strength of Maya Women Weavers

"Sometimes the women are scared, but they continue to come to our collective meetings, to participate, and encourage each other to be strong. Even under death threats we will not stop organizing, we will not stop struggling," Rosalinda Santiz Diaz, President of *Jolom Mayaetik*.

After the Zapatista uprising of 1994, a group of determined Tzotzil and Tzetal women from Los Altos, the war-torn central highlands of Chiapas, came together to create a women's weaving collective called *Jolom Mayaetik*, or "Maya Weavers." Women work together in the collective to claim a fair price for their weavings and artesian goods in a market in which the middleman has traditionally taken all the profits. In addition, the women of Jolom Mayaetik are also dedicated to a future in which indigenous autonomy, democracy, and justice are valued, and women are equal participants in society. Despite continued resistance from many men in their communities, harassment by the government, and attacks by soldiers, over 250 artisan women from nine Tzotzil and Tzetal communities now participate within the collective, and Jolom Mayaetik's programs and vision continues to grow.

Erika: How does the collective work?

Rosalinda: The collective is based in San Cristobal de las Casas, but represents 250 women from nine communities of Los Altos. Of the nine communities, three women represent each group. The representatives from each municipality brings the women's weaving goods to San Cristobal where they are sold, so all 250 women do not have to come. We would like to pay the women when they send their goods to market, but unfortunately we do not have the resources to do so. Fifty percent of the sales go to the cooperative, to pay for things like rent, electricity, and necessary expenses. It is better for the women to pay this way, so they do not have to pay the cooperative's expenses little by little, a peso here, a peso there. When a woman's products are sold, either in San Cristobal or somewhere else, the money is sent back to the woman.

At our space here in San Cristobal, we have an office, a store, a meeting place, a kitchen, and a dormitory for the women who come for workshops. After a woman attends a workshop, she returns to her community to share what she has learned with other women.

The cooperative is also working to produce a record of the oral history of the weaving collective. We want to create a book, first in Tzotzil, then translated into Spanish, about the cooperative's past and the cooperative that existed before this collective. We want to record what the cooperative means to the women, why they are in the collective, and the women's participation in their communities, such as the work women do in the church. It will be an oral history recorded in Tzotzil and Tzetal, because several women do not speak Spanish, and it is important that everyone is heard.

It is good for women to be in a cooperative, otherwise intermediaries will buy our things for very low prices, and sell them somewhere else for much more. Without a cooperative, the profit goes to the middleman. It is also important to sell out goods outside of our communities, because inside the communities, the prices for our woven goods are very low. Also, clothes are not something that people need to buy all the time, like food, and there is not a steady demand for woven products.

Erika: How does the cooperative sell women's products outside of San Cristobal?

Rosalinda: We don't sell a lot of things here in San Cristobal, because many people are selling their goods here. We are now selling our products in Italy, Switzerland, France, the United States, and a little in Spain. I recently returned from the United States where I met with a woman who works in a museum in Florida. Women from the collective have gone three times to the museum to talk about our collective and to sell our things.

Two women from France and Switzerland visit us every year, and bring us ideas that will sell in their countries. This year the women brought patterns for skirts and jackets, and women from the collective learned about the new weaving techniques in workshops. We also have connections with women in Mexico City who are working to find other markets for our goods.

For women of the collective, learning to travel has been an important aspect of our work. Before, women couldn't leave the work of the house, or leave the children.

Erika: How are women part of the struggle for indigenous rights?

Rosalinda: The collective has two goals: to commercialize the women's weavings; and to struggle for freedom, justice and autonomy for indigenous people. Women are a strong force in the movement for indigenous rights. Women go to marches, protest, and have pushed the military out of our communities.

Erika: Do you see the struggle for indigenous rights as a separate movement from women struggling for their rights and equality?

Rosalinda: I don't see the growing women's struggle as separate from the Zapatista movement, but interdependent. We support the demands of the Zapatistas: we struggle for justice, democracy and autonomy for indigenous people. As women, the Zapatista movement made us start thinking about our rights, that women can think, and can participate. Before, we were told that we can't think like men, that we cannot participate.

Erika: How equal is women's participation in Zapatista communities now?

Rosalinda: Although it is still not equal, women are participating more than they used to, and now have a more equal role. Little by little, *poco un poco,* women are gaining equality and the ability to participate.

Erika: Two days ago in San Cristobal, I saw over 2,000 women, both indigenous and non-indigenous, march to protest violence against women. Was the collective involved with this?

Rosalinda: Women from many groups participated, both indigenous women's groups and other women's groups. I wasn't here for the march, but women from the collective participated.

Erika: What types of violence do women in the collective face in their lives?

Rosalinda: In 1997 during a march, I was hit in the street along with another woman by indigenous men who said, "We know you are Zapatista!" The government has targeted women in the collective since 1994, due to our political organizing. Women in the collective have received death threats through the mail against them, and one woman received a death threat against her sister. It is hard for women to participate, but they continue to come to meetings, and to struggle for their rights. Sometimes the women are scared, but they continue to come to our collective meetings, to participate, and encourage each other to be strong. Even under death threats we will not stop organizing.

Another type of violence is when women are hit by their partners. This is changing, but it is still happening to women.

Erika: What is your hope for the future of the collective?

Rosalinda: I hope that the cooperative will continue, and more women will participate. I think the cooperative will also become more independent. Right now, we have a few advisors and people that assist us in our work. Through our workshops, we want to be become more self-sustainable.

Erika: How does life change within the communities when women become more socially and economically equal?

Rosalinda: Men in our communities do not have salary jobs either. They grow crops in the milpas for the family and sometimes a little to sell. The men also look for extra work such as cleaning fields to bring money home. When the man is the only one to bring money home, only he would decide how the money is spent for the family. Now, when women bring home money [such as from her weaving] as well, it is a more equitable relationship. The man and the woman decide together how the money will be spent, such as on soap, or other things they need. They share the money, which is good.

Erika: What are barriers women face to fully participating?

Rosalinda: It is changing now, but before, for example, men wouldn't allow women to work outside of the house and women could not participate. It is hard for women to leave their work in the home. If men come home and things are not done, such as when women go to a march or to a meeting, the men are angry. It is really hard for the men to change. They are told from their families and by the community in general that women must stay in the house and do all the work of the house. Men are accustomed to being the ones to attend meetings, and are not used to women bringing home money.

In the beginning of the collective, only men would be in charge, although it is only the women who know how to weave. Only men would go to the meetings, and would say that the women couldn't leave the house, and couldn't leave the children. Now, the collective is completely run by women.

We have found that when women in the cooperative marry, it is harder for them to participate in the cooperative. It is harder for married women to go out of their communities and do things like come to meetings.

We have realized that women do twice the work of men, and that the workload is not equally shared.

Some customs are changing, but others still exist. For example, at very young ages some women are still made to marry men their parents choose for them. This is a tradition that happened to our mothers. Women of our collective believe that women should have a choice.

Erika: During the march, I noticed a few women were carrying signs about the Global Women's Day of Protest on March 8. Can you talk about that?

Rosalinda: I think it is important all women are struggling for their rights, not only indigenous women in Chiapas, or only women in Mexico, but women in all parts of the world. What we are struggling for will help women all over the world. We will have a demonstration on March 8, either in San Cristobal or in our communities, or probably it will happen in both places. I like the idea that women in other places will all be marching on the same day.

In solidarity, and until next month,
Erika

Zombie Picnic
elliott lange

This month's installment is going to be the mother of all rush-jobs, as I scramble to adjust to being back in school again after six years of relative lethargy. To furnish this slipshod, last minute writing assignment I shall shamefully resort to repeating bands that I'm writing about in this month's reviews section—something I do make an effort to avoid. But, fuck it, I have a lot to review this month; maybe it'll give me a sec to say a bit more about each, and as usual there's a lot of great releases worth mentioning.

But before I do, allow me the catharsis of a mini-rant here as I ask just what the fuck is up with all these shitty Christian metalcore bands I've been getting lately. Is this happening in "regular" punk and hardcore too or is it simply that metalcore is such a lame poser-ous genre? Is it really possible that the dominance of religious zealotry in this country has reached such proportions that it's even filtered down to the level of *Maximum Rocknroll*? Cuz now I've had to review four different new bands within the last month all putting god *[sic —ed.]* first on the thanks list and asking people to pray for them during their recording sessions (seriously). WRENCHINTHEWORKS, TWELVE GAUGE VALENTINE, THE BLUE LETTER, THE GOSPEL IS A GRENADE (tell me about it)—I wasn't going to mention them by name, but then I figured you could go look 'em up and add 'em to your Myspace friends list (be sure to end your posts with "God Bless") and then you too can read such gems as (from Sacramento's BLUE LETTER): "Our band is definitely a ministry," and, "Volume is one thing hardcore Christian bands don't turn down. It's pretty loud and heavy." No swearing though—that's sinful. Justify it all you want, you're nothing but propaganda-peddlers and you'll not be treated nicely just cuz you sugarcoat your poison in a tune the Hot Topic kids can mosh to. Oh, wait—you don't allow that either. All that close touching could get pretty hot and sweaty in the church youth hall.

Sorry, just had to vent for a second. You'd be pissed too if you had to review these…

On to the good stuff… There has been one particular band that's been giving me a warm feeling in a special place all month and that is the massive GIRTH from Seattle. Perfecting the ever more prevalent two-piece guitar and drums (and no vocals) combo on their new CD, *Living in Truth* (Hector Stentor, hectorstentor@yahoo.com), this duo treads much calculus-derived technical metallic ground that initially mayn't sound too groundbreaking, but after the third song, you start to figure out why you're hearing more and more people talking about these guys. Along with the noodly math-nerd parts, the guitars also have some potent nods to 80s thrash metal riffing. Most importantly, they've got the songs. Memorable arrangements and retardedly catchy riffs distinguish these guys from the growing heaps of similar instru-metal bands going today. Think the tech-y parts of ORTHRELM and DILLINGER mixed with arrangements similar to the OXES and the CHAMPS, but also thrashing like when MR. BUNGLE went all metal at the end of *Disco Volante* on the song that goes, "Here to paradise they go, brighter now is their woe / As Above! So Below!" I can easily see these guys playing with the other two-piece (this one keyboard and drums) from Seattle, SEAN, that I raved about in last month's issue—check out both these bands.

Probably not exactly in the same scene, but hailing from the same city, comes the new full-length from SKARP entitled *Requiem* on the increasingly more metal-inclined Alternative Tentacles. I'm a bit embarrassed to say this is actually the first of these guys (and gal) I've heard, a pity cuz they've been around for a while and because this is pretty raging. A solid blend of grind and black metal with furious blast beats, bleak riffs and scathing vocals, this is far heavier than I expected and one of the better releases in recent months. With this, the DECREPIT discography I reviewed last month, and the aforementioned bands, Seattle's got a lot of grim noise in its streets.

This month also sees the release of not one but two new BODIES LAY BROKEN albums—one a previous-releases discography CD, the other a new studio LP, and both co-released by One Percent (onepercentrecords.com) and Discos Al Pacino Records (hagamoto.com/discosalpacino). The discography, *Discursive Decomposing Disquisitions of Moldered Malapropisms*, contains 27 songs from splits with HEAD HITS CONCRETE, BLACK MARKET FETUS, and MACHETAZO, plus CARCASS and NAPALM DEATH covers, a demo and live comp, and unreleased schwag. The new studio LP, *Eximinious Execration of Exiguous Exequies* has some badass cover art as well as another 27 tracks including such soon to be classics as "Larviposited Embolic Divulsing Laparocele" and "Bapalsick Kinentumaceaton Frenculacing Inhemnan-ceous Tortua." My auto spell check is going bonkers right now—I think these guys just one-upped CARCASS by just making shit up. It should be pretty obvious by now, but if you're still not clear on what this sounds like (then it's probably not for you)—it's straight *Reek of Putrefaction* worship but far heavier. From the CD's liner notes it sounds like the band is no more, which is really too bad cuz these guys do what they do quite well. Certainly a proper two-volume eulogy nonetheless.

I always seem to receive things in clusters around these parts—bands from Seattle, shitty Christian metalcore, bands prominently featuring dead fish on their album art (THIRD DEGREE and MUCULORDS [see reviews section]), and in the present case, grind bands singing about tropical resort islands. BIRDFLESH, on their brand new split CD/LP with CATHETER on

Civilisation Records (www.civilisation-records.com), situate their lyrical talents in the Caribbean with the lead off track, "Nightmare on Bahamas," the chorus of which is: "Coconuts are falling on my head / I'm living hell on Bahamas / I can not go back to my country / Cause someone stole my plane tickets"... What are these guys, Japanese?

BIRDFLESH's tropical complement comes in the form of the similarly non-tropically based WADGE from Canada with their (sorta) new full-length *The Road to Hana* (RSR, skrupel@web.de)—a bizarre seemingly semi-concept record about some sort of conflict based in Hawaii, apparently concerning native warriors riding wild boars down mountainsides to die defending their homeland. Plenty of Hawaiian art adorns the layout and songs like "The Rapa Nui Mangler" and "Defenders of Ko Hawai'I Pae Aina" presumably continue the story. Whatever it's about, and I really wish they had lyrics printed, it works surprisingly well, due in no small part to the absolutely crushing music contained herein. This is severe grind brutality with an overdriven, blown out sound, great drum machine programming, lots of weirdness, noise, and extra vocals from lots of folks, including Chris from LEFT FOR DEAD/THE SWARM on at least one track. I'd only listened to WADGE in brief doses previously, but this record really puts them in another league, as far as I'm concerned.

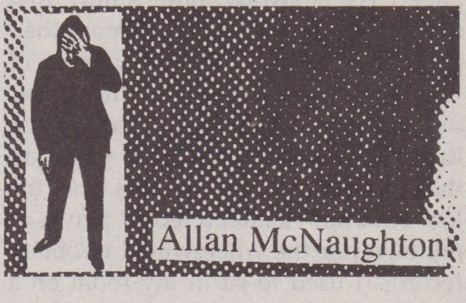
Before I get any more distracted I need to return to mentioning the CATHETER side of the split—they turn in six songs with a few more thrash-oriented tunes (including a CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER cover) thrown into the usual grind mix. Unfortunately, the recording's not so hot on their tracks, with the guitars way too low in the mix, but the tunes themselves (particularly "Deadtime" and "Hypocrite") are some of their best since the *Preamble to Oblivion* full-length. Also, while I'm still on this record, I gotta note that the mosh riff on the BIRDFLESH song "Deathgore of the Fleshmaster" is the best breakdown in a song I've heard in ages.

A few releases on the more straight-ahead hardcore punk end of things showed up in this or last month's reviews section that I thought grind aficionados might appreciate. First, BOMBENALARM with their new gatefold LP *Buried Alive* on Unsociable Records (www.unsociable.net). I reviewed their previous self-titled 7" from about a year ago after my Berlin buddy Benni wouldn't shut up about 'em, and I thought they were pretty ripping and gritty d-beat hardcore. Now this new full-length sees their sound expanding a bit—not really radically changing their sound; still super mean and heavy, just not so simple and a bit more ambitious now. I really like the evolved sound; this one should please everyone who likes TRAGEDY but is getting sick of all the endless TRAGEDY clones. Next, there's a new SEEIN RED LP out on Ebullition, and I won't insult anybody or expose myself as a dilettante by saying much about them. I always thought they ripped, and this one is no exception—plenty of blazing speed to power their vehicle of progressive politics. Finally, I just got my hands on the new *Is What It Is 7"* from Belgium's REPROACH, on Deep Six, and it's the kind of over-the-top skate-thrash I like, with heavier production than most and energy to burn.

Lastly, I'm gonna close things on a seemingly un-metal note by mentioning a CD from a guy named MR. PLOW, which only came to my attention via my perusal of the MRR reject bin. There's usually two types of records in the reject bin—the ones that are too metal for the standard pages which I normally end up loving, and the ones that suck so bad, no one'll touch 'em. *Mad Plow Disease* from MR. PLOW was an unfortunate member of the later category, but due to an abundance of free time last month, I gave it a listen anyway. The music was, as expected, pretty wretched—stupid faux-country ditties with names like "Crackhead Momma" and "Are You Really a Guy?" But while reading the liner notes I noticed a few familiar names in the credits: Gene Hoglan on drums, Norwood Fischer on bass, and Rocky George on lead guitar. For anyone paying attention to metal drummers, Hoglan was widely considered one of the best drummers in metal back when he was drumming for DARK ANGEL in the 80s. He then went on to play in DEATH, STRAPPING YOUNG LAD and a host of others, being one of the first to raise the technical stakes of death metal complexity. As for the others, I'm sure everyone will recognize Rocky George from SUICIDAL TENDENCIES, and Norwood Fischer was the bassist of FISHBONE (come on, you thought they were cool in ninth grade too…). Anyway, I just think it's interesting how a backwards-hat-wearing joke-country doofus from Vancouver managed to recruit such a line-up for third grade level music. Guess no one's heard from FISHBONE in a while.

That's it for this month. Get in touch and send anything for inclusion in this column to: Elliott Lange, 1320 Fulton St., San Francisco, CA 94117, USA, cromlaughs@hotmail.com

Barbeque I love you / You can stay the whole day / I'm the man and you're my guest / And you know my food is best —"Deathgore of the Fleshmaster," BIRDFLESH



One day in Mrs. Watson's class Raymond Broon showed me the Blondie badge on his stookie. I don't know how he broke his arm but it was probably in the course of administering a violent beating on an unlucky acquaintance. "Punk's the best!" he says. "Ye like punk?" At this point in my life I associated punk with thugs like Broonie and his pals, who spray-painted Sex Pistols graffiti behind the supermarket and hung out at the chippy to make my life a misery when I went to pick up the fish suppers on Friday night. Naturally, this was something I distanced myself from. The Blondie badge posed a quandary though. The alluring image of Debbie Harry on *Top of the Pops* haunted my pre-pubescent psyche the way Pan's People (the TV dance troupe of leggy lovelies that accompanied chart hits that didn't have a video) never could. If this was punk, maybe it wasn't so bad after all. "Are you a punk or a mod?" was a common interrogative opening gambit in the playground of Newmains Primary School. The wrong answer could result in a kicking but when everyone wore school uniforms it was hard to guess which one was right.

When a neighbor showed up at the lockups at the end of our block and put the soundtrack of *The Great Rocknroll Swindle* on the tape deck it just sounded like a comedy album. We'd fast-forward past the actual Pistols songs to hear "Friggin' in the Riggin'" and snigger at the swearing. We didn't really know who Ronnie Biggs was but we could sense that there was something bad, and therefore exciting, about his association with the record. By the time punk had made its way to our neck of the woods (post-Grundy and the resulting tabloid sensationalism) it was basically a magnet for violent schemies that believed what their parents read in the paper. As a swotty little smurf that spent more time at the local library than pogoing to the Lambrettas' version of "Poison Ivy" at the community center disco, I didn't really get exposed to it. Round mates' houses we'd listen to their records by the Specials and the Jam but I had neither a record player of my own nor the wherewithal to obtain records. I used to sit in my room on a Sunday afternoon and tape the latest songs off the Top 40 show on Radio 1. (Later I'd do the same with the John Peel program, but I hadn't discovered that quite yet.) My absolute favorite at the time was Adam & The Ants (me and millions of others… although I'm not sure how many of them tried to duplicate Adam's make-up with tubs of poster paint).

From the ages of about nine till thirteen, my tape collection consisted of everything Adam & The Ants put out after *Dirk Wears White Sox* (if I'd managed to get my hands on that art-punk masterpiece at my tender age it'd have blown my mind), one or two Madness albums, some Tchaikovsky my mum had left lying around, *Switched On Bach* from the library (classical music played entirely on Moog synths, the first electronica album!), a Johnny Cash tape that had been in my tape deck when my dad bought it off some guy in the pub, and several tapes of Top 40 rubbish off the radio. All this while a musical revolution was happening in bigger cities and towns all over the country. Who am I kidding though, I can't blame where I'm from—it's not like if I'd grown up in Manchester instead I'd have got my twelve-year-old arse straight down the Hacienda to catch The Fall and Joy Division after football practice.

Maybe if I'd been reading the *NME* and *Sounds* instead of hammering BASIC games into my ZX81 out of the pages of *Your Sinclair* I'd have had more of a clue what was going on. As it was, the finest years of UK punk passed me by. It wasn't until a bit later, when my interest in BMX widened my circle of acquaintances to include a skater in the next town over with a subscription to *Thrasher* and a music collection to match, that I got turned on to American hardcore, or Skate Rock as it was quaintly known in those innocent times. Soon those Top 40 tapes were getting dubbed over and the rest, as they say, is history.

There's a tendency to mythologize the good old days—in their eagerness to help the new kids understand what they missed out on, older people can sometimes overstate the importance of bands and scenes of yesteryear, and sometimes this emphasis on nostalgia encourages younger people to spend too much time looking back and not enough time creating something new. I think it's important to honor the pioneers of this stuff that means so much to us, but don't let it become the noose that hangs us. Let's not just sit around talking about how good things used to be. Maybe it's easy for me to say since I wasn't "there." Maybe it's because I wasn't at the birth of any important scene that I've always tried to appreciate the validity and importance and value of what was going on immediately around me. Maybe that's why I'm still interested in what's happening right now while a lot of friends my age are content to retreat deeper and deeper into their record collections. Who knows?

Speaking of the good old days, I just finished watching the Don Letts documentary, *Punk: Attitude* that I TiVO'd off the Independent Film Channel. It's the same old boring talking head after talking head, although fewer and fewer of the usual suspects are still alive to tell their side of the story, so they've had to dredge up less photogenic and articulate players (like a slurring Glenn Branca). Don't you get sick of seeing these boring old farts trying to make sure we're constantly reminded of their place in rock history? If only Letts had talked to someone like John Loder or Randy Biscuit Turner, they'd surely have done more than try to emphasize their own importance. Now it's too late.

For the most part, it follows the usual timeline—MC5-Stooges-Television-Ramones-Sex Pistols-Clash. Unlike any other punk doc I've seen though, it does at least acknowledge *Nuggets*-era stuff like ? and the Mysterians, Count Five, Standells, and the Sonics. It's also the first film that doesn't leave a huge gap for the entire 80s—you know, "The Winterland show would be the Sex Pistols' last. And then, in 1992, a little band from Seattle hit the spotlight…" Post-punk bands like The Pop Group and Magazine get a little attention, and there's some discussion of hardcore, including Minor Threat, Black Flag, and Bad Brains, but the bulk of the discussion of hardcore focuses on Agnostic Front. Agnostic Front! There's a brief mention (I think by Jim Jarmusch) that bands were pressing their own records, and people like Henry Rollins and Thurston Moore talk about the underground scene of the 80s, but mostly as some sort of precursor to the huge success of Nirvana, not as any kind of alternative to the major-label homogeny of the time.

I found the film interesting for the snippets of footage I'd never seen before, and to see what some people (like Poly Styrene) look like after all these years. (There's one word for Ari Up—"tanorexic"). Unfortunately, at a time when punk rock is more mainstream than ever, younger kids looking to find out about the history of the music they're just discovering are going to get a pretty narrow version of it, mostly from people who haven't put out a good record in 25 years, telling them that it was better in the old days. If I was sixteen now that shit would put me off punk for good. Boring boring boring. I wish they'd just shut the fuck up and show the footage, play the music. Really, that's all that matters.

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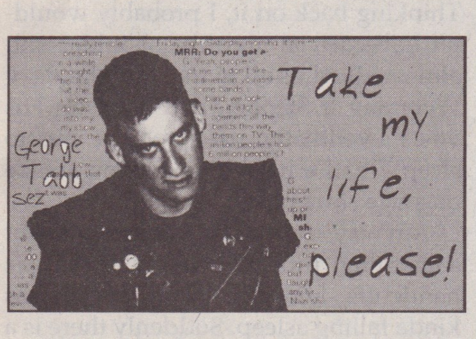

"Tell us about the time you were with Stephan out in the snow," says my old pal, Al, who I haven't seen in a zillion years.

We're both standing on the sidewalk in front of CBGB in the August heat, waiting for another band to play during the benefit thing that's been going on this summer to keep the place open.

"Fuck it," I say to Al, "I don't want to think of those days—I'm just happy to be back in New York City!"

"Come on George," baits Al, "I wanna hear a Grandpa George story!"

"If I tell you, will you shut-up?" I ask Al.

Al tells me he will, as long as I promise *never* to move back to Phoenix.

I tell him I could never. That I'd rather move to Florida again.

"That bad, huh?" asks Al.

I tell him he has no idea, then start my story.

*

So, there I was, standing in a pile of snow, feeling Jack Frost nip at my nuts. I looked down at the snow and it came all the way up my legs and almost touched my weinershnitzel. I kept trying to stand on my tippy toes so it would not touch my naked and exposed crotch area. See, I was nude from the waist down. I mean, naked. In the fucking freezing snow in the middle of the winter in fucking Ohio. Yellow Springs. Antioch College. The middle of nowhere. I had a pajama shirt top on, but no bottoms. And now I was standing in the snow. On a roof. Actually, more like a ledge. Outside a hotel room window. In the hotel room was the girl, Alexandra, I had just been with. I could see her covering up her naked body with the bed sheets. I tried to pry the window open, but she had locked it. Suddenly I saw the hotel room door open and then I knew that I'd most likely freeze to death, or at least lose my penis to frost bite. But let me back up a bit....

The most fucked-up things happen to you when you go on tour with a punk rock band. That I can say from years and years of experience. And touring with the False Prophets was really no different. I mean, lots of shit happened to us. Once we toured the midwest in the worst heat wave it had seen in twenty years. We at stayed some house in Dayton where they only had hot running water, and that day my pal Marc and I wound up puking in the middle of the street, and on some church stairs, in 110-degree weather.

Once on tour, our van broke down in a snowstorm, and we had to walk miles to a gas station, where they made fun of us for being punk rock, and made fun of our lead singer's nails. And mustache. But that was to be expected. See, our lead singer, Stephen, had these fucking nails that were so long that they would curl around and around. Each was like a foot long or something. Anyway, he painted them black, and they looked like tentacles from *Alien*, or that new movie, *Independence Day,* which, by the way, fucking ruled. My only complaint is that they blew up New York, Los Angeles, and D.C., and yet somehow managed to save the world. Hello? Not much saved, I think. I mean, why couldn't have they blown up Ohio, Texas, or for that matter, Florida? Now that would have been something. God, they'd have been doing the world a favor. Fucking Florida.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, so also, Stephen had this funny little mustache. Which kinda looked like Hitler's. So everyone used to think he was a Nazi. He was the furthest from that possible. Stephen made Jello Biafra look like George Bush. But actually, I think Jello looks like Q from *Star Trek, The Next Generation*. But I've said that before. Have you ever noticed that you have never seen those two in the same place at the same time? Strange, huh. Think about it.

So, anyway, fucked up things happen on tour. And they especially did with the False Prophets. There were nights spent sleeping on top of pounds and pounds of pot. There were nights spent sleeping on top of fiber-fill in someone's attic. There were even nights spent sleeping on top of girls who didn't tell me they were *way* under the legal age of consent. But that's another story.

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So, one winter, Stephen and the guys decided that it was not cold enough in New York, so we should tour the midwest. It was only like fifteen below in most states that winter, and our van didn't have heat, so what the hell. Of course we would tour. And we did. And we broke down in Michigan for an entire week. And our roadie/driver went nuts and hit some guy who was picking on me and broke her arm, and had to fly home, where she was so happy with her life and the band that she killed herself by doing a swan dive off a skyscraper. That winter I also had had a big fight with my then-girlfriend because while I was on tour, she was seeing other men, one of them her ex-boyfriend, who was in a notorious New York band, and who wanted to kill me. Life was swell.

So when we pulled into Antioch College, a small liberal school smack-dab in the middle of fucking nowhere, I figured that nothing really bad could happen. I mean, there were only like a handful of students attending the fucking school, and most of them were like hippies or something. I remember meeting this cool guy named Clark, who was into planting trees, and who majored in that. Planting trees. What a fucking school. I also remember this girl who was majoring in punk rock and its social impacts upon society. Yeah, she'll get a good career with that major. Then again, right now, in this climate, geez, I think I lost my calling. But I mean, that school lets ya do anything, and most of the students did.

The campus of Antioch was pretty huge, and the town the college was in, Yellow Springs (I can only imagine why it is called that) was quite small. All I remember about it is an ice cream place where everyone used to go and see this big cow. Whatever. Anyway, the campus was mostly empty. There was this big gym that no one ever used, and we, the band, played in an empty dorm. I mean fucking really empty. No one lived there. There were not even doors on the place. So, well, it was kinda cold. But it was fun, anyway. I got to break out lots of windows with my guitar, and didn't even get yelled at once.

The school cafeteria was kinda cool too. You could order like any kind of food, and they'd make it for you. Like your own private restaurant. And all the girls there. Wow. Hippies, or free love, or whatever. They all talked about being into the bisexual thing and all. And this was in the middle of nowhere. It was like we had landed on Venus, and the planet was controlled by women. And the bisexual thing. Wow. I remember asking some girl why that was happening so much there. She told me that the ratio of girls to guys at the school was five to one. Heaven, I figured. Except for that twenty-eighth day every month. Doh.

So, after we played our show at the school, the students thought they would be nice and put us up in their hotel in the student union building. The place was like the goddamn Holiday Inn, or some classy joint like that. They had towels in the bathrooms, and big huge beds. And there was no one else staying at the hotel. It was kinda like a scene out of *The Shining*. Anyway, the students were very generous with the room that they gave us for all five members of the band to stay in, plus our roadie. So, as usual, I got the floor, because I was dumb enough to bring my own self-inflating air mattress on tour with me. Meanwhile, Stephen, Debbie, our guitarist, Steve, our bass player, and Ned, our drummer, plus our roadie, all got to sleep in beds. But I didn't mind. None of them liked to take showers much, and they all kinda smelled. And Stephen wore these leather pants that he didn't wash once. Yuck.

Anyway, so all of them get the beds, and I'm there on the floor in my pajamas, which I took on tour with me. They were very classy pajamas, and I wore them every night. They had paisley things on them, and I had another pair that had stripes. I looked like Hugh Hefner or something. Anyway, the whole band used to laugh at me when I'd exit the bathroom before bed in my pajamas. They said I looked like a dork, and not a real man. I think they also laughed because I took so many showers. Hey, I like to be clean, fucking sue me.

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That night, with all of us in the one hotel room, I was kinda dreading my existence with the False Prophets. It was fucking freezing outside, we were in the middle of nowhere, and I was kinda getting homesick. I missed my mom and step-dad, Nick, and missed all the good food in New York. I mean, on this tour, Stephen and Steve insisted on eating at restaurants that were not "corporate." That meant we ate at mom and pop diners every day, where everyone would laugh at us, especially Stephen, and I know that in the kitchen that they'd be spitting in our food. I remember once Stephen asking for a hamburger with no mayo or ketchup. They gave him a burger with both. He took one bite out of it and called the waitress over, and told her that he wanted no mayo or ketchup. She apologized in a voice that was very mocking, and took the burger to the kitchen. Then a second later she came back with a burger that looked exactly the same, with the same bite mark and everything. Stephen took off the top bun, and saw that the burger had been scraped clean, on what looked like someone's shoe. Yeah, I love non-corporate places. Gimme a Big Mac. With fries. And I don't care that our guitarist, Debbie, is fucking allergic to it. Punk Rock.

So we are all getting ready to go to bed. The rest of the band is watching television, and Stephen is kinda thumbing through a porno magazine of all black girls. He was into that at the time. Kinda a reverse racist. Well, I shouldn't say that. He just had a taste for black girls. I remember all these cute girls used to hit on him at shows, and he wouldn't be interested unless they had dark skin. He shoulda floated some of them over to me, but, well, he didn't. Anyway, so he's looking through this magazine full of black naked girls, and talking about something or other. Usually I didn't listen. Stephen liked to talk a lot. In fact, since he couldn't drive, he was the guy who used to stay up all night on those long drives and keep the driver awake. He used to talk and talk and talk and talk and talk. Thinking back on it, I probably wouldn't have driven onto the shoulder and almost killed us all in the Wastelands of Wyoming if Stephen had shut up. His voice eventually used to put me to sleep. I had a hard time staying awake on stage sometimes.

Anyway, so he is going on about something, probably involving whips, handcuffs, and afro-sheen, and I was kinda falling asleep. Suddenly there is a loud knock at the door, and Debbie jumps up to get it. She is sleeping just in her t-shirt, so I got to see her cute legs. Wow.

Debbie opens the door, and this girl, Alexandra, is standing there. I had met Alexandra a few hours earlier at our show, and we really seemed to hit it off well. She hardly spoke any English, only Italian, and that is probably why she liked me. Anyway, she asks for me, and I go say hello to her in my pajamas. The whole band makes fun of me. Alexandra understands the taunting enough, and tells everyone that my pajamas are cute. Ha. Then she shows me a key. I ask her what it is, and she says, "a key." Doh.

It turns out it is a key to another of the hotel rooms, where she takes me. The whole band kinda laughs when me and my pajamas leave, but I could tell they were sort of jealous.

So Alexandra opens the door to a hotel room and we go inside. She then sits on the bed and looks at me. I look back at her. She has beautiful brown eyes, brown hair, nice-sized breasts, and a broken arm. I again ask her how she broke her arm. I had asked her earlier at the False Prophets show, but I don't think she understood me. She tells me "never mind," in a heavy accent. Whatever.

So, somehow, we start to make out. She is a great kisser, and I cannot believe my luck. I mean, here I was, in a fucking hotel room in shithole Ohio, making out with a sexy Italian woman. I wished I'd had my video camera. Or just regular camera. I mean, no one back home would have believed it. Especially my friend The Son Of The King Of Punk Rock. Every time I'd tell him that I even talked to a girl, he'd say, "uh-huh, sure ya did." When I'd finally convince him that I indeed did, he'd say stuff like, "you think you are such a nice guy. Fuck you, George. Girls like me better." That guy. Jeez. Putz.

So, the kissing gets more and more passionate, and somehow my pajama pants are removed, and all of her clothes are as well. She keeps saying stuff in Italian that is hard to understand. But I don't care. We are speaking the universal language of love. Or at least I am. She's busy mumbling and moaning. She keeps saying, "uzzbind," or some such word. Whatever. Finally I start to make my way south with my mouth, and she moans louder and louder. And starts to touch me, there. First she uses short strokes. Then faster ones. Meanwhile, I'm having a feast.

Suddenly someone hits the door real hard. We both stop. Then that someone hits the door again. I look at her and she says that word, again. "Uzzbind." Uh huh. Then the knocking stops and I start to work with my mouth again. But she stops me and says, "uzzbind, uzzbind." I ask her what she is saying, and the knocking starts again. She says, "uzzbind, ete eez maybee my uzzbind." I ask her to try and speak the best English she can, and she says the same thing. Finally I understand what she is saying. "Husband, it is maybe my husband." Doh.

I look at Alexandra, and her broken arm, and suddenly my heart drops, as does my erection. "How did you break your arm?" I demand from her. She says that dreaded one word. "Uzzbind." I quickly jump off of her and open the closet door. There is no room to hide. Too much stored stuff. Then she points to the window. With the ledge. And all the snow. Before I could really think about what was happening, she gets up, naked, and opens up the window. I hop out onto the ledge, two stories up, in nothing but a pajama top. She closes the window behind me, and hops back into the bed. I can see everything. There are again knocks at the door, and at this point, I feel my legs start to go numb. The snow is almost up to my dick, and I'm fucking freezing. She gets up with the bed sheets covering her and opens the door. My heart again sinks, and I know I'm a dead man. Or as good as one.

The lead singer of the False Prophets, Stephen, walks in the door. Alexandra is wearing nothing but a sheet, but he doesn't' seem to notice. He just starts to talk and talk. Alexandra looks nervously at the window, then back at him. I can tell she can not understand a goddamn word he is saying, but that doesn't stop him. He just goes on and on, and she looks more and more nervous. Meanwhile, my nuts shrink to the size of BB's, and my dick looks like one of those long balloons with just a tiny bit of air in it.

So Stephen keeps talking, and finally, I give up all hope of saving any sort of face, and bang on the window. So what if he winds up seeing me naked. All the students playing down below in the courtyard, making snowmen, err, umm, snow-people, already see my naked ass and my GG Allin impression. I bang on the window hard and all the students start to laugh.

Finally Alexandra walks over to the window and opens it. Stephen is still blabbering away, and I don't even think he notices. She somehow manages to push him out the door before I enter the room. So Stephen really never got to see me naked. That day, anyway.

After I regain use of my legs and penis, I ask Alexandra about her husband. She tells me that he goes to school with her, and is very much the jealous type. At least that is what I think she says; she is hard to understand. She also tells me her husband broke her arm because he caught her with another man. I ask what happened to the guy, and she says he is recovering in the hospital near Yellow Springs. I ask her what her husband would do to me, and would he break her other arm? She tells me that, yes, he'd definitely break her other arm, and he'd basically kill me.

So I did the only thing I could under the circumstances. I had sex with her very quickly, and got the hell out of there.

Take my life, please.

Endnotes:

1. www.georgetabb.com
2. I've had a very bad year healthwise and relationshipwise. And I just want to thank all my friends I've made through *MRR* over the years who have kept me sane. And alive. For those of you who punk rock, I salute you.
3. My new book, *Surfing Armageddon,* should be out any second now. Get it to read to your grandkids!

LET'S GET HURT

MITCH CARDWELL

For all of my bitching, complaining, and vacationing in regards to this column as of late, I've noticed that I have dug myself an insurmountable hole. There is simply no way I can adequately bring you up to speed on the countless noteworthy releases that have come and gone since my implosion. Before we dive back into new (or, in some cases, nearly gone) releases, please scour your favorite mailorder catalog or record store vinyl section for the latest releases by THE REAL LOSERS (two singles and a new LP/CD), DEAN DIRG (two singles and a CD collection), THE INTELLIGENCE (split single on Omnibus, new LP on In The Red), REGULATIONS (LP on Havoc), and THE TIME FLYS (see this month's review section and Top Tens). In my recent times of darkness, these have been my big bright spots.

Nothing, and I mean *nothing*, sends us new-breed punk vinyl hounds into a frenzy more than a new batch of singles from Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records. You really have to give Mr. Z credit. He's got the entire garage/punk scene in the palm of his hand, with all of us clamoring for a piece of his latest and insanely limited batch of singles. Last month, he dropped five singles on our heads and our fingers were typing reservation emails faster than you can say "Out Of Print." I'm sure they are all goners now ('cept for eBay!), but this batch was his biggest yet. The players this time around are BBQ 'N' BLACKSNAKE, GOLDEN BOYS, LUXURY RIDES, A FEAST OF SNAKES, and THE PONYS. If you missed these, drop him a line and get on board for the next batch. You'll either end up with a few of the best singles of the year or some pretty fucking sweet trade fodder. It's a win-win situation!

Looking back on what I've come to refer to as my "Period of Inactivity," I've already begun to refer to JEFFREY NOVAK ONE MAN BAND as "The One That Got Away." My car crash personal life has left me playing catch-up with the JNOMB discography and I've still got a few spots to fill. Seeing him live twice on a recent trip to the East Coast didn't help matters much either. This guy plays with all the fire and fury of original REATARDS…and it's only one dude! If you are just starting your search, please begin with his latest 7"EP, *Teenage Psycho*, on Perpetrator Records. Soon enough, you'll be hooked.

JAY REATARD UPDATE!!! Item #1: He's teamed with Alix from THE LIDS to front yet another new band, ANGRY ANGLES! Single out now and selling fast on Shattered Records! Item #2: He's teamed with a couple other Memphis goons to front TERROR VISIONS! Lots of songs about blood! CD-R on Shattered is long gone…vinyl forthcoming! Item #3: REATARDS are touring the West Coast! Bring a fucking helmet! More news as it develops! This has been your Reatarded News Wire!

TUNNEL OF LOVE caused quite a commotion amongst us noise mongers with paint-peeling single released earlier this year. Well, ECA Records has just released their s/t debut LP…and the ear splitting continues. Regardless of the fact that it has easily the most disturbing and ridiculous cover art of the year, the band makes good on their sonic promise to "blow your pussies out!" Easily the best record I've heard out of Boston in years.

Perhaps proving too noisy for In The Red (impossible?), THE HOSPITALS have just released their second LP, *I've Visited The Island Of Jocks And Jazz*, on the infamous Load Records. The band has gone through a lot of changes since their first LP, but the constant barrage of Adam Stonehouse remains the constant (thankfully). Guitar duties are split between John from COACHWHIPS and Ned from SO SO MANY WHITE WHITE TIGERS (check out their LP on Weird Forest!), both of whom hold their own with Adam's pummeling and screaming. I don't give a fuck if they've moved passed what ever you garage dorks say is OK—THE HOSPITALS remain one my favorite local *punk* bands.

Ben Wallers has once again decided to masquerade as THE REBEL for another LP, *Prawns*, released in the UK by Junior Aspirin Records. In my last column, I went ga-ga over his previous album, *KIT*, but I must say that *Prawns* outdoes it by a mile. We're fortunate that Wallers has an outlet outside of COUNTRY TEASERS to cough out classics. I never get tired of hearing his records.

Add THE VICIOUS to the list of REGULATIONS and TRISTESS related projects that you need to immediately acquaint yourself with. Their debut 7", *Suicidal Generation*, released by Wasted Sounds, comes off much more glossy than the other related outfits, but still manages to deliver the goods.

I had the pleasure to see MISS ALEX WHITE AND THE RED ORCHESTRA twice this summer. I had heard read so much praise about her in the pages of *Horizontal Action* and on various message boards, but with only a couple singles and a few compilation tracks, it was difficult to understand how that much fuss could be generated over so little output. Well, you can now officially color me fussed. After the great live shows and equally impressive *s/t* debut LP, hot of the presses from In The Red, Miss Alex White has finally lived up to what her hometown fans have been barking about. Talent is not a word I tend to throw around all that often, but this girl's got it to spare. The LP is full of the same sort of dark, smart pop that catapulted THE PONYS to their current status, but Alex's voice and songwriting create a very different vibe. There's a drug-addled sweetness to the songs that grows stronger with every listen...and I can barely peel this platter from my turntable. Fantastic!

Plastic Idol Records keeps the hits coming with two new slabs. The first is the long-rumored MINDS 7"EP, *We Got The Pop!* I think this single is much stronger and more solidly punk than their previous efforts, thanks in part to a great LA PESTE cover! THE DISSIMILARS round out the recent Plastic Idol onslaught. Their new 7"EP, *Landmine*, picks up right where their Out Of Order Records debut 7"EP, *Jimmy's Room*, left off: speedy lo-fi punk brings to mind all those early-to-mid 90s drunken Texas bands that ended up drenching themselves and the crowd in beers at their shows. Something tells me they are no stranger to this tactic of crowd control…

Let's Have Some God Damn Fun is a CD compilation focusing on the latest and greatest punk bands from NYC. Compiled by the fine folks at Rapid Pulse/Underground Medicine, this compilation treats us to exclusive tracks from ANDY G. AND THE ROLLER KINGS, LITTLE KILLERS, ELECTRIC SHADOWS, SHOP FRONTS, and a whole slew more. This compilation is a fine introduction to what's currently brewing in The Big Apple. Take a bite!

Turns out I was wrong about THE PENETRATORS. I couldn't have given two shits about Rave-Up's excavation of their material a couple years back, skipping those reissues due to my generally low opinion of the label's output at that time. Flash forward a couple of years to Swami's *Basement Anthology 1976-84* CD, which has seemingly been permanently attached to my stereo. I can't get enough! This 19-track CD is dud- free and jam-packed with primitive, d-u-m-b "Basement Rock"! Their dedication to the teenage rock'n'roll loser lifestyle is sure to please any fan of tongue-in-cheek bedroom warrior punk rock. Tunes like "Teenage Lifestyle" and "Rock'N'Roll Face" are fuzzed-out messy odes to teenage immortality and few have done so as convincingly as this Syracuse lot. They're The Penetrators…*THEY DON'T FUCK AROUND*!

Just when you thought it was safe, the masked collector scum devotees have unleashed *Staring Down The Barrel*, a new compilation with another sixteen unknown American punk bands from the glory days. Although the quality of these compilations has thinned out considerably since the boom of few years back, *Staring Down The Barrel* has more than it's share of gems and is sure to force many collectors to revise their want-lists. See this month's review section for the full rundown on this winner.

If you're a fan of the twisted and obscure, you should already have a long-standing relationship with Anopheles Records. Each release on this label causes a stir in my flock, most notably with THE TWINKEYZ and DEBRIS reissues they released a few years back. I would expect their latest release, GEORGE BRIGMAN's fantastic *Jungle Rot* LP, to cause an equal amount of commotion, and rightly so. With *Jungle Rot*, we're introduced to this Baltimore bedroom rocker who, in 1975, crafted some praise-worthy longhaired psych-punk for his own Solid label. Before you punkaroos boo-hoo anything that remotely resembles a psych lean, just hear me out! Many of the tunes here rock in an aggressive *punk* way that has me thinking of CHROME, although Brigman appears to be far more concerned with jug wine and bongs than aliens and television, if you catch my drift. Nevertheless, I can't get enough of this LP. I'll leave it to the adventurous in the reader ranks to take this plunge. Hopefully more than a handful of you bite.

Young Soul Rebels (a new label from the same folks that did Italy Records not too far back) have excavated two 70s punk gems from the Motor City. THE DENIZENS are the first band YSR has rescued this month, offering up the previously unreleased *Danger In Disneyland* 7"EP. Although far from Earth-shaking, the speedy Legs McNeil produced title track is a winner, while the two live tunes on the flip pale in comparison. Let's hope there's more studio Denizens to come! Next up from YSR is *Gimme Some Action*, a simply outstanding LP/CD of Detroit punk courtesy of the much-hyped and often-unheard RAMRODS! These folks are definitely channeling their local heroes, but they do it oh so effectively. "I'm A Ramrod" contains enough Iggy'n'Asheton fueled chaos that it could be mistaken for a long lost outtake. Yes, this shit is that good! Don't sleep on this one.

Germany's Re-Force Records is guilty of CHILD ABUSE! Oh the horror! How a bunch of Germans found a buried treasure from late 70s Southern California is beyond me, but hey, we all win here. The main selling point for Child Abuse is that they eventually morphed into THE SIMPLETONES! What's even more surprising is that, although Child Abuse only has three tunes, that's three times as many good tunes as The Simpletones ever recorded! *Zing*! Anyway, all three tunes are collected on a one-sided 12"EP entitled *1977*. Paying import LP prices for three tunes is a whole lot to ask, but this slab is 100% killer. Tunes like "I'm Not Your Contraceptive" and "Cardboard Crotch" not only rule in that rude Dangerhouse way, but they virtually guarantee that prior to The Simpletones, none of these dudes ever had a date. Get your Child Abuse while the gettin's good!

A couple issues back, I noticed an ad for a THOUGHT CRIMINALS 2xLP reissue, *Chrono-Logical*, that was being released by Ascension Records. I managed to get my jaw off of the floor early enough to secure a copy, rationalizing the *fucking insane* price tag by remembering my deep love of journalism and my duty to inform the readers of this fine periodical of the punk vinyl options awaiting them at the cash register. Then I remembered that The Thought Criminals were the band responsible for the collector scum classic "I Won't Pay (For Punk Records)." Irony, thy name is Cardwell.

As hard as it is to believe, *Chrono-Logical* is certainly worth what Ascension is asking. I'm sure avid fans of Aussie punk will recognize this region's love of the Detroit punk sound, as countless Aussie greats recorded using this sonic blueprint, usually producing classic records. The Thought Criminals are one of the few bands that *don't* fit this mold, which is (of course) what makes them so interesting. If the tunes themselves aren't enough indication, the liners spell it right out for you: The Thought Criminals were a band informed more by the UK DIY aesthetic and scene than they were by Detroit. While still sounding and looking every bit a punk band, it's really easy to hear the difference between The Thought Criminals and the majority of their peers. Given this influence, The Thought Criminals functioned as trailblazers for countless other Aussie punk bands and pushed their already out-of-step sounds in directions many of their peers dare not venture. *Chrono-Logical* is a must for any die-hard fan of Australian punk (the price tag alone should thwart those of you with only a casual interest) and will certainly chart near the top of my favorite reissues of 2005.

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I really wish I didn't have to write about politics month after month. I mean, I've been getting a good response to these columns, so apparently some of you *approve* of my ranting or semi-ranting. I'd like to just write about the cool shows I've seen over the summer. The records that rock my world. The latter will come later in the column, but I'll also briefly mention that the Pointless Fest in Philadelphia was fun, despite getting stuck in the worst traffic jam I've ever endured on the way down there. It was on the Jersey Turnpike and due to a jackknifed tractor-trailer. It could have been worse—at least I have air conditioning in my car. DROPDEAD got stuck in the same jam and their van doesn't have that amenity. Even with the body-sapping heat down there, it was worth it to have my brain detonated by the likes of SKITKIDS, BORN DEAD ICONS (good to seem them after two years), AFTER THE BOMBS, MUNICIPAL WASTE (seeing them bring in their props one by one, such as the beer funnel, inflated rafts and the unicorn costume, was nearly as fun as seeing those things and the band in action), LIMP WRIST, the aforementioned DROPDEAD (playing their first shows in a year), BSA, ARMY OF JESUS and so many more. It makes life worth living, especially when life has a tendency to get you down at times—your personal life and the outrages you hear about in the so-called "real world."

Speaking of Skitkids, I really hope everyone reading this got to see that Swedish wrecking machine on their tour. Besides the Pointless Fest, I also saw them play a basement show in Boston with CITIZEN FISH. A fucking basement! It was supposed to be in a rented hall but that space fell through at the last minute and the only space available was the Allston Library, a basement space that just ended a year-long run without getting shut down. Citizen Fish actually played before Skitkids and it was wall-to-wall people but it had a more or less laid-back vibe (sorry to use such hippie-like terminology) for their set. I had just seen SUBHUMANS earlier that week in a rock club with security, barriers, etc, so this was quite a switch. Anyway, half the people cleared out after Citizen Fish but the remainder brought out a crazed response for Skitkids. Falling ceiling tiles, blood on a few faces, mayhem, near-chaos—all good fun. Seriously! I had a spot next to the drummer and there wasn't one face that wasn't smiling or didn't look as though they were having the time of their lives. And Skitkids laid down a pillaging combo of over-the-top Swedish hardcore and ass-kickin' rock 'n roll. It'll go down as one of the best sets I've seen all year.

OK, so there's the respite from the rest of the world, but I have to go back to current events for a bit. During the past week, the big story has been the tragedy of Hurricane Katrina. I don't know what the situation will be like when this column sees print, but right now, things are completely fucked up, to say the least. Supplies and help are finally arriving from the federal government, but it took the better part of a week. I can't even get my head around the magnitude of people's pain and suffering. It's touched a chord and there seems to be a wide consensus that the Bush administration really dropped the ball. They didn't react quickly enough.

Ever hear the expression Nero fiddled while Rome burned? Bush wasn't fiddling—uh, maybe he was. Fiddling about. In any case he didn't end his vacation all that quickly. And instead of playing a violin, he was spotted playing a guitar given to him by country singer Matt Wills a day after the hurricane hit New Orleans full-blast. Bush was visiting a naval base in Texas instead of being back in Washington or in the region affected by the hurricane. On the Internet, people put photos of the hurricane's destruction side by side with one of Bush strumming away. According to some guitarists, it was just pretend-playing, as he didn't even have his fret hand in a proper chord formation.

At that point, Bush had been on nearly a *month-long* vacation, while the situation in Iraq continued to deteriorate. Actually, while he was on his ranch in Crawford, there was a protest nearby, started by Cindy Sheehan, who lost her son in the war in Iraq. She camped out there, wanting to meet with Bush and ask what "noble cause" her son had given his life for. Sheehan did have a meeting with Bush in 2004, but still wanted more answers. It became quite a story during the month of August, as a steady parade of anti-war activists joined Sheehan in Crawford. Counter-demonstrators also showed up and the right-wing smear machine was in full attack mode. Bush wouldn't make the time to meet with her, but he did make it to a Republican fundraiser nearby, did go to Idaho on another propaganda trip and, after Hurricane Katrina hit, did find time to go to a commemoration of the end of World War II in San Diego where, in his lengthy speech, only spoke about the hurricane for about a minute and a half. He did find time to play a round of golf. His plane did fly about 5,000 feet over the region and Bush was photographed peering out his window looking all concerned. The compassionate conservative. Please...

There's been a lot of talk about the aftermath and victims of the hurricane. Class and race issues have been raised—were the delays by the federal government to rescue or help the victims a result of class and/or racial bias? Was a blind eye turned to the mainly dark-skinned, poor victims? Some people can't understand why these victims just didn't evacuate when they had the chance, not taking into consideration that many couldn't, due to physical or economic limitations. Not everyone has support to assist them with their physical disabilities. Not everyone has a car they can just hop into. Not everyone can afford the gas (don't even get me started about gas now being over $3 a gallon—I don't have the space). Not everyone can afford to get on a bus or train—when they were available, that is. Greyhound suspended service the night before the hurricane hit, so that option was removed.

I've heard different interpretations about those class and race issues and the cynical part of me does think it comes into play. The *San Jose Mercury News* puts it into a context in an article ("Katrina Revives Debate About Race in America," 9/2/05): "In conversations at restaurants, homes, offices, on talk radio and online, it's clear that many blacks and whites view the tragedy of Katrina very differently..." The article goes on to quote some prominent African-Americans, among them Jesse Jackson, who "charged that race was "at least a factor" in the slow response." Rep. Elijah Cummings from Maryland, when asked in a CNN interview if the government would have moved faster if the victims were mainly white, he said, *"I think that that's a pretty good probability."*

Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice disagreed. "That Americans would somehow in a color-affected way decide who to help and who not to help—I, I just don't believe it," she said. "...The African American community has obviously been very heavily affected. But people are doing what they can for Americans. Nobody wants to see any American suffer."

Sorry, Condi, I don't buy that. Incidentally, before she finally got back to Washington, Rice was spotted in NYC attending the Monty Python *Spamalot!* play and also seen in a high-priced shoe store—the story was first reported in the *New York Daily News,* but got coverage elsewhere and the original account said, "Secretary Rice was booed by some audience members at "Spamalot!" and that when she went shopping at the store (Ferragamo), www.gawker.com noted that a fellow shopper “shouted “How dare you shop for shoes while thousands are dying and homeless!”—presumably referring to Louisiana and Mississippi.” The report goes on to say that Rice had the woman removed from the store at that point. I have a few choice words for Rice’s actions, but they might get me in trouble... in any case, another fiddler in Nero Bush’s chorus.

The situation is bringing out the ugly divisions that exist in this country. Still, as I mentioned earlier, there was criticism of Bush’s tardy handling of the affair and it came from all sides of the political spectrum. Field reporters on CNN and, believe it or not, Fox News, were pointing out the horrors going on in New Orleans, often to skeptical anchors or hosts in the safety of the studio at home. I heard somewhere that the press corps was getting radicalized by this situation. Even the *Manchester Union-Leader*, regarded as one of the most right-wing newspapers in the US, had this to say: “A better leader would have flown straight to the disaster zone and announced the immediate mobilization of every available resource to rescue the stranded, find and bury the dead, and keep the survivors fed, clothed, sheltered and free of disease.”

There are the deeper issues, such as the incompetent leadership from FEMA (the Federal Emergency Management Agency) and Homeland Security and the cutting of funding to the Army Corps of Engineers that affected maintenance on the levees that protected the city. There are lots of layers to this story and I only have so much space, but I encourage you to seek out the whole story, elsewhere in this zine (hopefully) and other sources.

My thoughts go out to the victims and their families.

RECORD REVIEWS:

ANS-*Romancing The Phone* (Banal Existence, 7″ EP)

Interesting hardcore by a band from the Dallas area that has been around since the early part of the decade and was originally known as Defaced. Thrashy skate punk, incorporating DKs and Black Flag inspiration and even jazzy touches. The latter comes out most obviously on “Man On The Phone,” with a conspiratorial tone over a jazz vamp and then they rip into the equally politicized “The Heavy Hand.” Not typical at all. (2706 Harvard Ave. E, Seattle, WA 98102, www.txosans.com)

ATAQUE FRONTAL (Burrito, 7″ EP)

A reissue of a 1988 EP by this Peruvian hardcore band. The back cover says it’s “RAW Peruvian hardcore” and that’s truth in advertising. A buzzsaw guitar attack and Lysol-gargling vocals. There’s the sporadic lapse in tightness but the boiling-over nature of these songs makes up for it and then some. It came out at a time where hardcore and punk were kind of turning to shit, at least in the US—Bob Suren from Burrito’s essay on the sleeve makes that point. Anyway, the six songs from the original EP are appended with a bonus track, “Muerete Dirigente,” that sounds kind of like “I Wanna Be Your Dog” gone hardcore. “Sociedad En Decadencia” crosses over a bit without losing its rawness. Obliterative scorch. (PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204, www.soundideadistribution.com)

CLOROX GIRLS-*This Dimension* (Smartguy, CD)

Sharp, snappy, and catchy punk. Despite the name, this Portland trio doesn’t sound like Red Cross, although it’s born from the same snotty spirit. ’77 inspired punk meets garage, with a complete lack of pretense. *This Dimension* is the band’s second album, following up their hot ’04 self-titled debut, and there’s been a change in bass players, but no other radical changes. No posing, just power—although the pure pop of “Tara” quiets things down, but it picks up again for the smokin’ bonus track “Animal Eyes” (also the b-side of their recent 7″). I don’t have to go into some long diatribe here—the Clorox Girls’ key is brevity and a whole lotta hooks. Simple is better. (3288 21st St. #32, SF, CA 94110, www.smartguyrecords.com)

I OBJECT-*America Today... And Tomorrow EP* (Still Holding On, 7″ EP)

The latest from one of the hardest working bands in hardcore—this band lives on the road. The first song, “Your Destruction,” sounds as though it starts in the middle of the track—an abrupt start, and I wonder if it’s a mastering error. Not sure, but the songs here are idealistic and energetic and the mid-tempo “Chopping You Down” is the standout. Five new songs and a Spitboy cover (“Seriously”). (537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620, www.punksbeforeprofits.net or stillholdingon.free.fr)

LOOK BACK AND LAUGH (Lengua Armada, LP)

Second album from Look Back and Laugh (there was also a split with Dropdead in between) and it’s just as throttling as the last. Tobia’s rabid vocals summon demons and the words tackle serious issues with vivid imagery and wordcraft and without being obvious, getting you to think a bit. Same for the artwork of a skeleton drawing blood with a razor and an American flag towel at the ready. Raw, fast songs packing drama and powerchords. It’s an overall effect, as opposed to catchy songwriting, and that effect is to bulldoze everything in front of it—sorry to use such pretentious alliteration. Play it loud. You’ll understand what I’m getting at. (band contact: PO Box 3103, Berkeley, CA 94703, www.lookbackandlaugh.net)

MARTYRDÖD-*In Extremis* (Havoc, LP)

Overpowering, heavy-as-fuck Swedish hardcore. Martyrdöd tune those guitars down low and have a thundering, dramatic thick sound with metallic leanings, but it moves like crazy. Somber melodies and texture under the mayhem which features howling vocals accompanied by two guitars, bass and drums pumping it out. Lyrics are in Swedish, but the words convey agony and pain and English translations of the titles—“Welcome To The Kingdom Of Death,” “A Collision Course Between Two Worlds,” “Hear Warning!”—give a good indication of the dark-hued themes. Soul-screaming pulverization. (PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

POSITIVE REINFORCEMENT (Nation Of Finks, 7″ EP)

Positively slammin’... vinyl debut for PosiForce, as we call ’em around here in Massachusetts. Fast-paced hardcore punk with sarcastic lyrics that exude passion for the music and disappointment with people who fuck it up (“Hardcore Is A Festering Sea Of

Fucking Bullshit")—a love/hate affair, and that's my take, sometimes. Feedback-squealing guitar lines and a punishing tempo are the setting for Lieber's rants. "The Good Times Are Killing Me" slows the pace and has a similar feel as Nine Shocks Terror's anthemic "Not A Fucking Anthem" (hah!). Boston Mass is still a rippin' town, to borrow a line from another old local band. (2 Hano St., Allston, MA 02134, www.nationoffinksrex.tk)

REASON OF INSANITY/BAD EATING HABITS-split (Psychowolf, 7" EP)

Two raw and thrashing bands. Reason Of Insanity is from Texas and Bad Eating Habits from Florida. Staring across the Gulf from each other and each kicking up a storm. Reason Of Insanity has a trebly sound with sickoid guitar a la Urban Waste, prominent drums and rabid vocals. Bad Eating Habits also bring the speed but with a slightly cleaner and tighter sound. (411 ? Lindale, Houston, TX 77022, www.myspace.com/reasonofinsanity)

VARIOUS-Internationally Pist 2 (Punx Before Profits, 7" EP)

A worldwide comp with bands from Puerto Rico, Brazil, Indonesia, and the good 'ol (?) USA, and different facets of loud hardcore punk. B.U.S.H., the Brazilian band, offers a tuneful critique of the now-conservative "punk," Dave Smalley. Reaccion explodes with blazing guitar and howling male/female vocal tradeoffs. Destrux also has harsh vocals and a speedy assault. Black SS rips out the speed, as well. More adrenalin from Tropiezo and Taste of Flesh. Not groundbreaking, but pulling the hardcore community closer together (awwwww) and most of this gets a thumbs up. (537 Caroline St., Rochester, NY 14620, www.punksbeforeprofits.com)

Finally, I can't end this column without paying tribute to Big Boys' vocalist Randy "Biscuit" Turner, who died in August at the age of 56. I only had the opportunity to see the Big Boys one time, in the summer of 1983 at The Club in Cambridge, MA but it was an unforgettable experience—both for the band's rambunctious set and for getting to hang with some of the coolest, most down-to-earth people I ever had the pleasure of meeting in all the years I've been involved in the music scene. I still remember that show like it was yesterday. I can't remember bands I saw six months ago, but that one has stayed in my mind. I first heard them in '82 when a DJ played "Fun Fun Fun" on a local college station, and it hooked me immediately. That was the band's credo—that and "go start your own band." Not sure what else I can say—if you've never heard the Big Boys, by all means check out their recordings.

At the time of Biscuit's death, an exhibition of his art was due to open in Austin. In an incredibly ironic twist, Biscuit was featured in the *Austin Chronicle* with a cover story the week of his death. The article can be found here: http://www.austinchronicle.com/issues/dispatch/2005-08-19/music_feature.html

R.I.P. Biscuit... you were one of a kind.

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903
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No.

Alright, I'm harping on an old theme here, but strange things are about to be afoot at the Circle K again (if they haven't already by the time you read this). Read on if you can dig it.

Hurricane Katrina is a tragedy that could have been far less devastating than it was. It has laid bare the stark class contrasts and racial issues that are festering just beneath the surface in America in a manner that is impossible to conceal, despite repeated efforts to do so by the power structure-complicit mass media in the United States. This is not going to go away lightly, and the gross (criminal) negligence of the governmental entities entrusted with maintaining a semblance of safety and security for *all* citizens is as blatantly obvious as the fact that nearly all of the people who were (are?) trapped and dying in New Orleans and throughout the Gulf coast are poor and black.

As is now reasonably well-publicized, Bush and his gang diverted all the funds for repairing the infrastructure of the lower delta area's levees and restoring its barrier wetlands (repairs called for by a politically impartial cross-section of scientists, engineers, and public safety experts) into their various oil wars (and upper income-bracket tax cuts) in the wake of September 11, 2001. Yes, there will be some political hell to pay for this, but it is important to keep a few things in mind about the controlling methodologies that are routinely employed by our government's current junta; methodologies that are the result of decades of careful research, manipulation, and coalition-building between far-right groups in America.

The slow federal response and total lack of emergency infrastructure are a logical result of a long-planned (since Ronald Reagan's presidency) shift of public resources away from the hands of governmental agencies, which are subject to public oversight, and into the hands of a select group of far more obscurantist non-governmental organizations possessed of shadowy agendas...Primarily the WTO and World Bank, and, more recently, the powerful new block of large fundamentalist Christian churches.

I'm going to go back into a column from February now, and reprint part of it because the point simply needs to be made twice. Since all we hear from the other side is a bunch of lies repeated ad infinitum (as of this writing: *"Don't play the blame game…Local governments need to take the responsibility…We need to stay the course in Iraq"*[?!?]), it seems somewhat necessary to repeat anything challenging these lies. So with that in mind, here's a reprinted bit about the role of large Christian fundamentalist churches in America these days, and how they are working with the far right-wing to change the entire social fabric of this country:

"Churches have always been in the business of helping those in need to varying degrees, and only in the last century (in the wake of Marxism and the Enlightenment) people have been able to rely on the state for support in Western societies. Barbara Ehrenreich, in an article titled 'The Faith Factor' (*The Nation*, Nov. 22, 2004), discusses the emergence of hundreds of mega-sized evangelical Christian churches and their increasingly central role in extending social services to America's needy:

'Today's right-leaning Christian churches represent a coldly Calvinist tradition in which even speaking in tongues, if it occurs at all, has been increasingly routinized and restricted to the pastor. What these churches have to offer, in addition to intangibles like eternal salvation, is concrete, material assistance…A woman I met in Minneapolis gave me her strategy for surviving bouts of destitution: "First, you find a church." A trailer-park dweller in Grand Rapids told me that he often turned to his church for help with the rent. Got a drinking problem, a vicious spouse, a wayward child, a bill due? Find a church. The closest analogy to America's bureaucratized evangelical movement is [the strictly Islamic] Hamas, which draws in poverty-stricken Palestinians through its own miniature welfare state…What makes the typical evangelicals' social welfare efforts sinister is their implicit—and sometimes not so implicit—linkage to a program for the destruction of public and secular services. This year the connecting code words were "abortion" and "gay marriage": To vote for the candidate who opposed these supposed moral atrocities, as the Christian Coalition and so many churches strongly advised, was to vote against public housing subsidies, childcare and expanded public forms of health insurance. While Hamas operates in a nonexistent welfare state, the Christian right advances by attacking the existing one.'"

What's the point? The point is that the Reverend Pat "We should take out Hugo Chavez" Robertson's "Operation: Blessing" charity was the second place that FEMA directed people to donate relief contributions to on their *federally operated* website, right below the Red Cross. The point is that Bush called for a "national day of prayer" for hurricane victims 10 days after the hurricane struck—not a day of mourning, or even a moment of silence, but a fucking *national day of prayer*. (Last time I checked, we still had that "separation of church and state" clause in the Constitution.) This kind of shit is just going to get more common in the wake of this tragedy, and I'm sure it has by the time you read this.

The point is that a lot of people are angry now, and aware that the negligence displayed by the government in this matter is fully premeditated and likely criminal at base. Even the media know it. We can hope that maybe this would finally indicate a potential wavering of support for these fuckers from voters in Louisiana (and the Deep South in general), but they've been so damned smart with their evangelical church/political recruitment fronts (and the redirecting of federal funds to them) that most of the poor people seeking aid from this will eventually end up having to go to a megachurch for help. There, any anger they have against the current government will be diffused as they are re-indoctrinated into reactionary right-wing mindsets, reminded that while they may be angry at the disgusting "response" demonstrated by our "leaders," they must not forget that they still hate abortion, gay marriage, and antiwar freakos. Don't forget to be a good Christian and vote against the fags at the ballot box!

Then again, *the negligence displayed by Bush and his cohort in this matter is fully premeditated and criminal at base* (how ya like that repetition?), and will be pretty fucking hard to conceal. They may not get away with this one. If they don't, then hey, maybe God does exist after all. Hopefully then he'll call down a plague of locusts and trap them in their expensive ranches and townhouses, where they can starve to death or drown in piles of their own shit. Slightly more likely than that is the possibility that we can get a chance to unleash some hell on them ourselves. We can always hope, and God supposedly works in mysterious ways, right?

Johnny No Moniker, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609. johngeek@hotmail.com. Old archive of many of the NO. columns from the last four years available for viewing on my stupid-ass Myspace page: www.myspace. com/noarchive.

DANCING WITH
TEARS IN MY
EYES
KAT CASE

The Art of Losing Isn't Hard to Master

Sometimes I wake up and I can't believe that I am still trying to remember. I get out of bed, walk across the room, something sticks in my foot and makes it bleed and suddenly there is a memory of a broken beer bottle on my floor and the blood that ensued, so much blood, so much glass that my younger self didn't give a fuck enough about to clean up.

I closed our back gate yesterday, closed it shut and looked at the stairs and a memory came back to me, long gone, of stairs and parties and breaking a forty in the woods—oops, it was full and now it is nothing—wondering if he was going to hit me, but of course not; that boy probably never hit a woman in his life. Not that kind of man. I found a letter from him on one of my recent purges of my bedroom. It was in a file next to about ten other letters from former lovers. The file was entitled "significant and unresolved." As though one day they would be, these people with no forwarding addresses and entirely different lives now—some famous musicians, others, god knows where in what shit town, just try to have enough faith to keep living. And we lose people, as if they were another hoodie worn smooth with daily use, smelling more like us than our bedrooms, and then left at a show, forgotten, never to be found again. How could a person be the same thing, an object left sitting on a chair, a thing on a list never attended to—oh, I meant to write him but it seems so important that I can't ever get around to it.

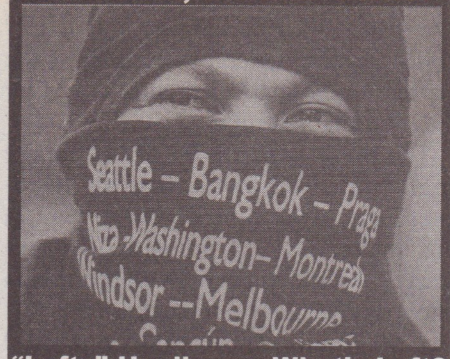
We drove last Thursday night to the airport after he'd worked until twelve on the line, making other people dinner. We drank a beer together in my bedroom. He kept trying to stall, to steal a moment to relax after all those hours of heat and stress, burning his flesh while he cooked as if his hands we just more meat to be served. When I finally got him in the car and he began to drive, we realized that it was so late that every entrance to the bridge was closed for construction, and we had to go all the way downtown, by the bay, and enter at the last onramp. He drove so fast, those six lanes empty except for some trucks and the occasional lonesome driver attending to an essential errand.

We made it to the airport fifteen minutes late. Rose was holding the largest tambourine I'd ever seen. It was one of the few things she'd managed to get out of her house before they evacuated. Her mother offered to sit in the back of the truck and I told her that my great grandma would roll over in her grave if I ever let anyone's mother sit in the back of my pickup truck, shell or no. She hugged me, and I took her bags. She got in the front with Shane.

Rose and I rode in the back of the truck, talked about her future possibilities. Would she even return to New Orleans? Was there a point? I asked if she was hungry, as if she could get a burrito at three in the morning on a Thursday, and she said, "Honey, what I want is a shot of bourbon."

We poured them some whiskey and then we left them to bedrooms and clean towels. Shane still had to pack for the funeral. We were hoping that at least I could take a nap, but we just got to his house and made a little too much noise, talked a little too loud while the Bananas blared in the background. He showed me different shirts as I tried to sew up the crotch of a pair of his grandfather's old pants with dental floss. I did it too tight so that it bunched up and then I tried to fix it, feeling like I wasn't even a woman, like the simple tasks I was trained to do as a child had been erased and not replaced with others, like how to fix your own roof. We realized it was five in the morning, time to go, and I drove him to the airport—this time the one in the city—so fast like we were later than we were, and there was this horrible sense of finality about it, as though I would never see him again.

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan • What's Left?

Arminius. Vercingetorix. Boadicea.

Not exactly household names. These three were barbarian leaders who resisted the military might of the greatest empire of their day. Rome. Boadicea was a Celtic queen whose popular revolt burned down London and nearly drove the Romans from England, and whose name comes down as the word bodacious. Vercingetorix proved to be as brutal and despotic as the Roman conquerors he opposed, applying a scorched earth policy in retreat where his followers razed the villages of fellow Gallic tribesmen, depriving the Roman armies under Julius Caesar of the capacity to live off the land. Arminius is the only one of the three whose rebellion against Rome succeeded in leaving his Germanic people independent of the Roman Empire, and who has become a minor figure in the annals of German nationalism.

Arminius, Vercingetorix and Boadicea were thus the Hugo Chavez, the Saddam Hussein, the Osama bin Laden of the first century of the Common Era. Scoundrel leaders of rogue nations who dared to stand up against the mighty imperial power that claimed the right to rule the world of its day. I don't make this analogy up out of thin air.

Neoconservatives from David Horowitz to Paul Wolfowitz contend that, since the US is the sole great superpower on the international scene, America should use that power to shape the world in its own image, just as Rome did. The association between imperial Rome and the United States is made quite explicitly by the neo-cons, as when *Washington Post* columnist Charles Krauthammer wrote of the US: "The fact is, no country has been as dominant culturally, economically, technologically and militarily in the history of the world since the late Roman Empire." [*NYT*, 4-1-02] I didn't draw the analogy; I'm simply accepting it, then extending it to some of its logical conclusions. A more traditional conservative, John C. Hulsman, summarized the neo-con view: "We should acknowledge we have an empire. We have power and we should do good with it."

In describing America as an imperial power, the greatest one in the world today, the neo-cons are essentially correct. They are being truthful, whereas the rest of the conservative-moderate-neoliberal-liberal *bourgeois* political spectrum in this country is being disingenuous at best when they deny that the US has an empire. The neo-cons' problem is not in their honesty, but in their wholehearted embrace of an American imperium, which tends to romanticize the extent and effectiveness of American power and underestimate any resistance to that power. That's part of the reason we're in the military quagmire of Iraq. The neo-cons expected that a minimal US military force—plus the good old free market—would liberate and rebuild Iraq, and that they would be met each step of the way by cheering Iraqis tossing rose petals and candy. Fatal delusions about American influence, power and support, not their overt imperialism, are why these neo-con assholes are incredibly dangerous.

Come to think of it, I can't really extend the logic of neoconservative thinking anywhere that one or another neo-con hasn't already gone before. Take the barbarian invasion dimension of the Roman Empire analogy. A central neoconservative theme is that the United States in particular and western civilization in general is besieged by barbarian hordes. The barbarians at the gates this time around range from illegal immigrants threatening to swamp the American southwest and much of western Europe to the "Islamofascists" who keep popping up in Europe, Africa and Asia. Horowitz's Front Page Magazine's website peddles both Horowitz's anti-immigrant front group Center for the Study of Popular Culture and Richard Perle and David Frum's Islamophobic book *An End to Evil*.

Since barbarians know and respect

only brute force, according to the neocons, America must strengthen its borders and project its power internationally in an attempt to civilize the uncivilized. Indeed, America's might in a unipolar world makes a quaint concept like national sovereignty obsolete at the same time it obligates the US to do all it can to impose democracy upon the rest of the world. Citing America's forced democratization of Nazi Germany and fascist Japan after the second World War, neo-cons propose an aggressive democratic imperialism to apply with a vengeance that old adage that the best defense is a good offense, championing a preventive strike foreign policy to take out troublesome regimes and rogue nations before they can actually cause trouble. Make no mistake, this imposition of a *pax Americana* upon the planet amounts to war without end, as was the case under the *pax Romana*. "The mission of democratizing the world may have no end, Hulsman says, because 'there are always barbarians to convert.'" [Bruce Murphy, "Neoconserva-tive clout seen in US Iraq policy," *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*, 4-6-03]

And, in the end, Rome's "peace" failed and the barbarians prevailed.

Now here comes the paradox for neoconservatives. The western civilization they so cherish and ardently defend would not exist without the barbarian penetration, invasion, conquest and dismemberment of the western half of the Roman Empire. Prior to 756 CE, Rome was what my junior high Humanities teacher called a Greco-Roman/Judeo-Christian civilization. The barbarian destruction of the Western Roman Empire interjected a Germanic, initially pagan, tribalism that stabilized into European feudalism after much blood and suffering. The symbiotic relationship between territorially-based manorial/feudal kingdoms and commercially-based republican city states, the slow bloody rise of absolute monarchies practicing mercantilist economics, the writing large of tribal cultures in the vernacular all formed the basis for the modern nation-state. When revolutionized by a national *bourgeoisie* and imbedded in an ever-expanding world capitalist economy, the nation-state became western civilization's motor force.

Something similar occurred at the primordial beginnings of western civilization, between 2000 and 1500 BCE, when barbaric Indo-European peoples migrated out of the steppes north of the Black Sea into southern Asia, the Middle East and Europe. While noting that this migration of Indo-Europeans coincided with the expansion of Semitic peoples out of Arabia (as exemplified by the brief Hyksos conquest of ancient Egypt), archeologists still debate whether these were full-blown invasions utilizing superior military technologies (horse-drawn chariots and bows and arrows), or much more gradual, diffuse tribal infiltrations. Perhaps both happened, like the later Germanic incursions into the Roman Empire. The movement of Aryan tribes into northern India, Achaean tribes into Greece, Celtic tribes into western Europe, Medean tribes into the Middle East, etc., changed social conditions radically, leading to the establishment of powerful new Indo-European civilizations like Mycenae and the Hittite Kingdom as well as to the destruction of older civilizations like Minoan Crete and the Indus Valley. Characterized by patriarchal, aristocratic societies divided into a ruling warrior nobility dedicated to hunting and warfare, a priestly caste worshipping a hierarchical pantheon of gods dominated by a supreme male deity, and a broad lower caste of virtually enslaved common herders and cultivators, these wide ranging migrations of Indo-European peoples, plus the narrower movement of Semitic tribes, laid the cornerstones for the Greco-Roman/Judeo-Christian civilization that would become the late Roman Empire.

Now remember, in describing what happened historically I'm not saying history had to happen that way. Historians still ponder why the Roman Empire, or for that matter the High Middle Ages, never "took off" industrially. Nor am I by any means gloating over the "historical inevitability" that today's so-called barbarian hordes will overrun America's empire to produce a newer, better social order out of some vague historically dialectical synthesis. No empire can endure forever. The interregnum following the collapse of the American empire is likely to make Europe's Dark Ages look like a Boy Scout Jamboree. No rosy, more progressive future for humanity is guaranteed.

Okay, a Boy Scout Jamboree might not be the best analogy, given recent events, but I think my meaning is clear.

Getting back to the jubilant imperialism of the neo-cons, it must be admitted that they are right once again, if for all the wrong reasons. National sovereignty is an outdated concept, not because of American power in a uni-polar world, but because the latest developments in global capitalism are making the nation-state itself obsolete.

I've argued at length in past columns that what we are witnessing is the creation of a truly international, increasingly enclaved capitalist ruling class and a truly international, increasingly migratory working class. Global capitalism is thus superseding the need for the nation-state, with the consequence that tribalism is replacing nationalism, nations are devolving into collections of smaller micro-nations or disintegrating altogether in ethnic and racial civil wars, and there is a marked proliferation of so-called failed states. No need to elaborate these ideas further in this column other than to remark that what I've done is propose a Marxist orchestration incorporating what is essentially a neo-con riff, perhaps most cogently presented by Robert Kaplan in his one-note essay "The Coming Anarchy" in the book of the same name.

A sidebar on neoconservatives before I sign off: they were frequently 60s liberals or New Left radicals who "saw the light" to become zealous arch-conservatives, with an imperial twist. It's said there's no missionary more fervent than a reformed alcoholic. The New Leftists-become-neoconservatives follow in the footsteps of an older generation of fervent converts from the CP-dominated Left; the Arthur Koestler's of *The God That Failed* mold. These missionary neocons in turn have their converted disciples from punk's feeble leftover Left, as witness Jeff Bale and Larry Livermore. Such unenviable folks are rewriting the myth of Sisyphus for our time. Instead of laboriously pushing a great boulder

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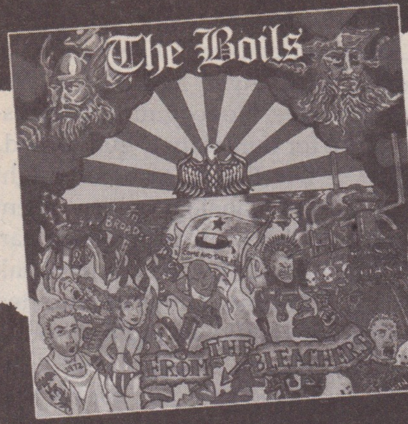

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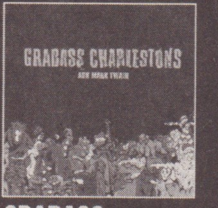
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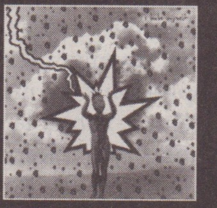
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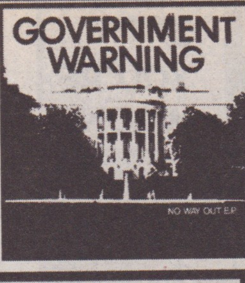

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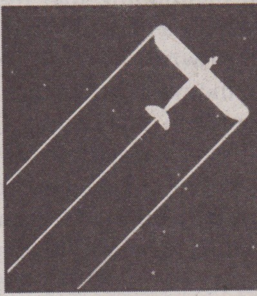

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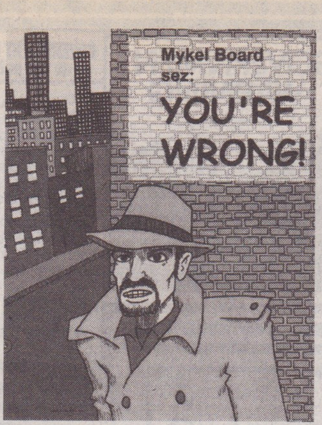
up a steep hill, only to have it roll back down just before reaching the summit, these sorry individuals spend the first forty years of their lives proudly and loudly building up an edifice of ideas and actions, only to spend the last forty denouncing what they've done and zealously tearing down that edifice brick by brick.

It seems an incredible waste to grow old and die regretting almost everything you did, said or thought when you were younger. It's rumored that Larry—also, in fact, a reformed alcoholic and ex-druggie whose fire and brimstone tirades from the pulpit would make the most devout straightedger cringe—now even regrets having worn Converse tennis shoes. How pitiable is that?

I'll stop mentioning that there's still no final installment of my critique. It's about a third written and going no further at the moment. I often have partial essays stored on my laptop, ideas for columns that I've started and developed to a degree, but not yet completed. Most eventually do see the light of day. This column is an example of just such a partial essay that finally came together. I expect my critical assessment of Marxism in particular and socialism in general will get done one of these days.

I also want to mention that I have a new email address. The old one was on my website and quickly became inundated with spam. It was impossible to find emails legitimately addressed to "Lefty" Hooligan in the torrent of penis enlargement and hot horny cam girl ads. I closed down the web page when Mordam Records declined to a punk rock obscurity before selling off to Lumberjack, but the spam problem never abated. So I closed the old account and opened a new one. I apologize to anybody who tried to send me email in the past and never got a reply. Now I should be able to answer my digital correspondence.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



The opposite of what has happened is what might have happened if it weren't for lies and fears. —Amos Oz

We have nothing to fear but fear itself. —Franklin Roosevelt

It's more disappointing than constipation at a shit-eaters convention.

Jay is talking about the famous Boston sex district. "There is no more Combat Zone, Mykel. It was consumed by the developers."

Oh no! The ideal urban compromise. If we can't have sex everywhere, then at least we can have it in a restricted area. The Combat Zone was a section of Boston that the cops let alone. Whores, homos, porno, whatever you want. As long as you stay in the zone, it's okay. A concentration camp for sex... without the ovens.

Not the ideal situation, but given the anti-sex attitudes of everyone from Jerry Falwell to Hillary Clinton, it's the best you can hope for.

As it turns out, neither Falwell nor Clinton killed the Beantown sex district. It was the developers. An army of greedies whose weapons are the contract and the lease. KABOOM! No more Combat Zone.

"There's one bookstore left," says Jay. "That's it. The rest is gone."

"But I checked mensclubfinder.com," I tell him. "It gave me half a dozen strip clubs. Most are on LaGrange Street."

"I never heard of LaGrange Street," he says.

"Here's one on Washington Street," I tell him.

"Well, that's in the old Zone, but I don't remember seeing it. You sure it's still there?"

"It must be," I answer. "It's on the Internet."

I'm at a Barbecue in Medford, a Boston suburb. It's an annual event, mostly folks who went to Beloit the same time I did. Few of us graduated. Still, friends you make in your college years stick with you through your geriatric ones. Graduation or not.

My Japanese pals Hitoshi and Masa are also there. They live in the area.

Hitsoshi is bound by the chains of matrimony, so he can't hit the clubs with us. Masa is ready to roll. I did my research and got a list. I thought they'd *all* be in the Combat Zone.

"I'll go with you," says John, husband of one of my former college pals.

"Are you sure the missus won't mind?" I ask.

"Hah!" he answers. "I'm my own man."

The BBQ is over. John has to go home to "change into my street clothes." Masa and I go over the basics.

"Remember," I tell him, "I can't get off on a lap dance. I need skin to skin."

"That's okay," he says. "As long as you don't mind if I go to the side with someone nice."

"I don't mind," I say. "I'll entertain myself."

Boston is an earlier town than New York. We plan to leave for Aga's, the Combat Zone club, at around eight. The subways stop running at midnight.

"I don't think it's there," says Masa. "I came to town to visit Hitoshi a month ago. He told me there was nothing."

"We'll find something," I tell him. "I've got a nose for it. Don't worry."

At 7:45 the phone rings. Masa and I are each on our third Sam Adams. I hear Jay's voice from inside.

"Okay," he says, "I'll tell them. I'm sure they'll be disappointed."

Jay hangs up and walks out the back door.

"John can't go," he tells us. "He apologizes."

Just the two of us head for The Zone.

In Boston, they call the subway, "The T." We buy two tokens each and get in the train. Traveling to the recommended spot, we get out and walk to Washington Street. We're looking for 2128. The numbers here start at 300.

"Seems far," I say. "Let's walk a bit and see if they go up quickly."

We head south along the street. Passing THE BOOKSTORE, we see that it's number 432. In another ten minutes, we get to 500.

"This is crazy," I say. "We'll never get there."

Masa is not giving up. "Let's take a bus," he says. "There's a stop right there."

It's THE SILVER LINE, and the bus goes directly South along Washington Street. We get on and drop our tokens into the collection machine. Out pop two little cards with ads on the back. We each take one.

"Can you see any of the house numbers?" I ask.

"Yeah," says Masa, "We just passed 1000."

"A thousand?" I complain. "It looks like we're clean out of Boston."

The bus travels another quarter hour. I spot 2100. I push the button to stop the bus. A black teen sitting across from me laughs. Maybe he knows where we're going.

Nope. The snicker is because in 30 seconds the bus pulls into the terminal. It's the end of the line. No more stops. This is it. All out.

The few people who leave the bus at the terminal vanish into the white tile of the building. The streets are deserted. Empty. It's just us. Masa and I walk up Washington Street.

Shutters rattle against storefronts. We pass a few gated buildings, a few empty lots. There's a lot of graffiti, but no one to ask for directions.

We've passed 2200 and there's nothing but a bunch of closed buildings.

"Maybe those guys were right," I say. "Maybe it's gone."

"No," says Masa, "it's here. I'll find it. I've got a nose for these kinds of places."

Wiseguy.

Ahead of us a Negro talks to himself, waving his arms, gesticulating like someone talking on an invisible cellphone. His connection is to a power we can't see. We walk around him. He doesn't notice us.

In a doorway is another Negro. A giant. I'd have to stand on tiptoes to blow him. He'd need to turn sideways to get through the St. Louis Archway. He could do chin-ups on the Golden Gate Bridge from the San Francisco Bay. A massive hulk of a man.

Masa walks up to him to ask directions. Before my oriental pal says a word the giant asks, "Are you gentlemen looking for Aga's?"

Masa glances over his shoulder at me with an *I told you I'd find it* smirk.

"You guessed right," he tells the Negro.

The big guy collects $10 from each of us and gestures us inside.

Inside is a narrow room with a tiny stage on the left and a bar on the right. A huge American flag covers one wall. Beyond are a dozen tables. All empty except one right next to the stage. At that table is a thin whiteguy with a grey ponytail. He's about my age, and looks like a Vietnam vet. Next to him sits a black girl, dressed in body-hugging pink vinyl.

Behind the bar is a white woman who looks like she graduated from the gothic class of '92. 1892. I've never seen someone who looks so old yet can still stand unaided. She wears all black. A long black dress, black shoes with thick high heels, a black hat with a black veil. Beneath the veil, in the dim light, her wrinkles shine like sand dunes in the desert.

Masa and I take seats at the bar.

"I'll have a Brooklyn Beer," says Masa.

I kick him.

"You can't order a New York beer in Boston," I whisper. "They'll kill us!"

"Make that two Guinnesses," I tell the ancient bartendress.

She toddles to the refrigerator and gets two bottles of Guinness and puts them down in front of us.

"You need glasses?" she asks.

I shake my head, slipping the cool bottle opening between my lips.

"That's $18.50," she says.

Sitting at the bar with us are a couple of guys involved in a deep conversation in Spanish. One is kind of dumpy, wearing a blue sweatshirt with a gold letter B on it. The other is a well-built man with a square face and silver hair. I'm not sure of the accent, but it sounds Dominican to me.

We sit down. The guy in the silver hair waves to us like we're old friends. He says something about the weather. We smile at him and go back to watching the empty stage.

A voice comes from a loudspeaker: *And now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to put your hands together and give a nice big Aga's cheer for our next dancer. The stupendous ROTUNDRA!*

Up to the stage waddles the biggest stripper I've ever seen. To call her fat is like calling Stalin *liberal.* This is not a strip show, but a sideshow, a freak show. She climbs on the stage and it creaks, groans, under the tonnage. Where she got the bra and g-string, I can only imagine. I'm sure Home Depot meant it for some other purpose.

The music starts, some disco I haven't heard in 30 years. "No!" she says, her voice like a whoopie cushion hidden in a deep pillow. "Play number 57."

The music changes, I guess. It sounds the same to me, but I'm not listening. I sit fascinated as that huge mound of flesh twists around the barpole. Then she stands, feet apart, and shakes her shoulders to the music.

The shakes start at her shoulders and spread through the flesh on her body. Like ripples from a boulder dropped into a pond. I follow the flesh as it goes down and out from her shoulders, spreading to her breasts, her belly, her knees. She is so big that the shaking flesh dislodges the air around her. Air molecules bang into each other, suddenly displaced. Molecule slams into molecule until we feel the vibrations in our seats by the bar. Each shimmy of the massive body transfers itself to the air quivering against us.

Awestruck, I pull a dollar from my pocket. This must be rewarded. I walk up to the stage.

Pulling up the belly flesh, until I can find the top of the g-string, I push back so I can slip the dollar underneath. She smiles, lies down on the wooden stage, spreads her legs and flashes a yard of pink.

The audience continues to talk, watch, and occasionally feed dollars to the gyrating mound of lard and skin.

There are a few more guys in the bar now. One table looks like it's a high school basketball team. Everyone who enters has to pass by where we're sitting at the bar. Everyone stops and says hi to us like we're regulars. I'm not getting a hard-on, but I'm sure having a lot of fun.

"Mmmm, Masa," I say. "You got any

more money? I'm out, and beers cost $9."

Masa checks his wallet and shakes his head sadly. Rotunda's stint is over. We're out of money. Neither of us have tokens—only those stupid white cards.

We get up to leave. Passing the gigantic bouncer, I show him the card.

"You know what this is for?" I ask him.

He takes it from my hand and looks at it like a lepidopterist studying a butterfly.

"I never saw one of those before," he tells me. "But hang on. My brother works for Boston Transit. I'll call him and ask him."

"But it's after eleven," I tell him. "I don't want to wake him up."

"Fuck 'im," says the bouncer. "You guys need help more than he needs sleep."

We get back to Jay's about 12:30.

"Back already?" he asks. "I thought you guys would be out till three."

"Naw," I tell him. "We wanted to get back before the last train. We didn't know how often the buses run."

"Busses?" he says. "Didn't you take the T?"

"You were wrong about the area," I tell him. "We had to go way the fuck out of town to find the place."

"Yeah," says Masa, "we took the Silver Line bus. All the way to the end."

It's as if someone stuck a hypodermic in Jay's toe and sucked out the blood. His face pales from the receding hairline, down through the forehead, nose, lips, chin. He stands bug-eyed for a few seconds before speaking.

"You took what? Where?"

Masa repeats.

Jay sits down on a webbed lawn chair. He rests his forehead in his hands for a few seconds then looks up.

"You know you were in the most dangerous neighborhood in Boston. Roxbury. Maybe the most dangerous neighborhood in America. Even the cops are afraid to go there."

Masa shrugs. "People were nice to us. I thought it was nice."

"We saw the world's friendliest bouncer and world's fattest stripper," I tell him.

"You're lucky to be alive," says Jay.

The next day we tell John what we did and where we went.

"You're lucky I wasn't with you," he says. "If you would've shown me the address I would have said, 'You don't want to go there. It's too dangerous.' I can't believe you guys just went there. Too dumb to have The Fear, I guess."

Then I realize. The Fear.

FEAR is a tool like a camera or a condom. In the hands of George Romero or your local roller coaster designer, it's fun and even educational. In the hands of your local politician or newspaper editor, it's deadlier than busload of ghetto blacks.

William Burroughs wrote about limits to oppression. He said that once people tasted freedom, they wouldn't want to go back. He hadn't counted on fear.

Fear creates its own excuses. How can you get citizens to accept 1984-style cameras on every corner? FEAR. How can you get people to allow cops to stop subway riders and rifle through their belongings? FEAR. How can you get people to think Negroes are dangerous? FEAR. Want people to stop screwing around? You don't need to pass a law. You only need FEAR.

The image is the dumb tourist wandering into *the wrong part of town.* Then getting taken for a ride. The dumb idiot at the wrong place, not knowing it. SMASH. They find his body floating in the Charles River. That image is wrong.

Try this one. The boy from Hicksville. Suddenly scared because of all these colored guys. Crouching. Walking fast. Arms folded. His whole body screams to the predators—I'M AFRAID! That's the kind of person whose being shouts MUG ME! How many crime victims are first victims of fear?

How about a little fearlessness? I'm not talking bravery. To be brave, you have to first know there's something to be afraid of. I'm talking about ignorance in the highest sense of the word.

Masa and I didn't know to be afraid. We were out to go to a strip club. We wanted to see some girls take off their clothes and hang out with others who like to see girls take off their clothes. We weren't afraid.

The Hispanics, blacks, and other locals in the bar treated us like old friends because we were fearless. We were there for the same reason they were. Masa, probably the only Oriental who ever set foot in the place, may have been a stranger—but he was one of *them.*

If we had known to be afraid, things would have been different. Maybe we would have gone anyway. But we would have gone with a different attitude. It would have been bravado, rather than horniness. We would have had something to prove, rather than just the desire to see some pink.

The others in the bar would have sensed it. They would have picked up on our tenseness, our fear. They would have responded like people or dogs or any other animals that know you're afraid of them.

In an America (world?) of surveillance cameras, bag searches, metal detectors, a world designed to keep you afraid, the solution is *not* bravery. Bravery is just the flipside of fear. Being brave to fight fear is like being a Satanist to fight religion. You still have to believe.

It's not easy to control your emotions, your beliefs or the effects of a machine gun in the train station. But, as far as possible, the solution is not to believe in them. They're cardboard signs painted to make you afraid. If you touch them they'll fall right over. Just go on and watch that fat girl flash her gash. It may not be the perfect solution, but you'll feel much better for it.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

Is GWB too controversial dept: You probably heard, but I'll tell you anyway.

Nine Inch Nails moved up on my respect list when they cancelled plans to appear on MTV's Movie Awards. The band planned to perform "The Hand That Feeds" in front of a large picture of G.W. Bush. The picture was to have no markings other than the face.

MTV said no. The band pulled out.

MTV is owned by Viacom, which also owns CBS. CBS broadcasters, however, do sometimes perform in front of GWB pictures.

Is he on pot(hole)? I think it was Kesha who sent me the *San Francisco Chronicle* article about

Schwarzenegger. He's been avoiding crowds lately, scheduling press conferences and publicity stunts at the last minute. His promo people ask the press to assemble in a parking lot someplace. Then the flackmen whisk reporters off to the site before local citizens can learn about it.

My favorite stunt was when The Gov decided to fill a pothole to show the progress the state was making. The problem, however, was that the safe location he chose had no potholes. Fear not. The advance corps found a crack in the road and widened it into a pothole. When the press arrived, the governor then filled in the hole.

I hate intellectual property but...: I hate Sony more. So I'm happy the courts ordered Sony Music to pay $5 million for not putting a Cleveland record company's logo on Meat Loaf's *Bat Out of Hell* album.

"Today, David beat Goliath," said Cleveland record executive Steve Popovich, who hugged jurors after the decision. Popovich was the executive of Cleveland International Records, which was bought by CBS, which was bought by Sony... You know the story.

Right Again dept: One of the many themes in my columns is how America loves to diseasify itself. This is encouraged by drug companies that profit from drugs to control the disease. It is also encouraged by people whose actions are non-standard and want others to accept them. "I can't help it. I'm sick" is the perfect excuse. What used to be sins or behavior problems are now diseases.

One of the most nefarious examples of this is the forcing of Ritalin on children too smart or too active for the bonds of schooling. Teachers are upset by these threats to their authority. What to do? Drug 'em!!

Not so fast comes new research. A significant percentage of children with "attention-deficit-hyperactivity disorder" did as well when harmless placebos replaced some of their medications.

The next step is to cut the medication entirely, but I can't imagine drug companies allowing that to happen.

Some folks you just can't satisfy dept: Whole Foods, the rich-liberal oriented supermarket chain, announced they were launching an "Animal Compassion Foundation." The foundation's goal is to convince cattle ranchers and dairy farmers to provide "a higher standard of farm animal quality of life." The idea is to discourage the inhumane aspects of animal production.

PETA responded in *Satya*, a vegetarian magazine, "We'd prefer that it be called *Animal Not So Horrifically Cruel* rather than *Animal Compassion."*

Jew of the Month dept: The quote at the beginning of this column is from Amos Oz. He's Israel's greatest living writer. Forget your politics and enjoy him. He's smart, and more often than not...right.

My Mother Wears Combat Boots
Jessica Mills

I never thought I'd send my girl to school. I have specific memories of laughing in the faces of people who'd say things like, "Oh, just wait and see how fast she'll grow up. Next thing you know, she'll be in kindergarten." And I can still hear her Daddy 'Nesto saying to his dad, "I'm not sending her to the indoctrinating, crap public school system I went to."

So when we were driving down the road and she, out of the blue, matter-of-factly announced, "I'm not going back to the co-op skool; I want to go to real school," I was caught more than a bit off guard. I should have known by now, though, that just because I've got my parental sights set on a certain plan doesn't mean the plan will work. There are greater forces at work than just my own idealistic desires; five-year-olds are great forces unto themselves.

The conversation continued with me asking a very befuddled, "But why? I thought you liked our co-op skool." She evidentially had been thinking about this skool vs. school thing for a while, because she answered, "We play too much at co-op skool. No one teaches me anything. I should be reading by now."

I tried to explain. "The idea is that you're allowed to explore whatever you want and the teachers will help you learn about whatever you're interested in." Without missing a beat, she exclaimed, "That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard of! Why can't the teachers just teach me what I should know?"

I was crushed. And silenced.

I still hadn't thought of anything to say back before she asked, "Well?"

"OK, fine," I resigned, "you can go to kindergarten if you want to, but remember when you wanted to learn about snails and I took you to the library to get books about snails and we looked on the computer to find all different kinds of snail pictures and we went on snail hunts and found snails and made a snail terrarium?"

"Yeah, but I want to go to real school," she said.

Let me rewind a little. The co-op skool to which she referred is the one I co-founded with a handful of other "unschooling" parents I know. We met constantly for six months before we opened our doors last December to hash out all the logistical and philosophical details. To say it was hard work is an understatement. It was hard, fun, exhausting, constant, exciting, never-a-dull-moment, imaginative, nerve-wracking, dirty, beautiful, and peaceful work.

We operated as a collective, developed a general daily routine, created a stable environment by renting an affordable classroom space at a UU church on five acres, let the kids make the rules as they were needed, and responded to their struggles with each other by teaching them conflict-resolution skills. We held skool four days a week and maintained a six-kid-to-one-or-two-adult ratio on any given day. Some days were practically magical, while a few others felt like having a root canal.

What it came down to for my daughter, I think, is that there just weren't enough kids or structure. She and I are quite different in that department, and I really should know that by now. I thrive with little structure, but it makes her unravel. She thrives in a structured environment, but it strangles me.

So with her "That's the stupidest thing I ever heard of!" proclamation, I decided to quit busting my ass over something that wasn't working for her. After all, it's her education. And it's not like just because she's going to school she's all of a sudden going to stop learning at home and out in the world with us.

Ah, but the bedtime and early wake-up time that would now be necessary, and the uniforms, and the pledge, and the standardized tests, and the state curriculum, and the lessons to be learned about illegitimate authority and stupid policies and rules. I was really uneasy about how my girl would or wouldn't adjust to it all. I was worried about having to adjust to it myself.

After weeding through our public school options, we finally decided to send her to a brand new charter school close to our house that was promising to offer the state and county curriculum in a multi-cultural themed context. We did our homework to make sure the school wasn't going to be run by some for-profit business like Charter Schools USA, whose board of directors reads like a who's who list of Republican Party speechwriters and fundraisers.

We liked that the charter was instead held by a non-profit group of educators who were fed up with the way things were operating in the traditional public schools. We also liked that it was bike-riding distance from home, the maximum enrollment for the school was 125 students (grades K-5) and that the student population itself was multi-cultural. (It's rarely anything other than diverse here in South Florida, unless you're at a private school.)

Our first experience, two weeks before the first day of school, started out on quite a punk rock note. Daddy 'Nesto took our girl in for the requisite testing so the school could determine her "school readiness." In an attempt to get my girl to warm up to her and cooperate, the tester decided to turn to flattery.

"My, what a pretty flowered skirt you're wearing." Still not getting anything from my girl, she leaned in closer, "And what's this on your shirt? HARUM SCARUM? And a pentagram?" At this point, the tester's voice trailed off, she leaned back and gave a little nervous fidget to the "I Love Jesus" key holder around her neck. After a few more minutes, my girl proceeded to fly through the test with flying colors and we left giggling to ourselves that we made the school that much happier about their uniforms-required dress code.

The first day came and our girl was all too eager to wake up early and get to school. Given her history of being hesitant in any new situation with strangers, in this case, new teachers and classmates, I anticipated needing to give her a little coaxing into the room. I couldn't have been more wrong. Still 20 feet from her classroom door, she sprinted into the classroom without looking back to blow me a kiss, let alone even say goodbye. She was already sitting on the floor among her classmates by the time I reached the door to poke my head in to say goodbye. But before I could, the teacher was shooing me away with, "Bye, mom."

The night of the second day of school, while in the bath, I heard her offhandedly mumble a few lines of the pledge of allegiance. I casually asked, "What's that?"

She said, "You know what it is."

I told her, "You're right. I was just wondering if you knew." She replied, "It's just some stupid prayer we have to say at school and I don't even believe in God." Stifling my giggles, and feeling one of my points against kids saying the pledge was just proven by her calling it a prayer, I ran to tell Daddy 'Nesto what she had just said. He, in turn, ran to the computer to look up the state statutes governing kids "having to" say the pledge in school. He found just what he was looking for and is now well armed for battle if she ever reports having been made to say it when she didn't want to.

The morning of the third day of school, we had to drag our girl's ass out of bed. The honeymoon already over, I couldn't help myself from giving her a lame, classic told-you-so: "I told you you wouldn't like having to get up early in the morning." Of course this didn't help the situation, but I just couldn't hold my tongue. I, too, am not a morning person.

By the fourth day, we were receiving reports that the teacher "was mean" and that she was withholding recess from the kids for not finishing their morning work or for talking too much. Seems counterintuitive to me to withhold an energy-burning activity when the kids obviously have energy to burn.

When she came home from her fifth day of school with a "Shining Star Behavior Report" that revealed she had lost a star that week for "talking," I was convinced we had made the wrong choice. A former public school teacher myself, I didn't think any elementary level teachers still used a negative behavior reinforcement program. What kind of crap is it to give a kindergartener four stars at the start of each day (they did nothing to earn them) with the threat of taking them away for "breaking a rule?" Doesn't this supposedly experienced teacher know that kids love attention no matter what and if it takes "breaking a rule" to get it, they will? My girl even told me herself, "It's fun to have to go in front of the class and draw a star out of the bag and hand it to the teacher," and, "My friends and I dare each other to do it when the teacher's not looking."

That night, Daddy 'Nesto made up a parody report of the teacher's behavior. On his report, she had lost stars for such things as not letting kids be kids and play on the playground and taking kindergarten too seriously, among others. Our girl made her own parody, a purse full of paper cutout stars she made us draw from all weekend if we said or did something she didn't like.

Since then, we've had to add a few other things to the grievance list. Things like telling my girl that she'll lose a star if she doesn't "do as the teacher says and stop crying and be quiet" one time when she had a stomach ache really gets my mama growl on. And a kid really shouldn't be communicating about their fist school experience in terms of behavior modification. For example, "Mom, it was a perfect day. I didn't lose any stars, we got to play on the playground and we didn't have to put our heads down on our desks one time all day."

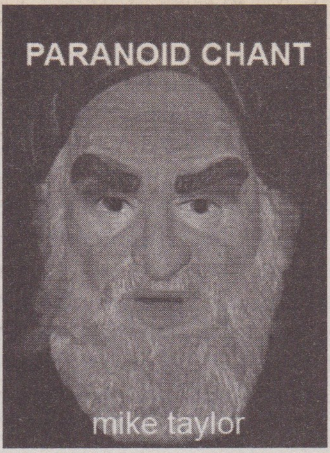
A little digging around the state statutes and county school board policy yielded enough ammo for a few letters and conferences that apparently has gotten some change. We've not received a "Shining Star Behavior Report" since the first one and the kids have been getting recess.

By now, I'm sure we're sounding like "those parents" the school hates to see coming down the hall. They probably do cringe when they see us, but the truth is that we're not the only ones who have spoken up and questioned what the hell is going on with the kindergarten crabapple teacher. There's been solidarity among the ranks.

A month into it, the kinks are hopefully getting worked out. Though my girl doesn't reveal much about her school experience other than reporting if her teacher had a "mean" or "almost nice" day, she's wanting to stick with it. (Aside from the one morning she locked herself in the bathroom refusing to go to school.) She's totally into the navy blue and red plaid jumper uniforms and believe it or not, loves doing homework *every* night (I think it's too much) and was excited about her role in the first of what will be monthly cultural showcase programs.

For her sake, I hope she does get out of it what she wants and that her genuine, burning desire to learn more and more isn't squelched. I also hope she doesn't learn too much how to bow to authority and just accept the bullshit. There's no telling whether she'll be happy or pissed about us getting involved in things we think need to change—but at least we'll be setting the example that you can stick up for what you think is right.

Punkparents, get in touch. yardwideyarns@hotmail.com, or PO Box 220331, Hollywood, FL 33022



PARANOID CHANT

mike taylor

Ryan, across the table from me on an undeservedly pleasant day in Providence, is holding a telephone to his ear, just like all the people passing us by in cars. We're both sharing in a post-work beer (though his is more appropriate given that his day of paid labor is coming to a close, while my unpaid day of labor is but at a pause), slouching in our chairs and staring into the distance. He's received a call from a friend from New Orleans, alive and well albeit exiled by God to his home state of Iowa.[1] With this call, almost everyone is accounted for, unless I try really hard to think about it. So I'm trying pretty hard not to think about it.

But a big MRR thanks to Kanye West, for keeping America on point. When he departed from his script on NBC's Concert for Hurricane Relief and stated the obvious, that " George Bush doesn't care about black people", and "they've given them permission to go down and shoot us," the censor missed the button on the delay and all east coast viewers got to see it live. When the special aired on the west coast three hours later, that part was deleted. NBC, whom one mustn't forget is owned by GE, immediately issued a statement that West's opinions "in no way represent the views of the network."

Now as far as big time acts of public badassitude go, the nonscripted outcry was right about on the same level as Ian Mackaye taking the pit to the stage on Saturday Night Live while Fear said dirty words—funny and entertaining, but not necessarily a big victory for the Common Good. However, as far as major network kind of expression goes, West's foray into unchartered verbal territory was a kick in the collective dick to the big cardboard cutout version of compassion that gets dragged out of the closet every time broadcasting networks and their attendant advertisers have to dress up their business-as-usual to appear relevant to recently breaking social causes. And I don't even think that just because GE just won the contract to work on a new brand of bomber plane with Rolls Royce that their CEO has to go down to the bayou himself and start helping people build houses all on GE's tab. I mean, I kinda think that, because no American gazillionaire would be where they are without *major* love from the government in forms of tax breaks and total alleviation of any kind of shouldering of public assistance; *but* for argument's sake we'll say that's probably not going to happen and *the least* a broadcaster can do in a time where it's pretty damn clear to, like, *everybody* with an *ounce* of race and class analysis that the Bush administration/Red Cross are dragging their feet on this because most of the people who were left in New Orleans by two days after the initial storm are black people.

Now my question is this: why is it, again, *not* the punxes, who have worked so hard and stayed up so many nights with their lawyers negotiating contracts for *total and complete* creative control, which is really the most important thing a rock band can do because *playing punk rock in 2005 is so preciously and utterly creative,* who get to slip in anything of political or even just entertainment value through the cracks of the media monolith in which they've been invited to participate? There is nothing noteworthy or shocking or subversive about boys wearing eyeliner or mountains of amplifiers when you play on the Academy Musical Diligence and Video Radicalness Awards on eight channels or pose on the cover of whatever glossy music/culture/furniture magazine…so why can't Green Day or Jiminiy Eat World or who the fuck *ever* do something interesting and even slightly important with all their time in the spotlight?!?[2] Once again, hip hop, in all of its predictability and dulled sheen, wins[3] the pageant to bring political relevance to the world of the public spectacle.

Music Notes at the End:

Amps For Christ / Mutant Life Expectancy / Kites at AS220 last month: Got to go to this show with Arwen as she visited me in Providence. Besides feeling a little bad that taking a faithful and intelligent punk to a noise show is a little like taking Ted Nugent to the planetarium, this was one of the best shows of 2005. Across town there was another noise show at the other venue, resulting in a pronounced age bracket. I mean, like no one at this show was under 24. After the show, we went back to my house, many friends in tow, discussing to the uninitiated what made this show "good," as the impenetrable aspects are numerous. Then we smoked the weeds and nothing seemed very worth discussing anymore.

Extra Action Marching Band at Mathewson St in like, June or something: The drunkest show I've been to since Dillinger 4 at the Ark in Gainesville like six years ago. And not me, I was working. I actually got to cut off people at the bar! Some British guy called me a cunt, so I told him to walk away from me very quickly. The mega-surprised look on his face was the best moment of the evening. Anyway, if you get to see this band, do. Within the whole marching band thing I slightly smell a rat, as I do with any groundswell, but to have more than a dozen people playing music without electricity…fuck, dude.

The new Make Believe record. It's really really good, and I doubt MRR will review it because the guitarist fingerpicks. Oh well!

Write me. PO Box 28226, Providence, RI 02908

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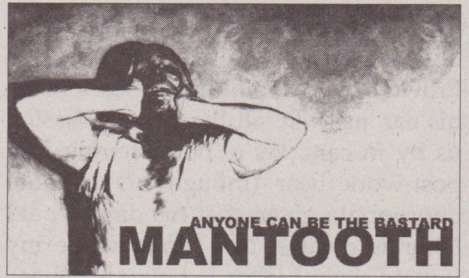
[1] Apologies to Iowans who may love it there or pretend to tolerate it, as my experience in the Midwest is colored by the hindsight of teenage malaise, problems with "The Pigs," stunted sexual development, and my first winter, in which my skateboard skills withered during the period where flip tricks took reign.

[2] Not that selling your songs as ring tones isn't fun and interesting and not that I think media diversification in the form of Yahoo.com inviting me to "Wreck Sh#t with Green Day" is anything but fully rad!

[3] Not that this is some 1975 rock v. disco type world, because I know we live in the upside down-and-backwards Hot Topic World of gothic gangsters wearing baggy bondage pants, chilling with runaway youth pumping it up to the sounds of Nu-metal technorifica blasted through the well-endowed speakers of someone's uncle's hybrid car in the parking lot of a convenience store/Taco Bell/KFC while pantomiming the video by memory over your cell phone camera and e-mailing it to your friends back in Des Moines. I know this. I am in this century with you, reader. But I feel like a bearded oaf in the muted slumberous haze of an insulated mushroom village.


ANYONE CAN BE THE BASTARD
MANTOOTH

Jesus Exiting from the Rear

The other month I was visiting my mother when she suddenly asked me when I stopped believing in God. She didn't seem angry or very concerned for my soul damned to burn in the eternal molten testicles of Satan, but just curious.

So how did I become such a Saturday Night Blasphemer? I spent six hard years laboring in the guilt-ridden bowels of St. Basil the Great's Elementary School—yes, Catholic school. Most people I know who went to Catholic school came out scarred in a much different way than our peers who attended public schools. I found out recently that one of my former classmates gets his rocks off by watching videos of women stepping on bugs. Now, I'm not passing judgment on those who like watching bugs be squished by shoeless girls—well, actually, yes I am. Bugs are fucking gross and if you can't get a boner without watching them die under a womanly toe, you've got problems. But who am I to judge? Not a day goes by when I don't wake up with a vague sense of guilt gnawing at my cortex like a hungry dog. But my disbelief in any deity not named Lemmy, Chris Dodge, or Steve Makita isn't rooted in the countless guilt trips handed down to me by nuns or Jesus, but a series of complex social pressures that involve dinosaurs, condoms, and poop.

The earliest memory I have of saying to myself "this is fucking bullshit" in regards to God was in first grade. We had "science" class about once a week, perhaps once every two weeks, and it usually consisted of our "teacher" bringing in a bunch of rocks from her backyard and telling us how incredibly strange they were. I don't really remember what made them so strange, but their supposed oddness wore off after the third time she brought them in. You'd think someone would have more than five goddamn rocks in their backyard, but apparently this rubble was just too fucking crazy that she couldn't afford to let our fertile minds forget how *awesome* they were. This is pretty much every "science" class I ever had in Catholic school. A bunch of goddamn rocks. Yeah, thanks for all the filthy pebbles, Jesus.

Anyway, one of my friends got sick of sitting around poking at dirt. I mean, we could do that at home and at least then we could use the rocks to smash our GI Joes in fits of anti-patriotic, Catholicism-induced mania. He raised his hand and asked why the dinosaurs are all dead.

Now, this is the question that trumps all other questions when you're seven or eight years old. Personally, I could care less where babies came from when I was that age. Unless someone gave birth to an egg out of which a Brontosaurus would hatch, I couldn't be bothered with the mechanics of the human body. My teacher looked up from all her fucking insane rocks and very nonchalantly told us that there are no more dinosaurs because there wasn't room left on Noah's Ark. Noah's Ark. Dinosaurs. At this point in my life, I had performed extensive research on the demise of the dinosaurs. Anyone with my education could tell you that the top theories for the extinction of the dinosaurs were as follows: a big fucking meteor, the ice age, mysterious dinosaur disease, space aliens, or, that weirdo new kid, Reid Reesh's stinky breath.

I wish I could have seen the look on my face when she fed us that load of horseshit. Noah's Ark. What the fuck?

Seriously, thinking about it right now is making me angry all over again. Even if one was stupid enough to believe her, you would still have to wrestle with the fact that any reasonable man, God-fearing or not, would recognize the need to preserve a Triceratops over a boring pig or goat.

This was the first time I really started paying attention to the things I was being taught in the classroom and subsequently it turned me in to a total asshole in the classroom. For instance, when a teacher told me that math was a useful tool and it was important for me to acquire a modicum of skill in arithmetic, I wisely retorted, "Math is for stupids." Put *that* in your Eucharist and smoke it, institutional learning facility! Your numbers are no match for my wordsmithery!

So, yeah, St. Basil the Great Elementary wasn't….uh…so great. For many years, we never had a proper playground. Instead, they let us play in the parking lot between cars and buses. You can imagine the great fun a child would have running about in a parking lot…OF THE LORD. But apparently our school's parking lot led a double life. By day it provided the children of God a place to play and the parents and teachers of God a place to park their station wagons. But by night it turned its back on Jesus and morphed into Lucifer's pleasure dojo, Gomorrah II. People loved fucking in the parking lot. Almost every morning the entire place was decorated with spent condoms and occasionally some soiled underpants. We all knew what underpants looked like and we all assumed they were Reed's because he had some strange habits back then. But condoms we were generally unfamiliar with. Except, of course, for the hip eighth graders who know everything about everything.

Now, I loved snakes and reptiles as a child. So coming across a long sheath of discolored translucence, I automatically assumed that my school had a snake infestation and, for a brief period, it made going to school exciting because it increased my chances of seeing a cool snake tenfold. And so while my peers stood around and gawked at the strange, rubbery objects littering the four-square court, I picked up the "snake skin" and held it out to everyone with a jaunty pose and said, "look, a snake skin!"

Then everyone wanted to touch it.

That's when the nuns decided to ruin our fun. Mercyful Fate was right. One slapped the condom out of my hand and screamed that I would get "the GRIDS." I had no clue what she meant by "the GRIDS." Sounded like a math term to me. And I, as you should know by now, am no proponent of math. And so I told her that math is for stupids and that snakes are fucking cool.

Then she told me that snakes are tools of the devil. I didn't really grasp the double entendres at the time. All I knew I that she, a servant of God, was talking shit on my favorite animal of all time. Strike number two, Lord.

Recess was always scheduled right before lunch. Lunch, for a few months in third grade, was one of the most mysterious and exciting times of my life. The food was total shit. I can't remember eating one single meal there, most likely because nothing they served resembled anything more than those fucking *insane* rocks our first grade teacher would show us. No, lunchtime was exciting because over the course of the fall, someone would take a shit in one of the boy's room stalls. Not in the toilet. On the floor. Next to the toilet. The first time we discovered it, we were all mesmerized by the ripe burgundy loaf sitting on the floor. Was this person shitting on the floor on purpose, or did they just not know they could crap in the toilet? Perhaps it wasn't a person at all, but the Holy Ghost. Everyone in the school knew about the phantom crapper, and every day we would all crowd in the bathroom after lunch to see if the anointed poo was there. And it was always there.

The shit on the floor occupied almost every lunchtime discussion, mostly about whose it could be. Almost all signs pointed to Reid Reesh, but there were other probable suspects, including the janitor (aka "Freddy Kreuger," who was rumored to be a failed astronaut), or one of the girls, who we were always at war with. My friend theorized it was a girl-plot to sully the reputation of the boys. But it really didn't matter *who* was responsible for leaving the slab of turd on the floor; what mattered was that it was always there. It gave our lives routine. It created structure. Stimulated our thinking. Allowed us to laugh endlessly about a steaming pile of poop that seemingly dropped out of the sky. It was the last thing that kept my faith in the existence of a higher power.

Until one day a few of us snuck out of lunch early to, I dunno, eat some glue or something. We made a stop at the bathroom, not thinking that we might walk in on the poo-culprit at work. That's when we saw him. We couldn't determine the identity by the slacks or the shoes because everyone wore the same thing at Catholic school. But at the same exact moment we stepped into the boy's room, we saw a pair of legs in the middle stall and approximately one package, containing the meaning of our collective lives up until that point, plop on the floor. If ever I saw God, it was then. We stood in silent awe. Someone grabbed my hand. Perhaps I grabbed someone's hand. Then the stall door opened and out walked the biggest fucking asshole in the entire school. In hindsight, he wasn't much different than any other elementary school bully, but at the time, no other person could have walked out of that stall and caused me such disappointment and joy at the same time.

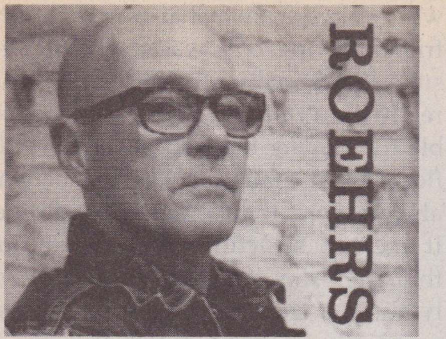
Dude didn't even wipe. Just walked out and asked, "What's up, guys?"

Someone squealed, *"You're the phantom crapper!"* and we all ran out of the bathroom screaming his name.

So I guess that wasn't necessarily strike number three, but more of an excuse to talk about poop again in my column.

ENDNOTES:

1. Drop me a loaf at: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com
2. Apparently the last anecdote has happened to someone else in almost the same exact way. It's true. I read it on the Internet.



We all Turn To Hate

SKITKIDS from Sweden have a fucking skull-crushing new EP available for you punks! This raging hardcore 7" is entitled *Valkomna Till Paradiset* and the moment the needle touches down on the wax, you will be up thrashing your boots off with your fist in the air. Great shit! Contact 540 Records, PO Box 143403, Austin, TX 78714, www.timmyva@hotmail.com.

STRUNG UP, from the San Francisco Bay Area, unleashed a fucking brutal EP on your feeble little head last month. The good folks at Tankcrimes Records in SF gave you a double dose of hardcore with STRUNG UP and SCURVY DOGS arriving in the bin simultaneously. On the *Warfucked* EP, STRUNG UP continue to perpetuate their reputation as purveyors of the most dangerous punk bile in our town!

STRUNG UP comes out of the chute careening with psychotic thrash on *Warfucked*! The manic hardcore keeps the paint on your walls peeling through "Naïve Pig Fuckers" and right into "No End." This gloomy opus will send you into your most suicidal slump ever! Read this: "This massive rash of desperation happening across the globe / It's growing every generation / There is no end / More disillusioned every day / The problem won't just disappear / Unless some attitudes are changed / But will they? / Is this our future waiting to be…No / It's happening in our own country / Everything just escalates / There's nothing we can do / But wait to see if everything falls apart or will we be enslaved / Or maybe they'll just drop a bomb / And everything we know is gone / All life ceases and shattered earth is all that remains / The rash of desperation happening across the globe is growing every generation / There is no end / More disillusioned everyday / The problem won't just disappear / Unless some attitudes are changed / But will they? / As the youth faces more pressure / Less and less will succeed / The rising numbers with no future / Just give up / We all turn to drugs and hate / Our minds and bodies are dead / Leaving a pathetic police state where no one's free." Fuckin' A! Side two continues the violent onslaught with "Earplugs Are Not Enough" and "Rock 'n' Roll Toilet Bowl." Fucking brilliant! Get your copies of STRUNG UP and SCURVY DOGS from Tank Crimes Records, PO Box 22641, San Francisco, CA 94122, www.tankcrimes.com.

Hibachi Records from Ohio has the spirited *Hibachi Omnibus Vol. 2* hardcore compilation out now! This fucker contains eight unrepentant punk bands starting off with INSANE YOUTH A.D. from Japan, and goes smashing right into UPSTAB, who steal the show with their song "Nailed Mary." You get QUILL next, with the Japanese approach on two punk tunes, and NUMBSKULL finishes off side one with a live number. Side two crushes you from the onset with two songs from the Japanese punk band MICROFILM. Next up you have an ear-mangling song from the BILL BONDSMEN called "Human Veal"—yes! The final blast on this slab is delivered by CHAINSAW, also from that punk-as-fuck location—Japan. This is a truly unforgiving slam fest! Get your copy from Hibachi Records, 497 Owego St., Painesville, OH 44077.

You hardcore kids can rejoice! Bridge Nine Records from Boston has reissued the much coveted straight edge supergroup PROJECT X seven inch. This record originally came with *Schism* magazine #7 back in 1988. The music was recorded in 1987 with members of GORILLA BISCUITS, JUDGE, YOUTH OF TODAY, and WARZONE participating. The alpha-male aggressive tunes include: "Straight Edge Revenge," "Shutdown," "Cross Me," "Dance Floor Justice," and "Where It Ends." This is brutal shit! This vinyl originally was issued in the limited quantity of five hundred. Write to Bridge Nine Records, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199, www.bridges.com.

Fuck yes! HAMMERLOCK made a triumphant sweep of the East Coast of the US and won many new fans. After a live radio show on the esteemed WFMU, HAMMERLOCK progressed to Asbury Park, New Jersey, to play the New Jersey Rumblers Car Club show at the Asbury Lanes. Fucking great! Travis, Liz and Mike won the hearts of the Garden State Confederacy of Scum fans. Next stop for HAMMERLOCK was Philadelphia, PA, where Larry and Leslie from Steelcage Records were holding court. Many of the punk rock glitterati from Hostile City were in attendance. Kevin McCarthy from LIMECELL came down, as did the Cosmic Commander from JOHNNY CASINO'S EASY ACTION.

The DEVILTONES from Richmond, VA turned in a strong set opening for HAMMERLOCK. Hell yes! After Philadelphia, HAMMERLOCK went north to New York City to introduce Gotham to the raw country-scum sounds of " Compromise Is For Cowards." HAMMERLOCK mixed up their set list on various nights. An example of a set would be: "Riding for the Brand," "I Shot My Baby," "Blackfoot Stomp," "Long Haired Country Boy (CHARLIE DANIELS BAND) ," "Alcohol, You're My Oldest Friend," "Nothing to Lose," "Let It Ride," "Pride of Franklin County," "Tie Me Down," "Rolling Out of Reno," "Take Me Down the Road," and "Billy the Kid".

As HAMMERLOCK traveled the East Coast with Travis and Liz's children in tow, they stopped at selected historical sites to augment their knowledge of how America was founded. There were visits to the capital in Washington, DC, Independence Hall in Philadelphia, the battlefield at Gettysburg, PA, and more. The *Charlotte Observer* ran a nice piece documenting HAMMERLOCK's combination rock 'n' roll adventure and history lesson.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, HAMMERLOCK played with the mighty ANTiSEEN and THE DEAD KINGS. Absolutely stunning! The following night the mayhem was moved to Hickory, NC, where HAMMERLOCK played one of the best sets of their career, and then ANTiSEEN destroyed the world! What a successful tour for

HAMMERLOCK!

Seeing ANTiSEEN in their home stomping grounds was a great honor. The massive vocal attack that Mr. Clayton employs knows no equal!! Indeed, ANTiSEEN are the national "Ambassadors of Bad Will." Here's the ANTiSEEN set list from North Carolina: "D Train," "Alpha," "Queen City Stomp," "Hate 4 Power," "Scapegoat," "Fuck The Kids," "Star Ho," "Abby," "Ugly A," "Up All Nite," "Weight," "Mill Workin' Man," "Today Your Love," "Trooper," and "Fuck All Y'all".

Thanks goes out to ANTiSEEN, HAMMERLOCK, all the supporting bands, Aaron Manter(BP PSYCHOS), and all the fans that came out to watch history being made. The Confederacy of Scum was well represented this summer!

TKO Records has raised the level of excitement at the forthcoming Festival in Southern California. All you punks and skinheads who have waited patiently for the TEMPLARS to return can now look forward to visits from: Reducers SF, The Boils, Strychnine, The Lowdowns, Tommy and the Terrors, Krum Bums, Rat City Riot, Bad Reaction, Lower Class Brats, The Stitches, Smut Peddlers, Clit 45, The Bodies, Smogtown, The Krays, 46 Short, The Voids, Broken Bottles, Straitjacket, The Applicators and Last Target.

This is going to be quite a musical extravaganza! Get your ass down to Pomona on October 8th & 9th!

Until next month—see you fucks at the bar!

YOU AXED FOR IT!
golnar
nikpour

Only a short one from me this month, folks; one of those state of the union type columns to get you—and me—through till the next one. I mean, if I don't tell you what's going around here, who will, right? There are a few notable additions and amendments to our roster this issue. Allan McNaughton, a longtime shitworker and record reviewer has taken his rightful place here in our little columns section. Flip back a few pages and check it out if you haven't done so already. It's a fine look at a getting into and growing up punk, which I know is a subject near to all of our hearts. Allan has been an important part of the heart of Maximum Rocknroll for quite a while, and I am glad that you will have the chance to know him better, as we do.

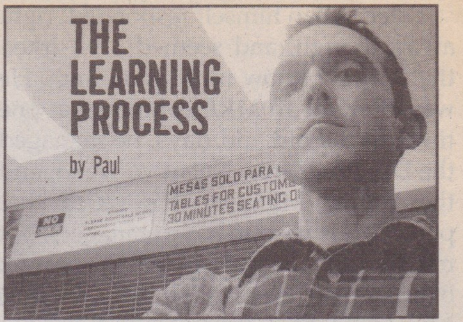
Some changes are abreast in the reviews section as well, as Will Weber Kneitel (you may remember him as Will Risk) has stepped down from reviewing records and contributing a monthly top ten after a few years of diligently doing so. Will's presence will be missed in the record review section, but we will be keeping him busy with book reviews, as well as the general shitwork that this place needs to function. He'll be back in my kitchen doing work any day now I'm sure, but it's only right to take this space to thank him for the work he's done thus far.

Hey, good news! I think it's finally safe to say that I won't be jinxing anything by mentioning in this column that we have been working on a new compilation here at Maximum Rocknroll, one that will feature punk and hardcore bands from around the globe. A lot of the folks involved are old pros at putting out records, but for me it's a first. The record release is still a few months away, but the sheer volume of response and enthusiasm for the idea has lent a certain excited air to the work around these parts. I *won't* jinx anything by saying who is to be on the comp—you'll all learn that soon enough—but I can tell you that it's some of the best bands in the world, and some of their best songs. Of course, you'll be the first to know the pertinent info as the release date rolls closer.

Next month, I promise there'll be more from me. For this month, enjoy the magazine, and stay punk.

golnar@maximumrocknroll.com

(P.S. Happy birthday, Arwen.)



Salad Days

Oh, this sucks. I usually write this column at the eleventh hour, but here I am at, like, the twelfth hour and I'm drawing a total blank. There's plenty on my mind, mind you, maybe too much. I've got topics for all kinds of columns running around my head all the time. Someday I'll tell you all about my initiation into feminism in the 90s, from my emabarrassingly ignorant correspondences with the editors of *Girl Germs* and *Bikini Kill* zines, to going on tour as the odd man out in an all-queer girl trio, to my new heroes Arwen, Ariel, and my mom. When we get the special issue of *MRR* about major labels and ethics in punk business done, I will write all about the difficulties of keeping this magazine free of bullshit, and how that relates to Real Life. Oh, and wait till you hear about the time when four punks in a canoe shut down a major Chicago thoroughfare for weeks!

I've got lots of ingredients, but no cookware. So, perhaps a salad:

Recently I put out a little "Where are they now?" about Brian DTK and Peter Urban. I know I could probably just Google this kind of stuff, but where's the fun in that?

Lots of people remembered DTK, including Dwayne, aka Bonedog, from Ventura, who saw them play with BGK at Ruthie's Inn! (MaybeI should write about that place someday, too...) Bonedog also has every single issue of *MRR* including the two that were comp LP inserts and the two photo zines—and how many of you can say that? I didn't ask if he also has the parody zines *Mininumrocknroll*, *Maximumrocknpaul*, *Roctober*'s *MRR* spoof, or the *Tribute to Michigan DIY* zine that came out recently—all musts for any completist's collection. Anyway, as usual, everyone but me saw them play, but still no one know what happened to Brian. I hope he's alright.

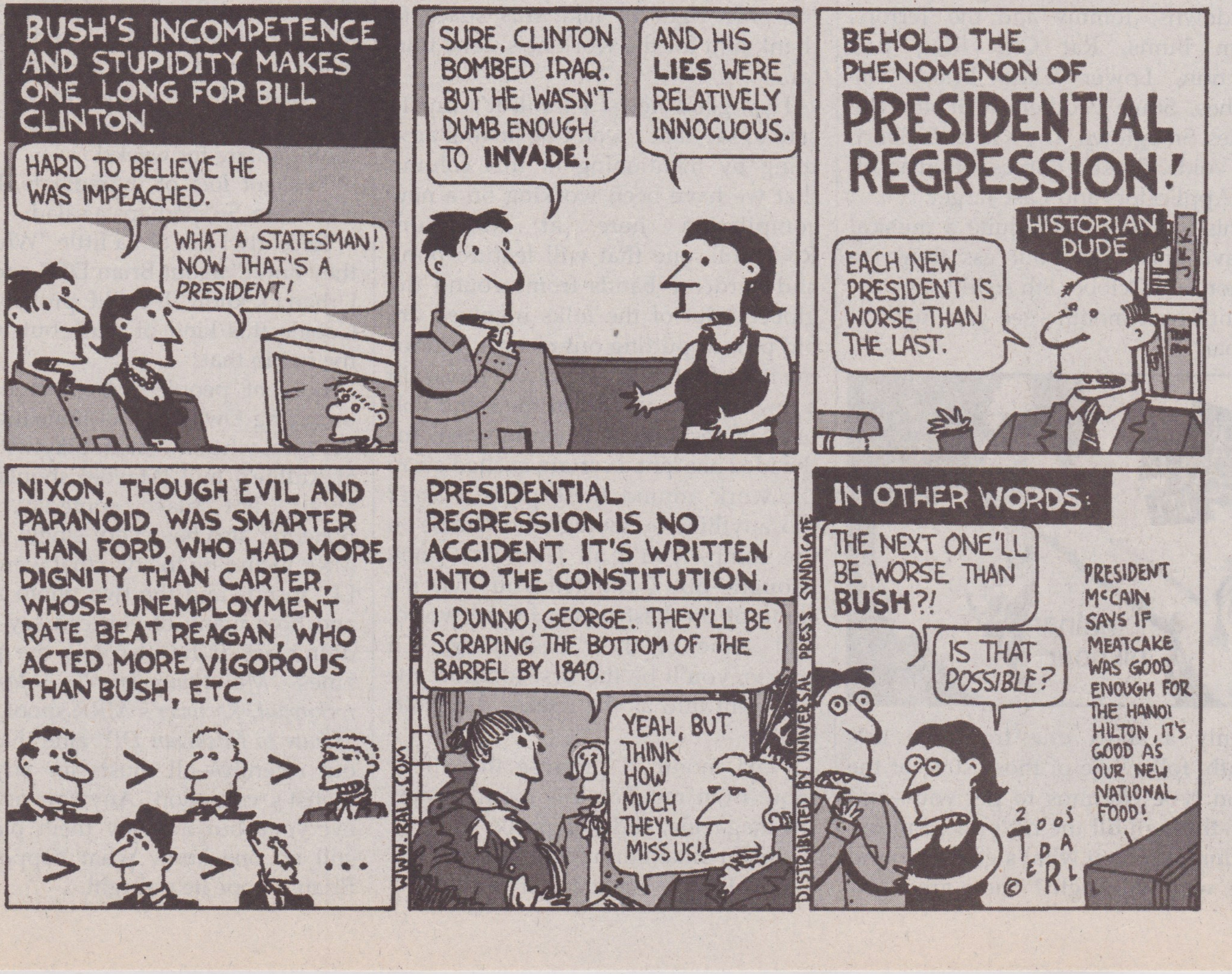
Peter Urban himself responded right away, though, and seemed a bit irked that I didn't know more about him. He was after, all an *MRR* columnist at one time! In the old, old days, he managed the Dils, the Zeros, Negative Trend, and the Toiling Midgets. (It's weird that punk bands used to have managers, but maybe it's even weirder that punk bands now have managers again.) Nowadays he's still in San Francisco and is involved in the Irish Republican Socialist Party. He wrote:

"One of the unfortunate things about the way that the San Francisco punk scene (and punk in general) has been chronicled is that the focus has been allowed to shift primarily to the bands, despite one of punks most important contributions being the fact that band members were no more important than any other member of our community, so people like myself, Caitlin, Debbie Dub, Suzy Deikman, Sara Salir, Vince Deranged, Paul Rat, Gordon, Lamar, Jim Jacoy, Rico, Joel, Sadie McFarland, Rubie Ray, Annex, Joe Reese, Ivey, Diane, Pam, and many, many, many others in our punk community, who were the central core of the San Francisco punk scene, have been pretty much written out of history."

Too true, Peter. Bands get way too much attention, and I'd like to start doing something about that. We just started a new section called "We Want the Airwaves" all about punk radio, and maybe it's time to start new sections for all of the unsung heroes of punk: the writers, bookers, roadies, political activists, artists, and even parents who keep it all alive while the bro's on stage scream to all the bro's in the pit. If you want to interview someone who you think is awesome, band or not, go ahead and send it on in to us.

And the war rages on.

There are two things about the mainstream news coverage of the war in Iraq that irritate me to no end. (Okay, there are many things, but let's try to get this column done soon, shall we?) In all of the newspapers, radio, and TV news, I have never, ever seen or heard any commentary by an Iraqi citizen. Ever! I'm no news junkie, but I do pay attention. Whenever I see one of those shows where they have a panel discussion on Iraq, or those split-screen deals with guests via satellite, I watch just to see if anyone who lives in Iraq is asked to join the discussion. Never. Not even on NPR, which, sadly, is the best mainstream news out there, have I heard an average Iraqi's voice, other than the man-on-the-street-type snippets. Is it just me, or doesn't that seem a bit, um, fucked up? The other thing that bothers me is obvious, but it should be pointed out. We never hear the count on Iraqi deaths or casualties. Ever! One reason for this, I know, is that the US does not officially keep track of these things. (How convenient.) But another reason is that to most Americans, even liberals, their deaths just don't matter as much as ours. You'll hear people who are antiwar crying that "our boys" shouldn't have to die in this senseless war. But what about their boys? What about their girls, men, women, and elderly? For every American killed in this war, there's probably been 100 Iraqis killed. But, then again, who's counting?


BUSH'S INCOMPETENCE AND STUPIDITY MAKES ONE LONG FOR BILL CLINTON.
HARD TO BELIEVE HE WAS IMPEACHED.
WHAT A STATESMAN! NOW THAT'S A PRESIDENT!
SURE, CLINTON BOMBED IRAQ. BUT HE WASN'T DUMB ENOUGH TO INVADE!
AND HIS LIES WERE RELATIVELY INNOCUOUS.
BEHOLD THE PHENOMENON OF PRESIDENTIAL REGRESSION!
HISTORIAN DUDE
EACH NEW PRESIDENT IS WORSE THAN THE LAST.
NIXON, THOUGH EVIL AND PARANOID, WAS SMARTER THAN FORD, WHO HAD MORE DIGNITY THAN CARTER, WHOSE UNEMPLOYMENT RATE BEAT REAGAN, WHO ACTED MORE VIGOROUS THAN BUSH, ETC.
> > > > ...
PRESIDENTIAL REGRESSION IS NO ACCIDENT. IT'S WRITTEN INTO THE CONSTITUTION.
I DUNNO, GEORGE. THEY'LL BE SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL BY 1840.
YEAH, BUT THINK HOW MUCH THEY'LL MISS US!
WWW.RALL.COM
DISTRIBUTED BY UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE
IN OTHER WORDS:
THE NEXT ONE'LL BE WORSE THAN BUSH?!
IS THAT POSSIBLE?
PRESIDENT McCAIN SAYS IF MEATCAKE WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE HANOI HILTON, IT'S GOOD AS OUR NEW NATIONAL FOOD!
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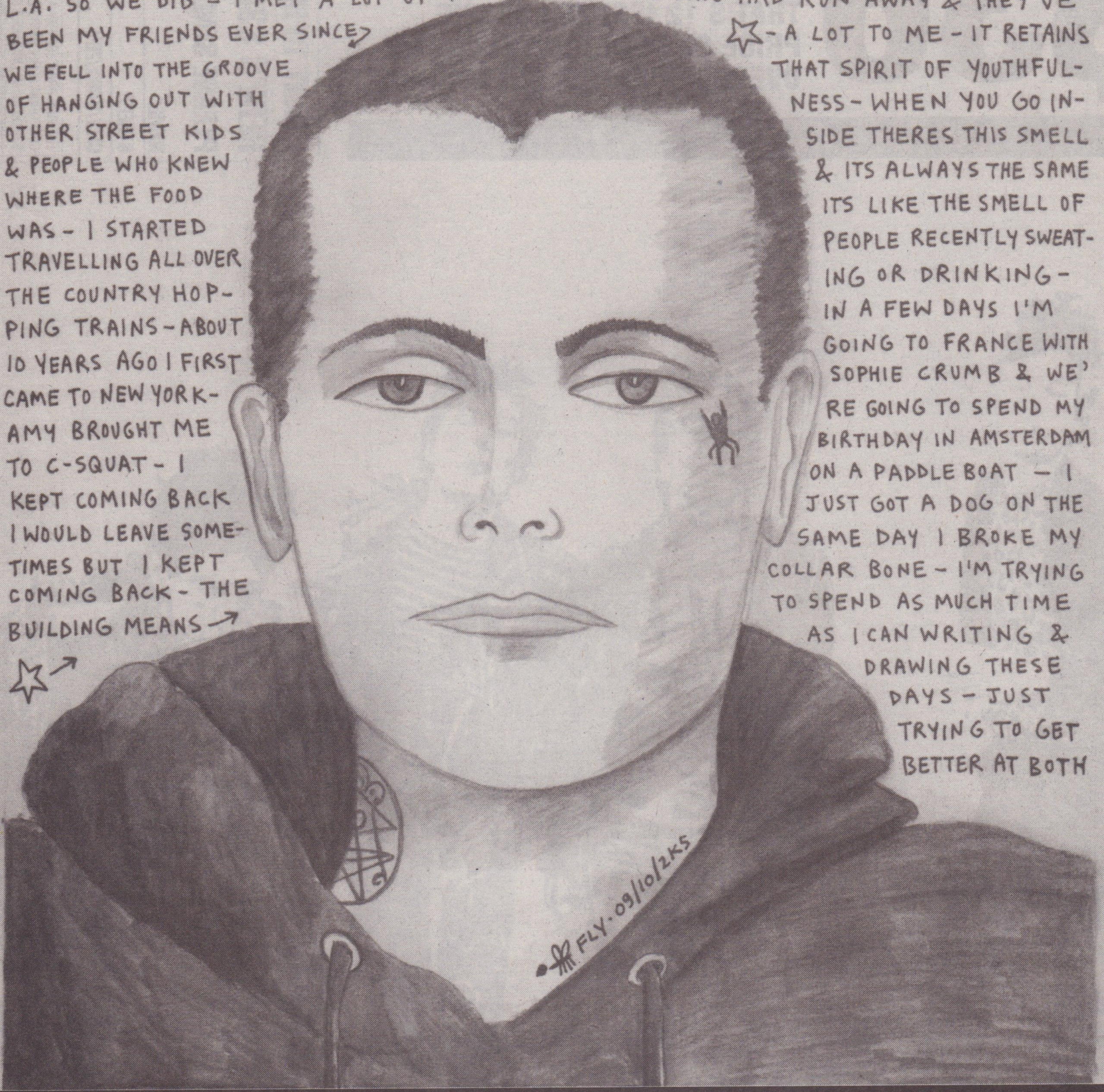

I LEFT HOME PRETTY YOUNG - I WAS A BAD HOODLUM VERY YOUNG - I WAS CONSTANTLY STEALING - BREAKING INTO HOUSES - & MY PARENTS WOULD TAKE TURNS BEING AWAY FOR MONTHS - EVEN IF ONE WAS THERE THEYD BE PASSED OUT DRUNK - A PRETTY COMMON STORY - WELL I HAD A LOT OF GUNS WETHER I HAD STOLEN THEM OR BOUGHT THEM ON THE STREET - I USED TO ROB PEOPLES HOUSES WHILE THEY SLEPT - THAT MAKES ME SEEM LIKE SUCH A BAD PERSON BUT I WAS JUST YOUNG - I WAS LIKE 14 - I GOT KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL IN TUCSON ARIZONA FOR A WEAPONS CHARGE - THEN I WENT TO JAIL FOR LIKE 6 MONTHS - AFTER I GOT OUT NO SCHOOL IN ARIZONA WOULD TAKE ME SO I HAD TO GO TO JAIL SCHOOL EVERYDAY - (MY BIG SISTER RAISED ME WHEN I WAS A KID - MY PARENTS NEVER TOOK CARE OF ME) WHILE I WAS IN JAIL SCHOOL ME & MY FRIEND MIKEY USED TO GO DRINK BY THE TRACKS & WE MET THIS OLD HOBO CALLED HALLMARK & HE TOLD US WE COULD HOP TRAINS TO L.A. SO WE DID - I MET A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE ME WHO HAD RUN AWAY & THEY'VE BEEN MY FRIENDS EVER SINCE WE FELL INTO THE GROOVE OF HANGING OUT WITH OTHER STREET KIDS & PEOPLE WHO KNEW WHERE THE FOOD WAS - I STARTED TRAVELLING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY HOPPING TRAINS - ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO I FIRST CAME TO NEW YORK - AMY BROUGHT ME TO C-SQUAT - I KEPT COMING BACK I WOULD LEAVE SOMETIMES BUT I KEPT COMING BACK - THE BUILDING MEANS → ☆ - A LOT TO ME - IT RETAINS THAT SPIRIT OF YOUTHFULNESS - WHEN YOU GO INSIDE THERES THIS SMELL & ITS ALWAYS THE SAME ITS LIKE THE SMELL OF PEOPLE RECENTLY SWEATING OR DRINKING - IN A FEW DAYS I'M GOING TO FRANCE WITH SOPHIE CRUMB & WE'RE GOING TO SPEND MY BIRTHDAY IN AMSTERDAM ON A PADDLE BOAT - I JUST GOT A DOG ON THE SAME DAY I BROKE MY COLLAR BONE - I'M TRYING TO SPEND AS MUCH TIME AS I CAN WRITING & DRAWING THESE DAYS - JUST TRYING TO GET BETTER AT BOTH

Joey Zeman - 09/10/2K5 - NYC

I met Joey through my friend Sophie Crumb - he just got hit by a cab in NYC & broke his collar bone so I gave him some of my painkillers - the last time I saw Joey was at Tompkins Square Park for the 9/11 show where hundreds of punks were going nuts to Choking Victim & MDC - fun show!!

to contact Fly email fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know its not spam) website is www.bway.net/~fly

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MRR NEWS

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Australia threatens deportation of US Peace Activist

From indymedia.org

Scott Parkin, a Houston, Texas based peace activist with Houston Global Awareness, was detained by Australian Federal police at approximately midday Saturday. He was en route to give a workshop in Melbourne about the progress and success of the peace movement in the US against companies like Halliburton profiting from the Iraq war. The reasons given for his detention and imminent deportation is that he poses "a threat to national security." It is understood that he has had his visa revoked at the Immigration Minister's discretion at the request of the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO).

Scott Parkin has been detained by Australian Federal Police at the request of the Department of Immigration and Multicultural and Indigenous Affairs (DIMIA) and was held by Federal Police at Carlton West police station in Melbourne before being moved to Melbourne Custody Centre. Scott was contacted by Australia's internal security and ASIO by phone on Wednesday and asked to attend a voluntary interview to which he declined. Scott participated in a non-violent street theatre action outside US corporation Halliburton's headquarters in Sydney during protests against the Forbes meeting on August 31st.

Liz Thompson from the National Anti-Deportation Alliance (NADA) said "This is a major attack on dissent, free speech and the anti-war movement. Scott's detention prevented him from sharing his experiences of working for peace in the US with other local activists. This appears to be an attempt not just to intimidate Scott, but all those working for social justice and progressive social change more broadly."

Spokesperson for the Brisbane Peace Convergence Kim Stewart said Mr Parkin's detention and deportation posed a "dangerous precedent to free speech in Australia".

"By arresting and threatening to deport Mr Parkin, the government is already using its power to silence non-violent peace campaigners and discourage peaceful dissent in our community," Ms Stewart said.

"Our fears that these [Anti-terrorist] powers would be used against activists have been justified by yesterday's police action," said Kim Stewart.

Julian Burnside QC, a prominent human rights lawyer, asked why it took so long for authorities to act if indeed Mr Parkin is a security threat.

"They've got the right but the question is whether that right has been exercised in a way that provides sufficient protection for ordinary citizens of Australia," he said.

The government is currently calling for increased police powers ostensibly to protect the country from terrorists.

Memorial wall and service honor those who died homeless

from the *San Francisco Chronicle*

At a dramatic and elaborate memorial service near San Francisco's City Hall on Sunday, homeless advocates honored the names and lives of nearly 2,000 people who have died homeless in San Francisco since 1987.

Next to a 94-foot-long white wooden wall bearing the names, recorded violin music played with live singing and scarf dancing, incense burned and members of Religious Witness with Homeless People led about 200 people through the service, which included reciting the names of all 149 people known to have died homeless in San Francisco in 2004.

"Denial is the first stage," said John Fitzgerald, one of the Witness leaders, who spoke during the hourlong ceremony. "San Francisco went in denial when it stopped counting, let alone naming, the people who have died on our city streets."

Between 1987 and 2000, the San Francisco medical examiner's office released annual statistics on homeless deaths. It stopped in 2001, citing a state privacy law. Since then, the names have been compiled by members of the homeless community and advocates such as Sister Bernie Galvin, executive director of Religious Witness with Homeless People.

This was the third consecutive year Galvin has organized a homeless memorial. The wall will stay up through Tuesday.

During the ceremony, the crowd carried signs bearing the names of the deceased with religious symbols attached. A man approached Galvin to see if his wife's name could be added to the wall.

"I'm troubled by the way people can die in the same city streets where there is so much visible wealth," said Alex Darr, 29, of San Francisco, who carried a cross with the name of Harold Kwan. "I'm here to bear witness these preventable deaths in front of that opulent palace that is City Hall."

The ceremony was deliberately dramatic because most of the people it honored never had proper funerals, according to David McCauley, who helped choreograph the dancing.

"It's so important to honor the emotions that these people had," said McCauley. "And dancing is one way to respect that they were people and not just statistics."

Darfur: Abduction and Rape in Nyala

From *Sudan Tribune* 9/20/05

SOAT

Sudan Organisation Against Torture

Human Rights Alert: 9/19/05

1. On 16 September 2005, armed militias in military uniform, allegedly the Janjaweed, attacked and raped one girl (17 yrs, name withheld) and a woman (30 yrs, name withheld) 2 km West of Kalma Internally Displaced (IDP) Camp in Nyala. During the attack, the women were flogged before being raped.

2. On 13 September 2005, armed militias, allegedly the Janjaweed, raped six women (names withheld) from Kalma IDP Camp. The women were raped whilst fetching firewood outside the Camp at 11.00am.

3. On 13 September 2005, at 1.30pm, ten women were kidnapped whilst they were fetching firewood outside Kalma IDP Camp. The whereabouts of the abducted women are unknown. The incidents have been reported to the African Union Observers and to police officers at Beliel police station. The details of the kidnapped women whose whereabouts are unknown as follows:

Alawea Ibrahim Mohamed

Asha Yahya

Hussneya Omer Khatir

Osman Zakarea Musa

Halima Yahya Adam

Hawa Musa

Asha Kitir

Hajja Ahmed Mursal

Hawa Ibraheam Mohamed

Halima Yahya Adam

4. On 11 September 2005, a mother (45 yrs) and her daughter (17 yrs) were attacked by armed militias, allegedly the Janjaweed, 1 km outside Kalma IDP Camp in Nyala.

The IDPs were collecting firewood outside the camp. The militias flogged the IDPs, beat them with the butt of their guns and raped the 17 year old girl. The incident has been reported to Beliel police station.

5. On 06 September 2005, three armed men abducted an 18 year old female (name withheld) from Nyala. The men took the young woman to West of Nyala where they raped her.

The incident was reported to the police who sent her to the police hospital for medical examination. The medical report confirmed that the woman had been raped. The perpetrators which include one member of the Popular Defence Forces (PDF) have been arrested and remain in police detention at Nyala.

In a separate incident on 11 September 2005, armed militias, allegedly the Janjaweed kidnapped six men from outside Kalma IDP Camp. The IDPs, who were travelling in their carts to the north of the Camp, were taken to a remote area near the Camp and subjected to severe beatings by the militias. The IDPs were beaten with sticks, flogged all over their bodies, and their carts were stolen.

The details of the men are as follows:

Yahya Souleiman Mohamed

Ali Haroun Soulieman

Salah Ishag Ahmed

Abdel Razig Sideag Ahmed

Abubaker Ahmed Mohamed

Yousif Soulieman Alhaj

SOAT strongly condemns the continual attack and sexual violence against women and girls in Darfur. In light of evidence that attacks on civilians have subsided in the areas where African Union (AU) observers have been deployed, SOAT is particularly concerned that women and girls continue to venture outside IDP camps to undertake their regular tasks including fetching firewood and water without protection by AU observers stationed inside these camps.

On 01 September 2005, SOAT called on AU observers in the region to immediately investigate reports of a build-up of Janjaweed militias in North Darfur. This investigation has yet to begin; meanwhile the IDP population in the area continue to be subjected to rape, torture and kidnappings by marauding armed militias still present around IDP camps.

Currently there are approximately 700 known Janjaweed militias wearing military uniform with camels, 2 km North and East of Kalma Camp. Armed militias must be disarmed, and since the government is unwilling to undertake this task, the international community must force it upon them.

SOAT calls upon the government of Sudan and the African Union forces to investigate the alleged build-up of Janjaweed militias around Kalma IDP camp.

SOAT calls on the government of Sudan to:

Investigate the attacks and rapes of the women and girls and the kidnapping torture of the six men and to ensure that the perpetrators are brought before an impartial tribunal and guaranteed procedural rights at all times;

Sudan and the African Union forces to investigate the alleged build-up of Janjaweed militias around Kalma IDP camp;

Immediately disarm the Janjaweed militias and all armed militias operating in Darfur particularly outside known IDP Camps;

Immediately adhere to it commitments under the ceasefire agreement;

To comply with all UN Security resolutions and the UN commission on Human Rights Resolution which explicitly condemns "the continuation of violence against civilians and sexual violence against women and girls";

Guarantee respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms throughout the country in accordance with national laws and international human rights standards.

SOAT is an international human rights organisation established in the UK in 1993. If you have any questions about this or any other SOAT information, please contact us:

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US Sends Gitmo Prisoners to Yemen

From Aljazeera.net

US authorities have handed over five Yemeni prisoners held at the Guantanamo Bay detention centre, Interior Minister Rashad Mohammed al-Alimi said.

The five—four of whom were released in April, May and August—were immediately locked up in Yemeni prisons pending trials, al-Alimi told parliament, without specifying what charges they would face.

"Four of the detainees who were handed over by the United States this year were accused of belonging to an international terror group, and the fifth, who was handed last year, was accused with involvement in drug cases," al-Alimi said.

Al-Alimi said the trial of the five would begin once the United States had sent through their files.

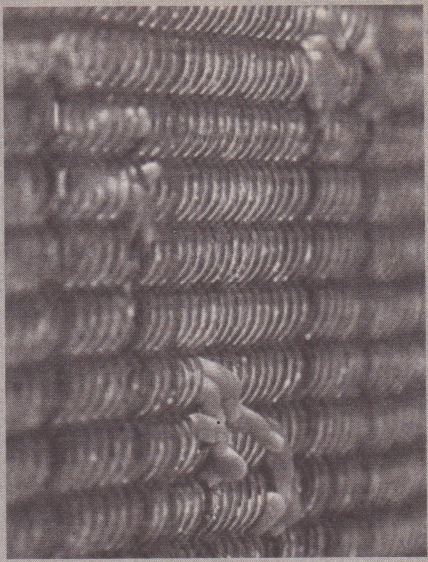
Yemen previously received from the US authorities a list of the names of 104 of its nationals being held in Guantanamo and another two at the US base of Bagram in Afghanistan.

Sanaa has long been trying to secure the handover of its nationals from Guantanamo for trial in their own country.

International criticism

The United States is holding an estimated 600 suspected al-Qaida and Taliban fighters at Camp Delta, a high-security camp in Guantanamo Bay, and has faced strong international criticism of the legal limbo that has left the prisoners without access to legal representation.

With US backing, Yemen launched its own crackdown on Islamists after the 11 September, 2001, attacks in the United States.



Meanwhile in Yemen...

By UPI September 20, 2005

SANAA, Yemen — Yemeni prisoners held on suspicion of belonging to Muslim extremist groups staged a hunger strike for the fourth day Tuesday to press for their release.

Security sources told United Press International that 16 detainees held at the prison of Barein in the southern province of Ebin on suspicion of belonging to the Jihad Organization and the Islamic Aden-Ebin Army, were protesting their detention without charge and delays in referring them to trial.

Relatives of the detainees said they were summoned a month ago for interrogation and have been held since then.

The prisoners want to be referred to the judiciary if they are charged or released if no charges are filed against them.

Wal-Mart's 'meal pay' war

By Karen Gullo and Joel Rosenblatt
Bloomberg News

Wal-Mart faces another legal challenge to its labor practices in a California courtroom, as opening arguments began yesterday in a suit accusing the company of denying employees breaks and pay for working forced overtime.

The case in state court in Oakland claims 115,919 current and former workers at 186 Wal-Mart and Sam's Club stores couldn't take breaks and had to work "off-the-clock" without pay, Fred Furth, a lawyer for the workers, said.

Wal-Mart denied the allegations and said making employees work through breaks violates company policy.

Forty similar suits have been filed against Wal-Mart in other states, and companies such as California Pizza Kitchen and United Parcel Service face such claims in California. An Oregon jury awarded 87 Wal-Mart workers about $2,000 each in an overtime lawsuit last year.

"Jurors are not going to be corporate-friendly in California," said Arthur Silbergeld, an employment lawyer at Proskauer Rose in Los Angeles who isn't involved in the case. "You need a very large company with very deep pockets to take the risk of going to trial in California with any employment case."

Wal-Mart also faces a class-action lawsuit in federal court in San Francisco filed on behalf of as many as 1.6 million female employees alleging sexual discrimination. The company is appealing a decision in that case that allows the women to sue as a group.

Wal-Mart spokeswoman Christi Gallagher declined to comment on the specifics of the overtime suit. She said workers in the Oregon case recovered damages for 838 hours of missed breaks out of a total of 72,000 hours that were alleged in the complaint.

"Which shows that some of these claims can be highly exaggerated," Gallagher said in an e-mailed response to questions.

The first portion of the trial, which started yesterday, concerns the allegations regarding meal breaks. At a second phase of the trial, Judge Ronald Sabraw will review the overtime claims without a jury.

Furth said during opening statements that the workers were owed as much as $66 million in damages. A previous ruling, which excluded from the lawsuit anyone employed by Wal-Mart before 2001, eliminated as many as 75,000 workers from the case.

Whose Space?

By Mary Papenfuss, Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO—There's a Fox in MySpace, and bloggers are squawking.

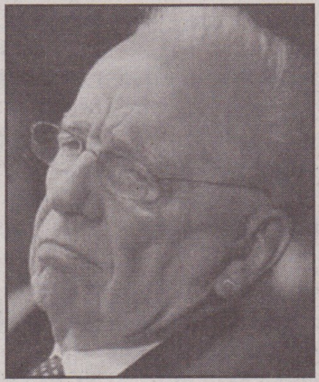
Nervous members of the wildly popular online social networking spot are blasting its purchase by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., expressing dark fears in MySpace bulletins about the powerful billionaire's alleged motives and the possibility of privacy breaches, monitoring, censorship—and access fees.

"It's something we're very concerned about," said Scott Swiecki, 34, of Tempe Ariz., who's a member of the MySpace group "Faux News" as well as another group that combines the Murdoch name with an expletive. "There are a lot of counterculture people on MySpace. My concern is Fox will add fees and censor content."

News Corp. purchased Intermix Media Inc., the owner of MySpace, for $580 million earlier last month, mainly so that Fox Interactive Media can reach the site's 22 million registered users.

MySpace, which launched just two years ago, is currently the most popular social networking site in the world. It makes it easy for people to customize their home pages with personal photos, art, color and music, along with market-revealing lists of favorite activities, books, music and films. Users can get site-wide bulletins, but they mostly communicate with friends or intriguing strangers they've expressly allowed into a network. Bands often use the site to debut their music.

The only automatic "friend" for everyone who joins the site is MySpace's co-founder, Tom Anderson. He has his own profile—single, 29, Santa Monica—and a list of 18 interests, 24 favorite bands, and 12 heroes, including "my mom" and author George Orwell.



After the sale was announced, spoofers added a profile for Murdoch, too: straight, married, 74—which says he has joined the site for "networking" and lists his occupation as "world domination."

Chris DeWolfe, co-founder and CEO of the Los Angeles-based MySpace, told The Associated Press that the News Corp. acquisition will change nothing about the site—other than to extend MySpace's international reach.

But some of the hipsters in the online hangout fear their freewheeling ways, celebrated in naughty notes, brash blogs and provocative photos, won't mesh with the values of Murdoch's media outlets, like Fox News, which they believe are right-wing mouthpieces for the Bush administration.

"I'm opposed to what Rupert Murdoch has done to the media, and I don't want him involved in MySpace," said user Nathan Hall, 26, of Milwaukee.

News Corp. spokeswoman Teri Everett said the company has "no intention of imposing any sensibilities on MySpace," and that none of the anti-Murdoch messages will be deleted.

It's difficult to determine how extensive the concern is among MySpace users, but it has been significant enough for Anderson, who is remaining as company president, to launch teenspeak damage control in a daily effort to convince users he hasn't delivered them to Big Brother.

"We are not deleting any content or censoring people in any new way," he wrote in a prominent announcement that has run on MySpace for several days. "We are not exploiting anyone's data or violating anyone's privacy. MySpace has been my life for almost two years now ... I won't let it get jacked up."

Could the anti-Murdoch chatter damage MySpace's market?

"It could, if teenagers gave two hoots about that sort of thing," said industry analyst David Card of Jupiter Research. "I think the concerns are coming from a minority of very media savvy users who are connecting the dots. Only if the issue gets very noisy with a large number of users could it have an impact."

On the Net:

http://groups.myspace.com/fauxnews

http://blogcritics.org/archives/2005/07/19/133937.php

Saddam's nephew sentenced to life for funding insurgency

From Xinhuanet

BAGHDAD, Sept. 19 — Saddam Hussein's nephew was sentenced to life in prison on Monday for funding insurgency, the Iraqi government said.

Ayman Sabawi is the first family member of the former Iraqi leader being charged. He was captured by Iraqi security forces in Tikrit in May.

His father, Sabawi Ibrahim al-Hassan, is Saddam's half brother and used to serve as a presidential adviser before the US-led invasion of Iraq in 2003.

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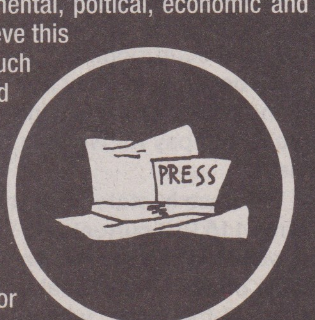


Reality, meet the press...

Meet the Press, NBC News
Sept. 4, 2005

Mr. Tim Russert: And we are back. Jefferson Parish President Broussard, let me start with you. You just heard the director of Homeland Security's explanation of what has happened this last week. What is your reaction?

Mr. Aaron Broussard: We have been abandoned by our own country. Hurricane Katrina will go down in history as one of the worst storms ever to hit an American coast, but the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina will go down as one of the worst abandonments of Americans on American soil ever in U.S. history. I am personally asking our bipartisan congressional delegation here in Louisiana to immediately begin congressional hearings to find out just what happened here. Why did it happen? Who needs to be fired? And believe me, they need to be fired right away, because we still have weeks to go in this tragedy. We have months to go. We have years to go. And whoever is at the top of this totem pole, that totem pole needs to be chain-sawed off and we've got to start with some new leadership.

It's not just Katrina that caused all these deaths in New Orleans here. Bureaucracy has committed murder here in the greater New Orleans area, and bureaucracy has to stand trial before Congress now. It's so obvious. FEMA needs more congressional funding. It needs more presidential support. It needs to be a Cabinet-level director. It needs to be an independent agency that will be able to fulfill its mission to work in partnership with state and local governments around America. FEMA needs to be empowered to do the things it was created to do. It needs to come somewhere, like New Orleans, with all of its force immediately, without red tape, without bureaucracy, act immediately with common sense and leadership, and save lives. Forget about the property. We can rebuild the property. It's got to be able to come in and save lives.

We need strong leadership at the top of America right now in order to accomplish this and to—reconstructing FEMA.

Mr. Russert: Mr. Broussard, let me ask—I want to ask—should...

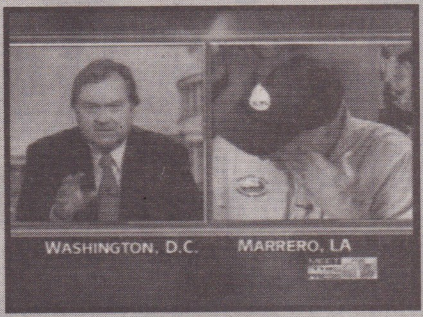
Mr. Broussard: You know, just some quick examples...

Mr. Russert: Hold on. Hold on, sir. Shouldn't the mayor of New Orleans and the governor of New Orleans bear some responsibility? Couldn't they have been much more forceful, much more effective and much more organized in evacuating the area?

"We have been abandoned by our own country."

Mr. Broussard: Sir, they were told like me, every single day, "The cavalry's coming," on a federal level, "The cavalry's coming, the cavalry's coming, the cavalry's coming." I have just begun to hear the hoofs of the cavalry. The cavalry's still not here yet, but I've begun to hear the hoofs, and we're almost a week out.

Let me give you just three quick examples. We had Wal-Mart deliver three trucks of water, trailer trucks of water. FEMA turned them back. They said we didn't need them. This was a week ago. FEMA—we had 1,000 gallons of diesel fuel on a Coast Guard vessel docked in my parish. The Coast Guard said, "Come get the fuel right away." When we got there with our trucks, they got a word. "FEMA says don't give you the fuel." Yesterday—yesterday—FEMA comes in and cuts all of our emergency communication lines. They cut them without notice. Our sheriff, Harry Lee, goes back in, he reconnects the line. He posts armed guards on our line and says, "No one is getting near these lines." Sheriff Harry Lee said that if America—American government would have responded like Wal-Mart has responded, we wouldn't be in this crisis.



But I want to thank Governor Blanco for all she's done and all her leadership. She sent in the National Guard. I just repaired a breach on my side of the 17th Street canal that the secretary didn't foresee, a 300-foot breach. I just completed it yesterday with convoys of National Guard and local parish workers and levee board people. It took us two and a half days working 24/7. I just closed it.

Mr. Russert: All right.

Mr. Broussard: I'm telling you most importantly I want to thank my public employees...

Mr. Russert: All right.

Mr. Broussard: ...that have worked 24/7. They're burned out, the doctors, the nurses. And I want to give you one last story and I'll shut up and let you tell me whatever you want to tell me. The guy who runs this building I'm in, emergency management, he's responsible for everything. His mother was trapped in St. Bernard nursing home and every day she called him and said, "Are you coming, son? Is somebody coming?" And he said, "Yeah, Mama, somebody's coming to get you. Somebody's coming to get you on Tuesday. Somebody's coming to get you on Wednesday. Somebody's coming to get you on Thursday. Somebody's coming to get you on Friday." And she drowned Friday night. She drowned Friday night.

Mr. Russert: Mr. President...

Mr. Broussard: Nobody's coming to get us. Nobody's coming to get us. The secretary has promised. Everybody's promised. They've had press conferences. I'm sick of the press conferences. For God sakes, shut up and send us somebody.

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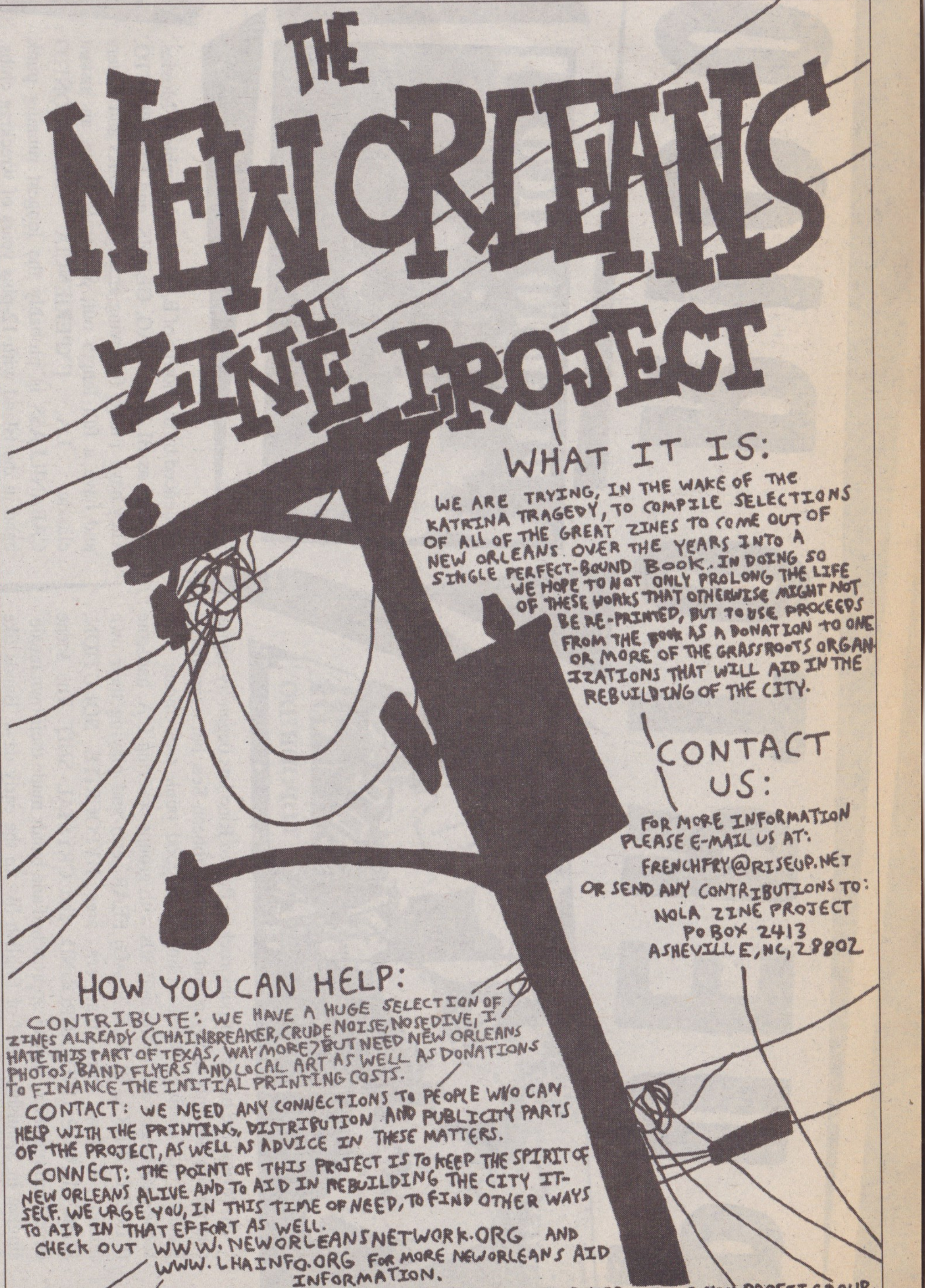

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CONTRIBUTE: WE HAVE A HUGE SELECTION OF ZINES ALREADY (CHAINBREAKER, CRUDE NOISE, NOSEDIVE, I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS, WAY MORE) BUT NEED NEW ORLEANS PHOTOS, BAND FLYERS AND LOCAL ART AS WELL AS DONATIONS TO FINANCE THE INITIAL PRINTING COSTS.

CONTACT: WE NEED ANY CONNECTIONS TO PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP WITH THE PRINTING, DISTRIBUTION AND PUBLICITY PARTS OF THE PROJECT, AS WELL AS ADVICE IN THESE MATTERS.

CONNECT: THE POINT OF THIS PROJECT IS TO KEEP THE SPIRIT OF NEW ORLEANS ALIVE AND TO AID IN REBUILDING THE CITY ITSELF. WE URGE YOU, IN THIS TIME OF NEED, TO FIND OTHER WAYS TO AID IN THAT EFFORT AS WELL.

CHECK OUT WWW.NEWORLEANSNETWORK.ORG AND WWW.LHAINFO.ORG FOR MORE NEW ORLEANS AID INFORMATION.

ROJECT SPONSORED BY THE ASHEVILLE COMMUNITY RESOURCE CENTER, A 501C3 NON-PROFIT GROUP.

PUERTO RICO

LOPODRIDO

PUERTO RICO

To review the history of punk rock in Puerto Rico lets began by saying that we are not only a tiny island in the Caribbean Sea, but a wonderful paradise for surfing, skateboarding, and good punk rock music. Our scene's roots go back to the mid-80s with groups covering L.A. hardcore (CIRCLE JERKS, BLACK FLAG, FEAR, etc) and playing their own music. A few from that era are: HYPOCRITE SOLUTION, SUBCULTURE UNDERGROUND, and CRYSTAL SHIT. The scene developed further as the 90s approached and bands made their own music, singing in Spanish instead of English like in the early days. Bands like TRATO INJUSTO (later LA EXPERIENCIA DE TOÑITO CABANILLA$$), RECHAZO SOCIAL (later LOPODRIDO), and SHAM PAIN impacted the punk rock and skinhead scenes greatly. By the mid-90s, a lot of bands formed across the entire island: SOCIALMENTE MUERTOS, DISTORCIÓN REBELDE, SIN REMEDIO, ODIO SIMPLE, LOS ESPECTROS, LACTEOS, ABSENTEES, TOYGUN, KABEZUDOS DE VILLA BAJO, and ALFALFA Y LOS KRETINOS, to name a few. By the beginning of this century (2000-2001) there was a big boom, and suddenly there were shows almost every weekend and new bands covering all punk sub-genres. Such bands include: LOS PEPINIYOZ, JUVENTUD CRASA, ARDILLAS, ANTI SOCIALES, NAPOLNARIZ, OFENSIVA INICIAL, PANTY SNIFFERS, LA KALQLADORA DE PANDY, BETTIE AND THE ANTIBIOTICS, GARRAPATAS, P.A. SCOUTS, and more. Some of these bands and older ones, and new bands form the current punk scene in Puerto Rico—2003 till today.

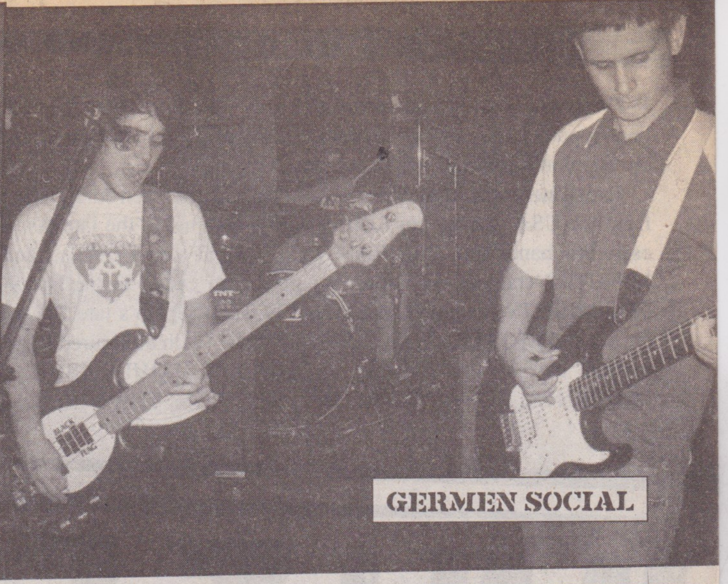
Active punk bands include NECRONAZIS, a '77 style punk outfit influenced by the horror of EA Poe and Zombie B-Movies, as well as BLACK FLAG, GERMS, and ESKORBUTO. They have a large following among the punks and skaters and have a full length out, *Somos la Peste*, an instant classic. LA EXPERIENCIA DE TOÑITO CABANILLA$$ is probably the longest running punk band in the island with 12-plus years of wrecking clubs. Local legends with three full lengths, their guitarist, Memo, made a documentary of the early days of Puerto Rican punk. LA EXPERIENCIA plays fast paced punk with sarcastic, political lyrics, very similar to the DKs. LOPODRIDO, the other old band that is still playing has all new members except for their singer, Juanko. They have two full lengths and are much acclaimed in the underground punk scene. They play punk and roll ala THE HEARTBREAKERS and SOCIAL DISTORTION. The lyrics are about sex, drugs and rock 'n roll. Another popular band, JUVENTUD CRASA, has a huge following around the island with two albums released and two US tours under their belts in just the past few years. Their guitarist, José, owns a recording studio called Monopolio Records and a record label called Discos de Hoy that helps

UN FINAL FATAL

LOS PEPINIYOZ

MANGES
PUNK ROCK VETERANS

ANTI SOCIALES



GERMEN SOCIAL

younger local punk bands from Spain, Latin America, and Europe. They, JUVENTUD CRASA, play fast, sing-along punk rock very similar to ESKORBUTO, MCD, and EL ULTIMO KE ZIERRE. COJOBA is a female fronted punk outfit with a few records out, tours of Europe and a singer, Taína, that edits a political fanzine called *Zineverguenza*. She also runs a record label called Anaconda Records. They formed in the early 90s and still occasionally play their blend of hardcore punk with melodic female vocals. THE PANTY SNIFFERS is a punk band formed in 2001 by some underage skaters and *spongers,* and are heavily influenced by 80s HC, ala TSOL, ADOLESCENTS, GERMS, and JFA. They have an album coming out after four years of playing locally — early 80s sounding punk rock that is perfect to skate to. NAPOLNARIZ is a '77 style punk band and formed in 2002. They have two albums out and a split with another local band, and sound like the DEAD BOYS and JOHNNY THUNDERS with nasally vocals. ANTI SOCIALES are pop-punkers with two albums out from the westside of PR with a large following around the island. They play a mix between SCREECHING WEASEL and *Mutant Pop* style bands — great music to dance to. LOS PEPINIYOZ are punk rock 'n roll legends and formed in 2000 out of the ashes of the seminal teenage punk rock TOYGUN. They have two albums out, one of which was recorded at Sonic Iguana studios in Indiana and produced by Mass Giorgini in '03. They have toured the east coast of the USA, played at CBGB's, were interviewed by *MRR*, and have music videos. Their singer, Rene, is the only original member and owns a record label called RokiRol Reords. They are similar to the RAMONES, QUEERS, and have BEACH BOYS-esque melodies. UN FINAL FATAL is a punk band with a large following among the punks and skins with one album released and have toured our neighboring country, the Dominican Republic. Their music sounds like the classic Spanish punk sound of LA POLLA and EL ULTIMO KE ZIERRE.

Some bands that have formed in the last year or so and are worth checking out include: DIENTE PERRO, skate-punk with catchy hooks; JENNY FATALE Y LOS DEGOLLADORES, female-fronted, catchy, '77 style punk rock with great lyrics in the vein of X; TEENAGE HELL, is teen skate-punk very similar to JFA and GANG GREEN; ONE MORE SUMMER is old-school hardcore similar to UNION 13 and WARZONE; THE PIRIES is QUEERS-esque pop-punk; PIN STRIPES is 50s style rock 'n roll and mostly do covers of RITCHIE VALENS and the STRAY CATS but have a few originals; LAS ARDILLAS play every once in a while but formed a few years ago playing very catchy '77 style punk and have a huge following; FIRST FAILURE play old-school HC, ala GORILLA BISCUITS and CHAIN OF STRENGTH; GERMEN SOCIAL is a 90s style punk band very similar to Fat Wreck bands and has a lot of fans on the island; LA BELLA Y LAS BESTIAS is an entertaining, dual vocalist, melodic punk band with one female and one male.

In the past we've had a lot of DIY punk fanzines like *Boricuas Bestiales, Zineverguenza, HC Taíno, Los Putrefactos, El Fantastico Zine,* but not many of them are really active these days. Two zines that formed several years ago and are still in print are *Forgotten Youth* ('02) and *Anti-Todo* ('04). *Forgotten Youth* focuses on 80s HC, punk, skating, bodyboarding, serial killers, and indie films. *Anti Todo* is more about punk history, politics, and the local scene. Regarding the record distros, there are several like Bulto de los Tapes, Strong Vein (PRHC), Discos de Hoy, Anaconda Records, and Anti Todo. Also there is an old school punk bootleg video distro called Forgotten Youth Video Distro. The record labels that are worth mentioning are Discos de Hoy, Noisex Records, and RokiRol Records (almost new).There's a one-man crew promoting shows called *Stepdown*, that brings a lot of foreign bands to the Island. We don't have radio stations supporting punk rock, but one the University of PR has a program on Saturday 9pm to midnight called *Frecuencias Alternas* (89.7 FM) and is an indie radio show that every once in a while invites punk bands for interviews play music. The photographers at www.Obturador.Org, cover a lot of punk shows in their cameras.

The venues for playing punk are limited due to the constant damaging of the inside and the outside by spray painting. But, the few still available are Boomerangs, Nuyorican Café, and Rumbas (San Juan area), and Los Freakies and Mayaguez Café (West Side). The shows are every weekend, sometimes going from Wednesday till Saturday and the rare Sunday matinees. In the summer, May to August, there are shows almost every single day.

The scene has all different punk sub-genres. The punks and skinheads mostly attend punk and oi! shows. The skaters tend to go to punk shows. Also there is a growing metalcore/HC/new school scene of strictly HC kids.. There's an indie/experimental crowd that also attends or plays with the more open-minded punk bands. There's an

MTV style/emo crowd of mostly rich kids who attend also the better-known punk bands shows. Fights are thing of the past because mostly crowds don't associate with each other.

Everyone in the punk scene, however, gathers when foreign bands from the USA, Europe, or Latin America visit us. In the late 80s and early 90s bands like THE RAMONES ('88 at a surf contest) and 2 MINUTOS (famous Argentinean punk band) came. In the late 90s, THE MISFITS (without Graves), LA POLLA (Spain's late 70s punk gurus) and BETTER THAN A THOUSAND (with an injured Cappo) visited us. In this century, BOUNCING SOULS, SUICIDE MACHINES, AGNOSTIC FRONT, SIN DIOS, THE VIRUS, and REINCIDENTES, just to name a few, played here.

So that's it, a brief history and current status of the punk rock scene in Puerto Rico. Since 1986 to the present and still new bands form, release records, play regularly, and tour. For more info about our punk/HC scene go to: www.prhc.org, www.bultodelostapes.com, or drop me a line at jfalewd@yahoo.com. Or, just check any of the bands listed in this report on myspace.com to listen to and contact.

Yours Truly,
—Yoel Sniffer Youth

UNITED KINGDOM

UNA CORDA

KNIVES

This report will predominantly deal with the Birmingham and West Midlands scene. I feel I will be able to this justice rather than rambling on about bands in the UK. Long gone are the days when an *MRR* scene report can encompass the whole UK scene. The scene has become so fragmented with a plethora of genres that don't really intermingle as much as they used to "back in the day." The ease of access to bands via the Internet, through corporate record stores or by just turning on the TV has resulted in over saturation. People can be less selective and don't have to put in the time and effort to search out new sounds and bands. By the mid 90s, as with the rest of the UK, the scene had diversified. People grew older and had more responsibilities; musical tastes broadened; bands grew bigger and became enmeshed in the corporate rock machine. The politics of punk and the DIY ethic seem to have become secondary to looking right and fitting in.

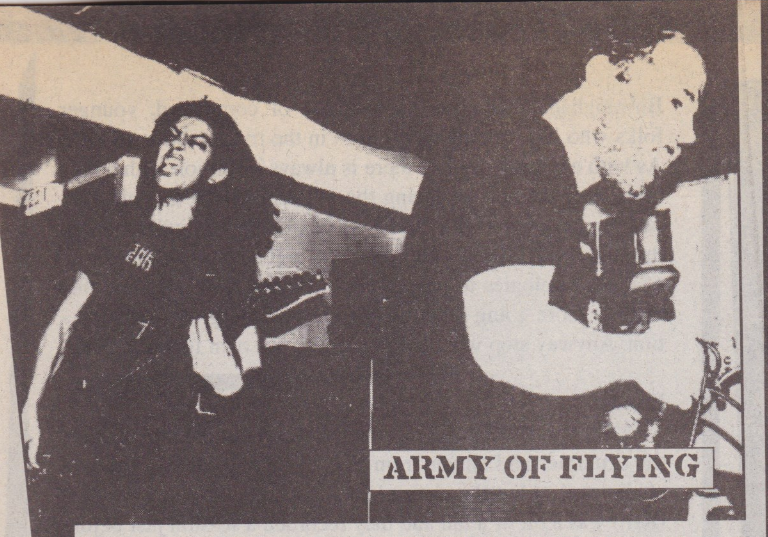
The West Midlands has a great musical pedigree with its halcyon days being in the 80s. It is probably best known for the crust/grind bands NAPALM DEATH and DOOM. Members of CARCASS, DEVIATED INSTINCT, ENT, and RIPCORD also lived in the area. It became the center for this kind of style with gigs at the Mermaid and then later on at the Kaleidoscope. The area has a big metal influence, BLACK SABBATH and JUDAS PRIEST came from the area, and this continued with bands like BOLT THROWER and BENEDICTION. Other notable bands like GODFLESH, HEAD OF DAVID, SWELL MAPS, GBH, THE AUPAIRS, PRAM, THE PREFECTS, THE BEAT came through at different times, which has led the West Midlands to have a diverse scene and sound.

The scene is healthier now than it has been for a long time. Birmingham does have a collection of committed, younger folks who have rooted themselves in the true tradition of DIY. As with anything organic there is always evolution with a succession of the new replacing the old. Enough of this old cunt ranting and reminiscing like a senile old hippy. I will try to go through bands, labels and promoters and anything else worthy of note. Apologies to anyone that I have left out. I know that there is more going on but I'm attempting to give a cross section. Anyway stop winging and write your own fuckin report.

Bands

ANAAL NATHRAKH (www.anaal-nathrakh.tk) features the drummer and singer from MISTRESS. It started out as a studio project but there are plans afoot to do a tour. John Peel (RIP) was a bit of a fan and they recorded a session just before he died. They play a take on black metal but without the pomp. The drummer also runs Necrodeath Studios. THE ARM (www.the-arm.co.uk) just did a 7" out on SPEEDOWAX records. I have only seen them once but I was impressed with their noisy noodling. They cite their influences as DON CAB, HELLA, MOGWAI. They do have a kind of indie edge as well. Check 'em out because I think they have plans to do a lot more. BLACK GALAXY (hextopus@yahoo.co.uk) is a two-piece electronic outfit with Nick from SCORN, NAPALM DEATH. They use beats layered with discordant noises and effects. They build there own electronic effects units, use brushes on guitars to create sounds and can only really be described as avant-garde electronica. They have done some recording and live gigs with KREEPA (members of SAND), which they plan to release soon.

BLOOD OF THE ENEMY (www.bloodoftheenemy.co.uk) has only done one gig but they show real potential. The band has just recorded with Dave Chang (STAMPIN GROUND, EARTHTONE 9) who gave them a full on heavy production. They plan to self release the songs as a CD. They have a pile of heavy riffs inter-spliced with clean guitars and are as tight as fuck. The vocalist (EX ACBAR, UNA CORDA) lays over a scream that makes it way nastier. They have touches of LAMB OF GOD, WILL HAVEN, RORSCHACH and ESCAPE ARTIST bands. CALVADOS BEAM TRIO (contact through NOISE! NOISE! ALLURE!) has been together for a while and it shows; they are as tight as fuck live playing a rhythmic, instrumental STORM AND STRESS/DON CAB type super noodle. They have had only one seven-inch out, which was a while back and it does not really reflect where they are at the moment. These lot needs to release more stuff because it's a shame more people haven't had the privilege of hearing them. They are of bunch of lazy fuckers though. COPTER (www.coptercentral.com) supports every garage band that comes to Birmingham, they are like the Cold Rice house band. They have got the whole dirty blues, soul, garage thing going on with slices of Sci-Fi samples and robot stage antics. They've got CDs and shirts available so go buy. CRYSTAL WRISTS (www.crystalwrists.com) are a new band on the scene featuring the singer from SWORNxIN. Don't expect any straight edge malarkey here. Think FLOCK OF SEAGULS haircuts and an early 80s sound ala BAUHAUS, CHAMELEONS, SIOUXSIE, PSYCHEDELIC FURS. I have only see them once and I must say they do a good job. They have recorded some stuff and I think they are expecting to release it through Discoloration. DECIMATE (www.decimate.com) is metalcore "beatdowner" in the vein of EARTH CRISIS and has played all over the coun-



ARMY OF FLYING

try supporting various touring bands. You've got to take your hats off to them for their longevity and work ethic. They should have a new LP soon.

ESQUILAX (weareesquilax@hotmail.com) — Every time I see them they have a different sound from drum machine driven grind, DISCORDANCE AXIS style noise to thirty minute one riff drone SUNN)))O style. The last time I saw them they played a repetitive ambient noise. They have spoken about forming an eight-piece toy instrument orchestra. Spot on. Should have a split out with TRENCHER soon.

JESU (www.avalancheinc.co.uk/jesu) features Justin Broderick form GODFLESH so they have attracted a lot of interest. They have a slow industrial heaviness combined with a dark, soundscape feel that at times captures a mellow airiness. They've had two releases (*Avalanche* and *Hydrahead* with Ted Parsons on drums) and have toured with ISIS and PELICAN. I must say when I have seen them live on two occasions the sound has let them down somewhat. They didn't seem to capture the feel of the record but still, this band need to be checked out.

KNIVES! (www.weareknives.co.uk) is a new band made from up from ex-members of various local bands (DEADSUNRISING, I AM LEGION, DEATH OF A CHAMPION) and the YANK TEETH guitarist. They have a SHELLAC touch in places with some old school emo/screamo thrown in. They have just recorded so expect a release in the near future.

MISTRESS (www.geocities.com/drindmetal) has had a lot of press of late and is made up of members from SALLY, FROST, ANAAL NATHRAK, BENEDICTION. They have just released an LP *In Disgust We Trust* on Earache, which has followed up two previous LPs on Rage Of Achilles and various other releases. They started off sounding like IRON MONKEY/EYEHATEGOD but the newer stuff is a lot quicker, meaner and crustier with some big choruses. It reminds me of the releases Earache put out in the early 90s, even down to the artwork. THE MURDER OF ROSA LUXEMBURG has split up, though I think it's worth checking out their LP on Undergroove and their two seven-inches on Speedowax and Portable (the Speedowax seven-inch artwork was done by the PG 99 bloke). They play a BLOOD BROTHER/LOCUST style hardcore interspersed with TORTOISE/CAP N JAZZ stuff. Members of the band now play in TERA:TORA and THE SEVENTH CROSS. NOISE! NOISE! ALLORE! (nathenrwarner@aol.com) plays a CHINESE STARS, post punk, MINUTEMEN funk with members from CALVADOS BEAM TRIO, YANK TEETH, DEADSUNRISING. The chubby, moustached frontman compliments the sound with his high-pitched singing and disjointed dancing. They are an awesome live band and deserve more attention that will hopefully come when they release some stuff. Some majors have been sniffing around them but their hearts are firmly rooted in the DIY tradition.

ROTUNDA (www.rotunda.demon.co.uk) has been rockin' since '96 and has two self-released CDs as well as having a track on a CONFLICT tribute LP (Blackfish Records). They cite their influences as FACE TO FACE, THE QUEERS, LEATHERFACE, THE RAMONES. They have had some line-up changes with Lou (DEPTHCHARGE) leaving. They still rock like the bollox though. SEDUCEDWOMANDEAD (www.seducedwomandead.tk) is a new band but the members have all been in and around the scene for a while. They play mainly screamy/noisy stuff, but with interesting structures and catchy riffs, putting across urgency and thought with a noise-pop sensibility. Influences include INDEX FOR POTENTIAL SUICIDE, BREATHER RESIST, PANTHERS. They should have some stuff out soon (10 track tape on Grrman records and a split 7" with WHORES WHORES WHORES out late 2005 on Leaves records). STAMPIN GROUND (www.stampin-ground.com) features ex-members of DECADENCE WITHIN and BENEDICTION and having been around for a good few years and have built up quite a reputation. They play an ultra tight metalcore with plenty of SLAYER riffs and beatdowns. They have a truckload of stuff out, have toured everywhere, and played with some big metal bands (they played at Donnington's Download festival). I was speaking to the drummer recently and they are planning to record an album shortly. Ian Glasper (DECADENCE WITHIN) left due to other commitments but he still writes for TERRORIZER, runs Blackfish records and plays in SUICIDE WATCH. SUICIDE WATCH (www.suicidewatch.co.uk) plays old school 80s thrash with a political edge, think VIO-LENCE, HIRAX, KREATOR, DRI etc. They are made up from ex-members of STAMPIN GROUND, BURNSIDE, DECADENCE WITHIN and they have put out a CD recently on Mausoleum records from Belgium. Check out the cover art for the authentic thrash touch. UNA CORDA (www.unacorda.co.uk) is an instrumental band with two guitars, two bass players and a drummer they are made up from ex-members of CRADLE, MARKER and MISTRESS. They play a driving rock noodle with soundscape parts and heavier interludes. There is also a touch of early CURE/JOY DIVISION due to the high-end lead bass. Comparisons could be made with RED SPAROWES/BITCH MAGNET/DIAGONAH but you can hear a lot of diverse influences in their sound. They have just recorded four tracks that are going to be released through We Used To Be The Future Recordings. A DVD is also planned with a series of short films and re-mixes by different people.

YANK TEETH (contact through UNA CORDA) is like a local *super group* with members from UNA CORDA, KNIVES!, and NOISE!NOISE!ALLORE!. They haven't played yet or recorded anything but word on the street is that they rock like bastards. They have that early 90s sound like UOA and MEREL forming a Gravity band.

Radio

Johnny Doom (DOOM, POLICEBASTARD) has a weekly radio show on Kerrang radio (www.kerrang.com). It's called *Full Metal Racket* and it's aired Friday at midnight and Sunday at 2am. He plays a wide variety of stuff: hardcore,

MISTRESS

stoner, noise, avant-garde etc. The main emphasis is on underground metal. I'm sure he would welcome bands sending him stuff to play. You can contact him through the Kerrang web site. He has also been working on some music but nothing has materialised as yet but I guarantee it'll be as dark as fuck.

Labels

Discoloration (www.discoloration.co.uk): The ethos of the label is to put out music from bands outside of the UK that may not get the exposure they deserve. The two chaps who run it have a very eclectic taste. If it's quality and it somehow moves them then they'll put it out. They have only put out two releases so far: RADIO BERLIN and OXFORD COLLAPSE. Expect great things. Speedowax (www.speedowax.com) has been consistently releasing interesting stuff for some time now. The label predominantly releases vinyl rather than CD and have a very eclectic roster of bands. The label doesn't really have a *sound*, which I think is testament to the labels support of anything that they find interesting rather than limiting themselves. They have releases out by local bands such as THE ARM and THE MURDER OF... as well as bands from all over the globe (check out the MELT BANANA/NARCOSIS split with Superfi records). They also run a singles club with exclusive merch at punk prices. Superfi (www.go.to/superfi) has released some excellent bands from all over (MILLIGRAM, EARLY HUMANS, BORIS, ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS). This label is worth investigating and I sure that the future is bright for them. Check out the new releases (if they haven't sold out) from BORIS (picture disc) and ORTHRELM/TRENCHER (split five-inch). The Communion (www.thecommunion.co.uk) is a small collective do a variety of things such as put on regular gigs, run an info/zine web site (if you want to know about gigs in the area check them out) and they have stared releasing some stuff. They have only three releases at the moment, an EP by SIKA REDEM, 3" CD by the now defunct BLACK CROSS style local NUMINOR and a comp featuring BREATHER RESIST, ED GEIN, SHAPED BY FATE.0

Promoters

There are quite a few people who put on shows in the area. I will try to list the promoters who put on bands on a regular basis. It is good to see a lot of women involved in putting on shows in Brum. So big-up the ladies!

Capsule (www.capsule.org.uk) is probably the biggest promoter with regards to underground/independent shows. They have an eclectic taste and bands they have put on range from FUGAZI to SUNN)))O to COIL to KID 606 to DAVE GRUBBS (check out their web site for photos and flyers of past projects). They originally started by putting bands on in their basement and it has now ended up as a bit of a full time job. They have also done a lot of work in the local arts scene by curating exhibitions and performance work. Their background is based in the visual arts so this has been a logical progression.

Cold Rice (www.coldrice.com) operates out of the *Carling Academy Bar* which is a bar connected to the large-scale corporate gig venue. They have been putting on some good shows for a while (WEIRD WAR was the last good one). They tend to cater to the fucked-up garage/blues/soul/RnR and always have a decent crowd. Black Country Justice (gazberg@hotmail.com) (Black Country is reference to where they come from, the outlying industrial towns around Birmingham. Because of the amount of pollution produced in the area. It has no reference to race!) These blokes usually put on the more underground hardcore stuff. They are like a loose collective with people chipping in to help and are made up from people in half the bands/labels mentioned above. They always have low prices and put on local bands with touring bands.

Record Shops

The only record shop worthy of note in Birmingham is Tempest. The three fellas who work on the indie/alternative floor know their shit and

TRENCHER

ESQUILAX

STAMPIN GROUND

have plenty of cool imports for you to spunk your cash on. They have good descriptions on the releases and will play anything you want before you buy. It's a good contact point for people visiting Brum who want to know what is going on. These guys are all involved in local bands, gigs and releases. Word of warning though, this place is fucking expensive. The owner is a cash grabber who doesn't know his arse from his elbow and he is lucky to have these three working for him.

Other Notables/Contenders

I will try to list some bands and labels outside Birmingham and the West Midlands that are also worth checking out.

ARMY OF FLYING ROBOTS (www.armyofflyingrobots.co.uk) based in the East Midlands, this five-piece knock out some quick harsh grind/crust with mellow interludes think CHARLES BRONSON/ RORSCHACH/CITIZENS ARREST mixed with 90s Gravity stuff. They have a few records out and are building up a bit of a following.

CAPRICORNS (www.c-a-p-r-i-c-o-r-n-s.com) is a London based band with members from IRON MONKEY/ORANGE GOBLIN/DUKES OF NOTHING/FABRIC. They play an instrumental stripped down metal that carries a tune. One song reminds me of a more metal LUNGFISH. They have only one EP out at the moment but plans are in the pipeline to record an album. One song may have vocals on by Eugene from OXBOW. We shall wait and see. NARCOSIS (www.narcore.com) is fucking brutal, technical grind that pokes you in the eye. *Satpal* summed them up better than I can do, "They do seem to take opportunities to interweave melodic patterns within the brutalising grind, and the monumental sound lets you pinpoint specific elements. A fully absorbing and intense experience." RAMESSES (www.hcp-industries.demon.co.uk) is pared down, hypnotic sludge/doom with a SABBATH rock touch in places. The drummer used to be in ELECTRIC WIZARD and you can hear the influence. They have had a shit load of stuff out and are genuinely nice blokes. They have no direct influences, some say SLEEP and GRIEF others may say WINTER and INCANTATION.

TRENCHER (www.trencher.tk): These fuckers are constantly playing all over the UK. They have had loads of stuff released and a John Peel session to boot (I believe it was the last one he did). Trencher rock a Casio keyboard driven, lo-fi, avant-garde grind. Way heavier than HORSE THE BAND and not as contrived as THE LOCUST. UNIT AMA (www.gringo.com): These boys rock! Coming out of the North East, UNIT AMA plays a locked in groove, reminiscent of Touch And Go bands, interspersed with free-form noise noodling and topped off with some excellent lyrics. Their self-released CD is worth getting for the packaging alone, it is a gold embossed leatherette cover held together with ribbon. Nice! WOLVES! (Of Greece) (www.gringo.com) has recently split, which is a pity, but they still deserve to be checked out. They have a ten-inch release on Gringo and feature members of BOB TILTON, HERESY, and REYNOLDS. They are a jerking; pounding mess of noise, imagine early BOB TILTON spazzing out on steroids. Live they were a writhing sea of contorted bodies and Simon has always been an awesome front man throughout the days of DOWNFALL/STATIC/BOB TILTON. They will be sorely missed. GRINGO (www.gringo.com) is a label based in Nottingham and predominantly releases UK bands. They do put out some quality gear; the back catalogue includes KILL YOURSELF, BILGE PUMP, REYNOLDS, SOEZA. A UNIT AMA record is in the pipeline along with a POLARIS and LORDS release.

Thanks to the people who have taken the photos that I have pinched from various sites; those of you who read the first drafts and said it was shit and I can't spell and Sara who made sense of my gabbling.

Keep it punk,
— Doug Brum

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA

BANDS

8HERZ (xkrusayderx@mail.ru), an extreme hardcore band with grind and metal influences has found a new bassist, Bigus, after a few months of virtual inactivity, and they've finished at least one song for the *Food For Thought* compilation (more on that later).

ANKYLYM (www.heavy-metal.spb.ru, RA Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia) played a few gigs in Finland in late July with DISTRESS, the most high-profile of which was at Puntala Rock festival. Their unique acoustic *alco-folk meatgrinder* has been a hit with the crowds. They have a few songs that were recorded in a Moscow studio late last year, as well as some live recordings (and a bunch of stuff with an older lineup, which was more like art punk). Their balalaika player, Lyagin, is planning a tour document tape on his label Stauropygial Records which will feature live recordings from Russian bands that went to Finland, a cappella DISTRESS songs and some TERVEET KADET covers that he recorded playing an accordion when drunk.

CROWD CONTROL (crowdcontrol@mail.ru) is a part-skinhead band that within a few months progressed from a mix of rap-metal and hardcore to sick and powerful metallic-crust-core, with a discernible streetpunk influence.

CUT'N'RUN (www.cut-and-run.fatal.ru) is a raging old school hardcore band and are working on some new studio stuff to follow their great debut demo CD-R. Their drummer Kostya Rumon sings in a melodic punk band called VYSHKA! (www.vyshka.nm.ru), based out of Severodvinsk in Northern Russia, who should have a CD on Moscow's Old Skool Kids Records soon.

DISTRESS (totalpunk@hotbox.ru, Alexandr Yakovlev, PO Box 127, St. Petersburg, 192171, Russia) is raging in the D-beat style despite the lineup changing around (in Finland they played with Oleg, the sXe drummer from ENGAGE AT WILL/NEXT ROUND — he was the only one without a mohawk — and their new guitarist, Timur, plays in SANDINISTA!). They have a split CD with KOMATOZ in the works, and make sure to check out their English-language interview on www.granpeligro.tk website.

ENGAGE AT WILL (qbass@mail.ru) is a NY-style hardcore band mostly based out of Kronstadt and have added a second guitarist to the lineup, but the tracks, which are to be released as a split CD with Moscow's streetpunks NO COPIES (at least that *was* the plan) were recorded as a four-piece.

Garage punk aka white trash/flower power monsters previously known as VOODOO ELVIS and THE ASSKICKERS seem to have settled on THE KING-KONGS (robot@lenta.ru, Artyom Petrov, PO Box 25, St. Petersburg, 198216, Russia) as their moniker. They are also occasionally branching out with side projects, some of the later ones I saw play were RUSSKIYE LYUDI (traditional urban folk) and KYSHTYM-23 (total harsh noise weirdness).

KOMATOZ (see DISTRESS), a streetpunk band that features some people from DISTRESS, has released a tape album called *Nenavist* on their own Total Punk Records. Insert photos are really picturesque. A split CD with DISTRESS is in the works.

NEXT ROUND (see ENGAGE AT WILL) is a really powerful NYHC/mosh-metal influenced band that has 3/5 of ENGAGE AT WILL. No recordings yet but they are quite popular already. Their singer Ribson is a local legend, having previously fronted DOLPHINS and 5 CORNERS.

OPARYSH OSOZNAL (www.opaopa.nm.ru) is a goofy grind/fastcore band that had just played its first show and has a couple of songs recorded, which they consider releasing as a demo or a split CDr with POTOM BUDET POZDNO.

Speaking of which, POTOM BUDET POZDNO (greencycle@yandex.ru) is a total brutal grind assault, with political lyrics to boot. They'd added a guitarist named Danila to the previously rather GODSTOMPERish lineup.

POTOM BUDET POZDNO's singer and bassist Zgibov has played with the dark hardcore band SANDINISTA! (despertar@pochta.ru) for a while and is featured on the *Old Skool Kids Fest* DVD filmed in Moscow in September 2004, but is now out of the band. The singer from CUT'N'RUN, Sanya *Dick*, is playing as their second guitarist now. The music, which initially was quite metallic, has taken on a dark hardcore, ala TRAGEDY, influence recently.

DISTRESS

8HERZ

SVIN'I V KOSMOSE (www.svklive.ru), based out of Vyborg has released their debut CD *Numbers And Doses* on Karma*Mira Records, and this long-in-the-works album is an excellent mix of hardcore, metal and other styles. The band began in 1998 but the members are still barely out of their teens - they were 13 when SVK formed.

SVINOKOP (www.svinokop.narod.ru/svinokop.htm, Dmitrij Ivanov, PO Box 30, St. Petersburg, 195009, Russia) is a noisy fast hardcore punk band, which I play in; the guitarist Lyagin is in ANKYLYM and the drummer Vasya is in POTOM BUDET POZDNO/8HERZ/OPARYSH OSOZNAL. We now have our umpteenth new lineup (with two bass guitars) and recorded a bunch of songs that should be out on a seven-inch, released by a variety of local labels. In July, we played in France (oddly enough without our guitarist or drummer) and then in Finland, at Puntala Rock.

WE BLEED CHARISMA (ahimsa@hotbox.ru) was a very short-lived no wave project featuring the drummer from CUT'N'RUN, Kostya, and a keyboard player from America, Naomi, a guitarist from France, Seb and the ex-singer of old school hardcore band 'TIL I DIE, Pasha, on the mic. They played just once, with ANKYLYM and KYSHTYM-23, and are still working on a recording. Pasha is now starting a hardcore band with 'TIL I DIE guitarist George and apparently an indie one with the OPARYSH OSOZNAL drummer Kroll.

LABELS / ZINES

Ej Tu Dirst (www.ejtudirst.narod.ru, Vladimir Tarasov, Gatchinskaya 1-3, Volosovo, Leningradskaya Obl., 188410, Russia) is a new label based out of a small town near the Estonian border, with three tape releases already — CHIMERA (reissue of their 1993 album, which is totally crucial), Finland's KUKKIVA POLIISI and France's VIALKA (who played in Russia last year and were awesome).

Epicenter Infoshop (www.infoshop.spb.ru, Evgeniy Faizullin, PO Box 103, St. Petersburg, 190013, Russia) is mostly a distro of political stuff (printed matter, music, films), but the collective has put out a compilation CD-r *Food For Thought,* which is a benefit for the St. Petersburg *Food Not Bombs* group. It has every band mentioned herein (give or take one or two) and is a really important overview of local hardcore/punk/indie scene. It's $5 ppd.

Get Up! zine/Karma*Mira Records (www.diy.spb.ru, Kirill Mikhailov, PO Box 51, St. Petersburg, 198332, Russia) are both done by former 'TIL I DIE/SVINOKOP guitarist George. The zine has two issues out and in my opinion is the best punk/hardcore/ska zine in Russia right now. The label has released a bunch of stuff, most recently SVIN'I V KOSMOSE CD, their split tape with THE DIVISIVE from Finland, a NO REST cassette, and more.

Monopolka (www.noiseweb.com/monopolka, Filipp Volokitin, Opochinina 5-20, St. Petersburg, 199106, Russia) is a unique label that's mostly producing artfully packed recordings of noise and experimental stuff. For a while they released a tape a week or so. Their own projects include TALONOV NET, TEA MAN WITH TEA GUM, SOVIET SEX MACHINES, MONOPOLKA etc. Their zine *Sean Penn* should have a new issue soon.

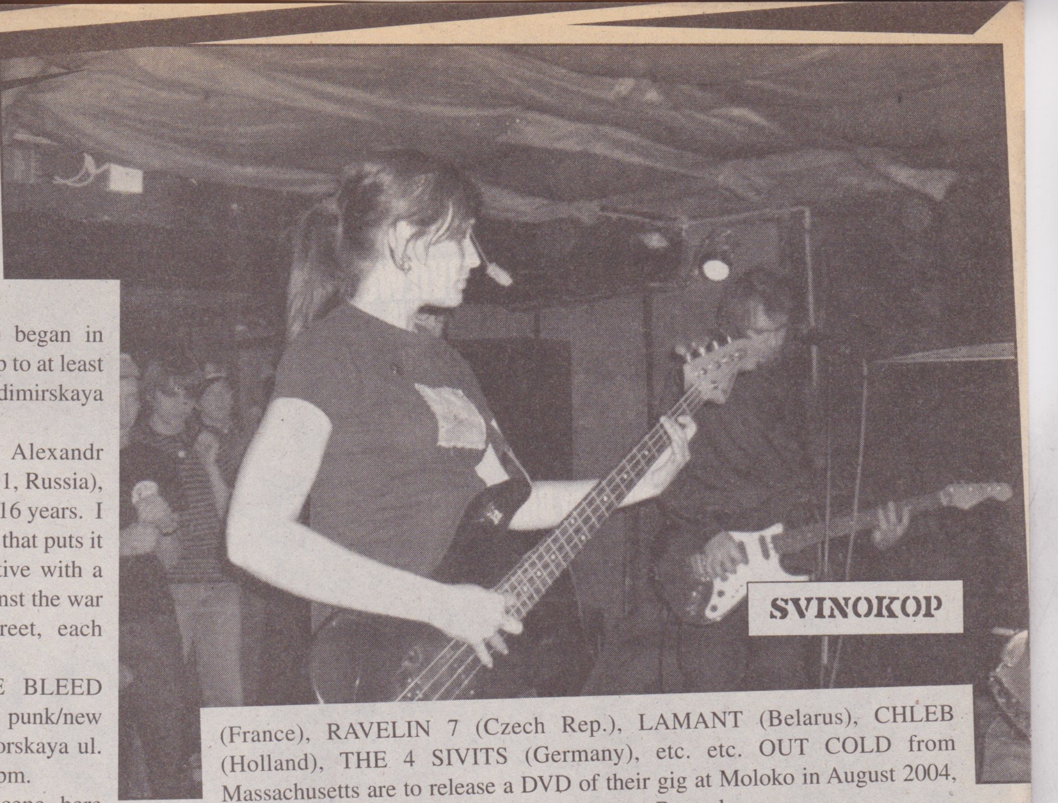
Niesperas (www.niesperas.narod.ru) is the label of Zgibov from POTOM BUDET POZDNO which has released a tape by the American grind band ABERRANT.

Outcry Records (www.outcryrec.narod.ru, Alexandr Volkov, PO Box 59, St. Petersburg, 194223, Russia) is mostly releasing vinyl and CDs in collaboration with international DIY labels, the latest of which were SHEEVA YOGA/MORE BAD NEWS and SPACE TO BEING/TASTE OF FLESH split EPs.

Stauropygial Records (www.staropygial.spb.ru, RA Pavlov, PO Box 429, St. Petersburg, 191123, Russia) is the label of ANKYLYM/SVINOKOP member Lyagin and a pretty active one at that, mostly dealing with weird and experimental music, but also some hardcore punk – such as, a SVINOKOP split live tape with Belarussian thrash heavyweights LAMANT.

Szss is my label with over thirty mostly cassette releases, some of the more recent ones include stuff by NINE SHOCKS TERROR, OUT COLD, a LAMANT/SVINOKOP split live tape, and *Something Must Be Done* compilation with six political HC-punk bands from six continents (DAMAGE DEPOSIT represent North America). I should have a second issue of my English-language zine *Blah-Blah-Blood* out in September, along with ninth issue of *Nozhi I Vilki* zine which I do with Zhenya of Epicenter Infoshop; it's one of Russia's oldest zines.

More DIY releases and zines are being brewed as we speak but it's better to wait until the stuff is actually out!


SVINOKOP

MISC.

St. Petersburg Food Not Bombs group began in January 2005 and is really lively, attracting up to at least a hundred diners — the servings are on Vladimirskaya square each Sunday at 4 pm.

Novy Svet (www.novsvet.narod.ru, Alexandr Yermakov, PO Box 32, St. Petersburg, 194291, Russia), an anarchist newspaper, is going strong after 16 years. I believe Issue #62 is the latest one. The group that puts it out, *Petersburg League of Anarchists*, is active with a bunch of stuff, including regular pickets against the war in Chechnya (Malaya Konyushennaya street, each Sunday at 2 pm).

The ex-singer from 'TIL I DIE/WE BLEED CHARISMA Pasha aka DJ Papochka plays punk/new wave/indie, etc. at Novus Bar (Bolshaya Morskaya ul. 8) on Monday and Thursday nights after 11 pm.

There's a small animal rights/vegan scene here which is partly punk — vita_spb@yahoogroups.co.uk is the mailing list address. St. Petersburg has quite a bunch of veggie cafes (Troitsky Most - 5 locations, Drugoi Mir, Idiot, etc.) if you're interested in this kind of stuff.

Gig-wise, the shows are rather regular and are mostly happen at Moloko (www.molokoclub.ru, Perekupnoi per. 12) and Deep Sound (www.deepsoundclub.com, pr. Chernyakhovskogo 31) clubs. Some of the recent foreign bands to play here are SONS OF SATURN (France), RAVELIN 7 (Czech Rep.), LAMANT (Belarus), CHLEB (Holland), THE 4 SIVITS (Germany), etc. etc. OUT COLD from Massachusetts are to release a DVD of their gig at Moloko in August 2004, which was filmed by Alex Volkov of Outcry Records.

There was an illegal outdoors gig on the 2nd of July on a dam that connects the Gulf of Finland coast with Kotlin island where Kronstadt is. It was organized largely by Lyolik of the indie band MORE & RELSY and featured RAY (Moscow), SANDINISTA!, 8HERZ, OPARYSH OSOZNAL, ENGAGE AT WILL, CUT'N'RUN etc. I missed it though 'cause I was abroad at the time. It had a really nice atmosphere, or so I was told.

Till next time, Photos by Kroll, Mika Isomaa, Misha Fake, Vasya

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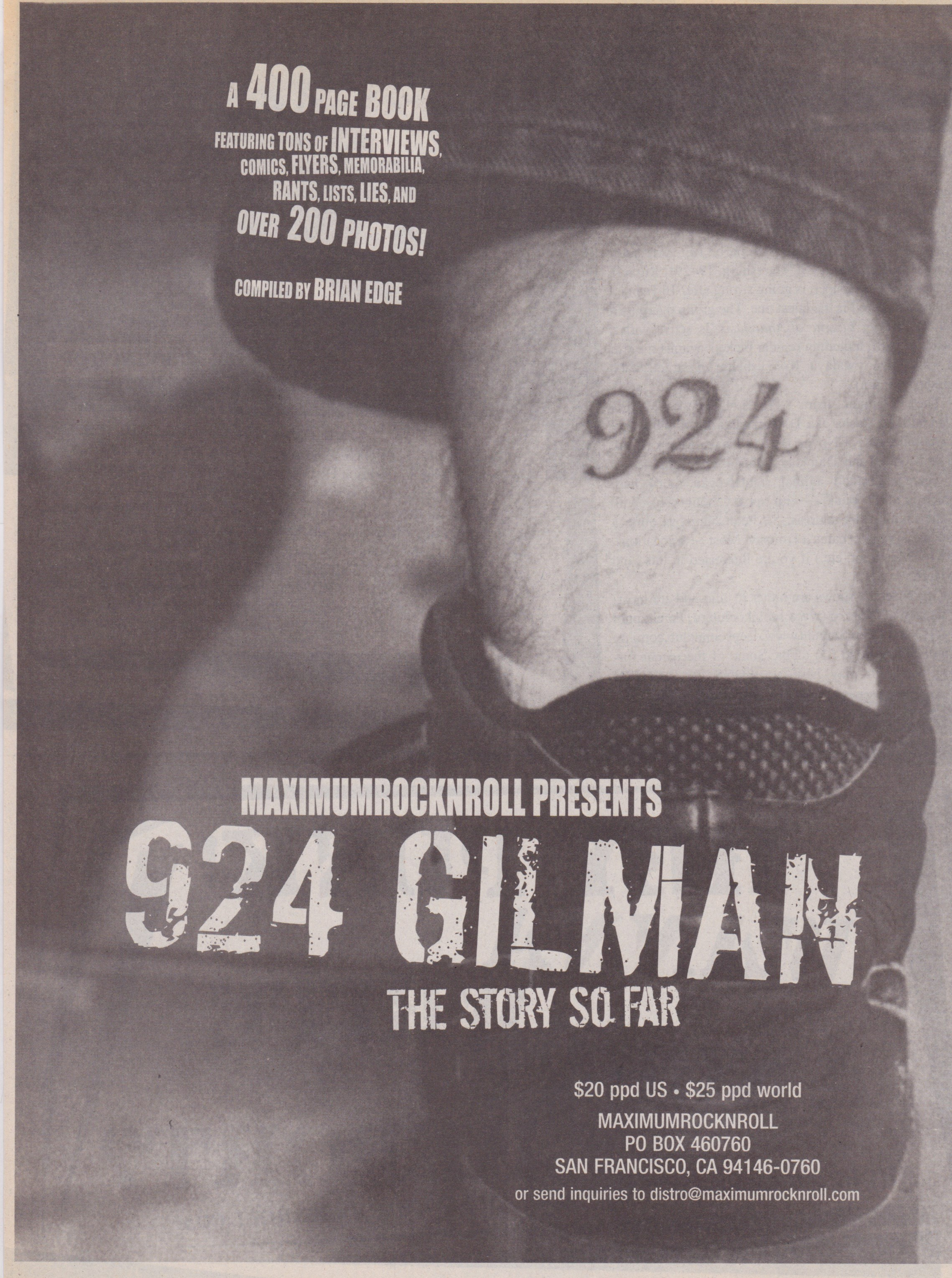

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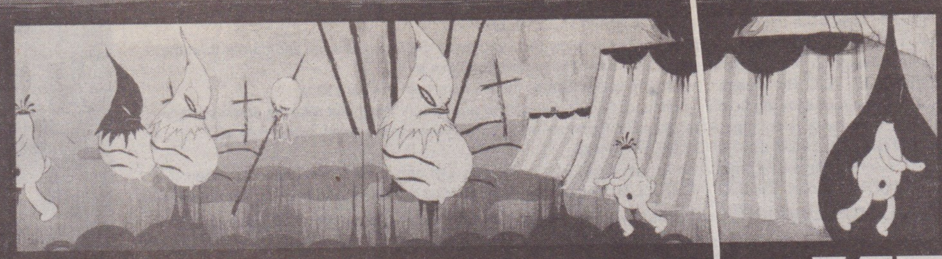

For those of you still reeling in the wake of ***Never Breathe What You Can't See***, here's some more! Further off the deep end and more Melvinoid this time, **Jello and the Melvins** serve up six more studio tracks (including a cover of **Alice Cooper**'s "Halo of Flies"), remixes by **Al Jourgensen**, **Dälek**, and the **Deaf Nephews**, and to top it off: an all-new live version of the DKlassic "Kaliförnia Über Alles" – this time about the gübernator, Schwarzenegger himself-and not a moment too soon! Featuring killer artwork by Camille RoseGarcia! Say it loud, say it proud – "Sieg Howdy!"

JELLO BIAFRA WITH THE MELVINS

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F-MINUS

WONT BLEED ME / FAILED SOCIETY

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Tarantella.

Esqueletos

From the fertile breeding ground of Denver, Colorado, comes Tarantella. A heady mix of spaghetti western twang, south American mystique, gritty Americana and lush, seductive female vocals, Tarantella sounds like the soundtrack to a movie that would be fucking awesome. Featuring former and current members of 16 Horsepower, Slim Cessna's Auto Club, Woven Hand, Lillium, and Blood Axis.

16HORSEPOWER

Olden

Hoarse

From the Rocky Mountain state of Colorado comes "the best band my home state ever produced," according to Jello Biafra. Finally available again, these two albums are essential listening . Somewhere between alt-country, dark Americana, blues, and... a lot of other stuff, 16 HP may no longer be a band, but their music survives them via these mandatory reissues.

turn me on dead man

god bless the electric freak

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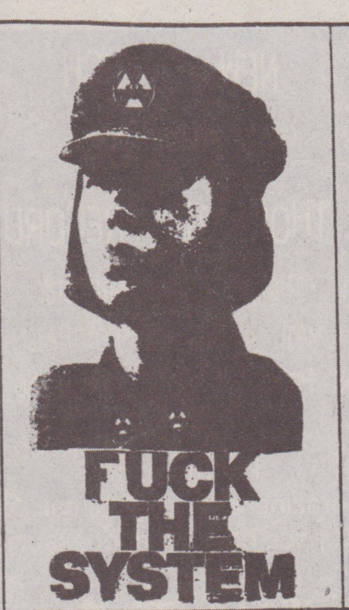

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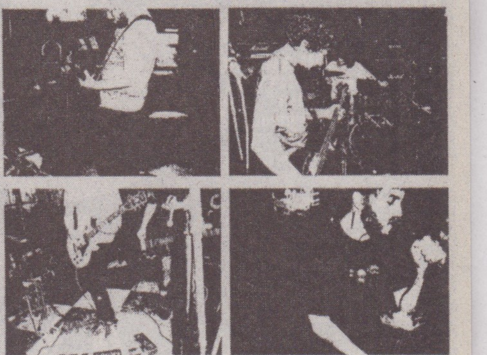

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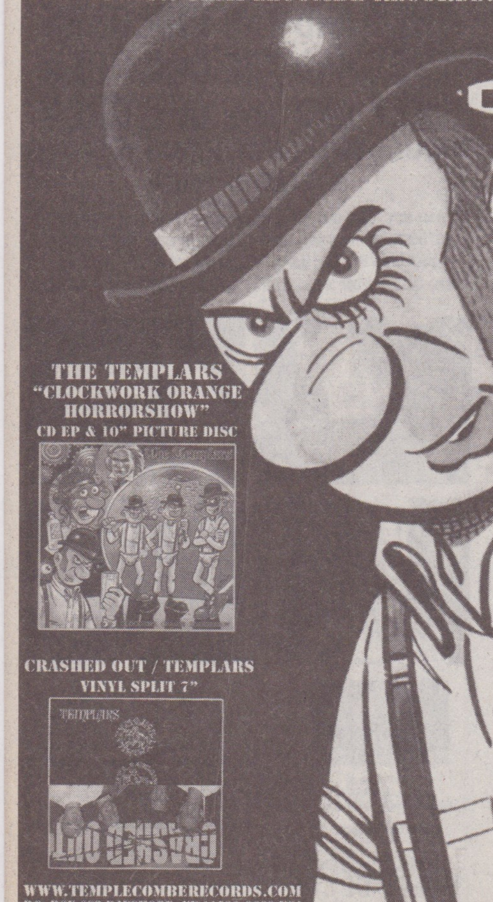

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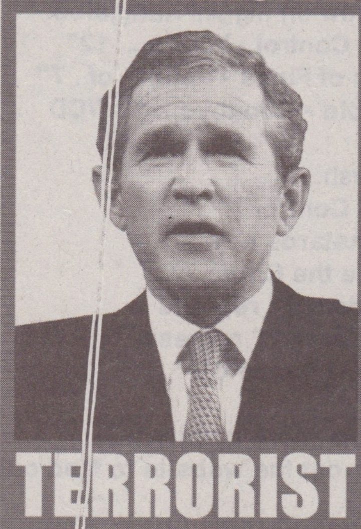

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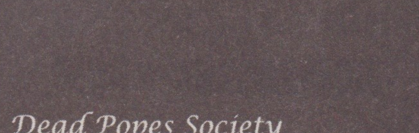


Dead Popes Society

Grey Days

REGULATIONS

IN THE SUMMER OF 2001 I ENDED UP DRIVING/HELPING A HANDFUL OF BANDS ON THEIR TOURS ACROSS THE USA. AMONG THEM WAS ETA, WHO BROKE UP WHEN THEY RETURNED TO SWEDEN, SOON AFTER I LAST SAW THEM. SINCE THEN, THREE OF THE FOLKS INVOLVED IN THAT BAND HAVE REGROUPED WITH A GREAT NEW BAND, THE REGULATIONS. THE PUNK SCENE ACROSS THE US HAS BEEN FULL OF NONSTOP BUZZ ABOUT THE BAND, AS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CHECKING OUT—AND GETTING BLOWN AWAY BY—THEIR RECORDS. THEY ARE COMING TO THE US IN OCTOBER FOR A TOUR, AND I FIGURED I'D TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO CATCH UP ON WHAT THEY'VE BEEN UP TO SINCE THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM. INTERVIEW WITH OTTO (VOCALS) AND MARCUS (GUITAR) AND INTRODUCTION BY DAVE HYDE. PHOTOS BY FREDRIK JONSSON AND BY ANDY INSTIGATE.

IGGY
REGULATIONS
REGULATIONS
REGULATIONS
REGULATIONS
REGULATIONS

The last time I saw you guys you were getting ready to head back to Umeå after your US tour with ETA. What was the sequence of events that led to ETA's breakup and your reformation as REGULATIONS?

Otto: After we got back from the US with ETA, we didn't do anything for some months. Marcus and I had discussed an eventual breakup while we were in the US and we all felt that we had done everything we could with ETA. Musically we'd painted ourselves into a corner — everything we did was super fast and not too well thought through, nor was it fun to play anymore. You could basically say we wanted to do something else and fast hardcore was not our thing anymore.

Marcus: We did our last show at a local punk festival here in Umeå in November of 2002, and after that we started Regulations.

The new band brought about a new sound, but I'm wondering if it brought a new set of influences or if you're still going after the same style that you were with ETA?

Marcus: I'm still influenced by much of the same stuff as a couple of years ago, but there are also lots of new (old) influences.

Otto: Well, obviously we're not going after the same style or sound with Regulations. I think there is still some connection though. The two bands are in one way going after the same thing, and we're almost the same people. So we didn't go from leftwing to rightwing, not from Satan to Jesus if that's what you mean.

Not at all what I mean. I was thinking that both bands were attempting roughly the same style, but you'd figured a way to refine the sound and get it closer to what you're after. Anyway, you mention a changing of influences. What were some of the things that you guys were getting into at the start of Regulations that were inspiring the way you wrote songs?

Otto: The fascination for high-speed hardcore changed. I realized that you don't have to play at an ultra-pace to be hard. I still like fast hardcore; I just don't want to play it anymore.

Marcus: One major difference is that we put a lot of time and effort in our songs with REGULATIONS. We do almost everything together down in the rehearsal space and we're not satisfied until everyone is pleased with how a song turns out. Lots of ideas and songs don't make it all the way to

REGUL

our records. In other words, we try to make the best fucking music we can together.

AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ was the first modern band that I heard that I thought actually sounded like the bands they were into, instead of sounding like a modern band trying to sound old. Was APA inspirational to you in terms of helping you figure out how to sound truer to the sound you were after?
Otto: We learned one thing from AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ: if you're gonna do something, do it with all your heart and don't compromise with whatever's in your way.

When did REGULATIONS play their first show? How many shows have you played since then?
Marcus: We played our first show in March 2003, and we've done around 30 shows so far. We've played mostly in the north of Sweden but we've done some gigs in Norway and in Denmark, at the K-Town festival in Copenhagen.

Umeå's a college town, right? Does that keep fresh faces constantly coming into town and getting involved in punk?
Otto: Umeå is a college town, but I don't know about that giving us fresh kids here. The last couple of years it really slowed down, I think. Umeå has some good bands right now. Sad to say it's the same five to ten people that are involved in these bands. But that story goes for most other towns too, I guess. It's not this big hardcore scene with 300+ kids at every show; there are the 40 regular visitors.

Umeå seems far away from other major Swedish cities. Do many touring bands make it up north to your city? Does it prevent local bands from playing other cities in Sweden?
Marcus: Yeah, Umeå's far up in the north of Sweden, maybe an eight-hour drive down to Stockholm. I don't think that it hurts Umeå's punk scene. We have to do long drives and are used to it, so lots of Umeå bands are out playing in the south of Sweden and in Europe. I guess it would be better to live down south, so we could play more in Europe, but Umeå is a pretty good town to live in. Most of the good punk and hardcore bands that are touring Europe come all the way up here. I don't really know why, but they keep on coming.

How many times have you recorded with REGULATIONS? What is the band's complete discography? Do you have plans for any future recordings?
Otto: We've recorded five times. The first recording was a demo tape that no one heard.

Were the songs on the demo re-recorded on later releases?
Marcus: There are songs from the demo tape on all our releases, except the upcoming record.
Otto: After that we recorded and released the following stuff: the first 7", aka Survive in the City (2003), Destroy 7" (2004), and the self-titled LP (2005).
Marcus: We've recently recorded eight new songs, which will end up as a 12" on Havoc. It will be out for our US tour in October/November 2005.

How did you decide on the band name "The Regulations"? What does it mean?
Otto: We found it off some record sleeve and thought it sounded cool so we decided to call ourselves that.

So far, each of your records has near-identical artwork. I'm wondering how you came to design the template you've been using (band logo diagonal in the center, splattering around it)? Are you going to continue with the theme on future records?
Marcus: We want people to see that it's a REGULATIONS record by looking at the cover. I think that it's good to keep everything in the same style. Robert came up with the first record covers with our diagonal band logo. We'll keep on doing covers with that style as long as we think it's looks cool.

ETA's US tour had some shows with low turnouts and some spotty gigs. With that experience, why come to the US again with REGULATIONS? Do you think you'll have better luck now? Are you excited about the upcoming tour?
Otto: I don't really know what ETA's US tour has to do with this tour. I've done some really, really shitty gigs here in Europe, but that doesn't turn me off completely so that I never want to play again. Anyone with a philosophy like that must be plain stupid. I just want to go to the States and play music because it's fun. I like to travel and the US is far away, so of course we're excited.

In some ways, the ETA tour is irrelevant to this one, but I can also see how a bad tour experience might help you be extra cautious in setting up a new tour.
Otto: Yeah, of course. If you get burned and know why, there is no reason for you to take the same path all over again. I've never felt that touring is something generally bad or something that's not for me. I know it's a pain in the ass and a shitload of work but when you're playing and talking to people and stuff, it's all worth it. I know this is probably the oldest cliché in the world but it really is damn fun to get the opportunity to go away and play your music.
Marcus: I think our US tour will be a blast. Felix von Havoc is setting it up and he's really putting some time into doing it as good as possible.

In the US, there's often an awkward division between the "hardcore" and "garage" scenes, but lately the line in the sand has been getting blurred. Regulations is one of the bands from the "hardcore" side that's causing folks who are otherwise oblivious to bands on the labels that you're on to go nuts and reconsider their opinions of hardcore. Were you aware of this crossover?
Otto: No, I wasn't aware of this. Here in Sweden there is a distinction between hardcore punk and garage but it's not two totally different worlds.
Marcus: We've played with both hardcore bands and garage rock bands and I think that we have more in common with the garage bands than with an average youth crew band. It's up to the people who listen to our records to decide if they like it or not. I don't care if they have greasy hair, a shaved head, or a mohawk. The only thing that bothers me with this hardcore vs. garage thing is that people always label Henry Fiat's Open Sore as a garage rock band, when they sound more like a hardcore band than most hardcore bands do at the moment.

Are there any European bands that you feel a kinship with in regards to your musical vision?
Otto: We've been on tour with Knugen Faller and play occasionally with Gorilla Angreb and HFOS. They're all cool guys, but HFOS is the most fucked up of the ones mentioned above. I can never stress enough how good they are—everybody should check them out. They're a totally amazing live band too!

I'd heard two rumors regarding your band: First, that you turned down a record contract with Epitaph/Burning Heart, and secondly, that you refused to give an interview with Horizontal Action magazine. Are these true?

ATIONS

Otto: Yes, they're both true. Burning Heart couldn't offer us anything of worth, and I totally despise the "small band, big label" story that you hear every now and then. They won't help you in any way, you won't make any money (if that what's you hoped for), and they won't care about or prioritize you. You will get burned, bummed out, and deceived. My experience tells me that nothing good can come out when you mix rock and money, so fuck that. For me it's all about integrity and keeping the decisions within the band.

Marcus: The only thing I can say about Horizontal Action is that I checked out their website and I don't think we need shit like that. We wrote them and said that they could shove their porno up the ass!

You have a song called "Police Siren" and another called "Policecar." You have "Sex With Jesus" and "No More Hell." There's also "My Life My Problems," "My Future," and "I Feel Sick" which starts with the line, "I got problems." Explain the repetition of lyrical themes? Why did you decide to reprise certain topics?

Otto: I basically write about stuff that happens in life and sick or funny things that I hear about. I think people are smart enough to draw the conclusion that I don't like war or corrupted governments, and that I do like sex, having fun, and drugs. I don't have to write songs about that. If you think I'm repeating myself it's because the stupid shit happened all over again.

Those songs are really connected to a certain time and situation. "My Life My Problems" is about some shitty separation, "My Future" is about getting older, and "I Feel Sick" is about depression and being under-stimulated. "Sex with Jesus" is about a religious sect here in Sweden that killed some people. The killer claimed she'd been having sex with Jesus. "Policecar" is about when I got caught for a hit and run that I never did. I don't even have a car or a license.

Whoa! How was that resolved?

Otto: They just let me go. The whole thing was kind of bizarre. I was out for a late night walk and suddenly, about 20 meters from my apartment, a civilian car showed up and out came a police officer. He grabbed me and pushed me against his car. Next thing I knew I was sitting in another police car answering questions about my whereabouts and stuff. After a while they got a phone call and they realized I wasn't the guilty one. They said I matched some description they had, which was "dark clothes." Talk about some waterproof evidence 'eh? Stupid fucks.

Why do you write your lyrics in English, even though it's not your native language?

Otto: We tried out Swedish but it didn't suit the music at all. None of us are talented lyric writers. We're all musicians so lyrics are always second priority for us, but I wouldn't write something I didn't believe in or couldn't back up.

It's clear that your heads are in '82. Why is that? What drives you to spend your energy with an ultra-retro sound instead of trying to make a new type of noise?

Marcus: We're not ultra-retro sounding. We're just playing hardcore. The thing is that most bands today are playing new hardcore or new punk with only modern influences. I wouldn't call most of the bands today hardcore; they're metal.

Besides Regulations, what else do you guys do in your free time?

Marcus: We all play in other bands. When I'm not playing with Regulations I'm working part time with helping old people. On my free time I like to swim in lakes and collect modern art. Robert is unemployed and is working with the Ny Våg label that put out our LP in Europe. He's really into staying awake all night long and doing art. Jens works as a cook at some restaurants down town and he's a party animal.

Otto: I work part time with really, really old people and I also go to school nowadays; it's so fun! I get to know people from all over the world! Piteå, Holmsund, Boden, Kiruna! It's crazy! Besides that, I'm into action movies and I like to buy expensive wine.

Can you see yourselves still writing and recording Regulations records four to five years down the line or do you think the band has a shorter life span than that?

Otto: That's a very hard question to answer. The fact that I've been playing with Marcus and Jens for six years now is scary if you think about it. I can see myself playing music in five years but I can't say what it will sound like. If you'd asked me five years ago what music I would play today I probably would have said something like the F.U.'s.

What was on the last mix tape that you made?

Marcus: I don't do mix tapes anymore, as my tape recorder is broken. But if I could do one now it would be with songs from some of the records I listened to lately:

G.B.H "Sick boy," BATHORY "The Return of Darkness and Evil," DARKTHRONE "Skjakk matt Jesu Krist," THIN LIZZY "Fighting My Way Back," DIRECT CONTROL "Ronnie's Dead," D.I. "Johnny's Got a Problem," THE EXPLOITED "Jimmy Boyle," THE FEEDERZ "Jesus Entering From the Rear," MAX ROMEO "War Rock," WITCHCRAFT "Witchcraft," THE LEWD "I'm Not Pretty," T.S.O.L. "Code Blue," TURBONEGRO "Wasted Again," and DEL SHANNON "Break Up!"

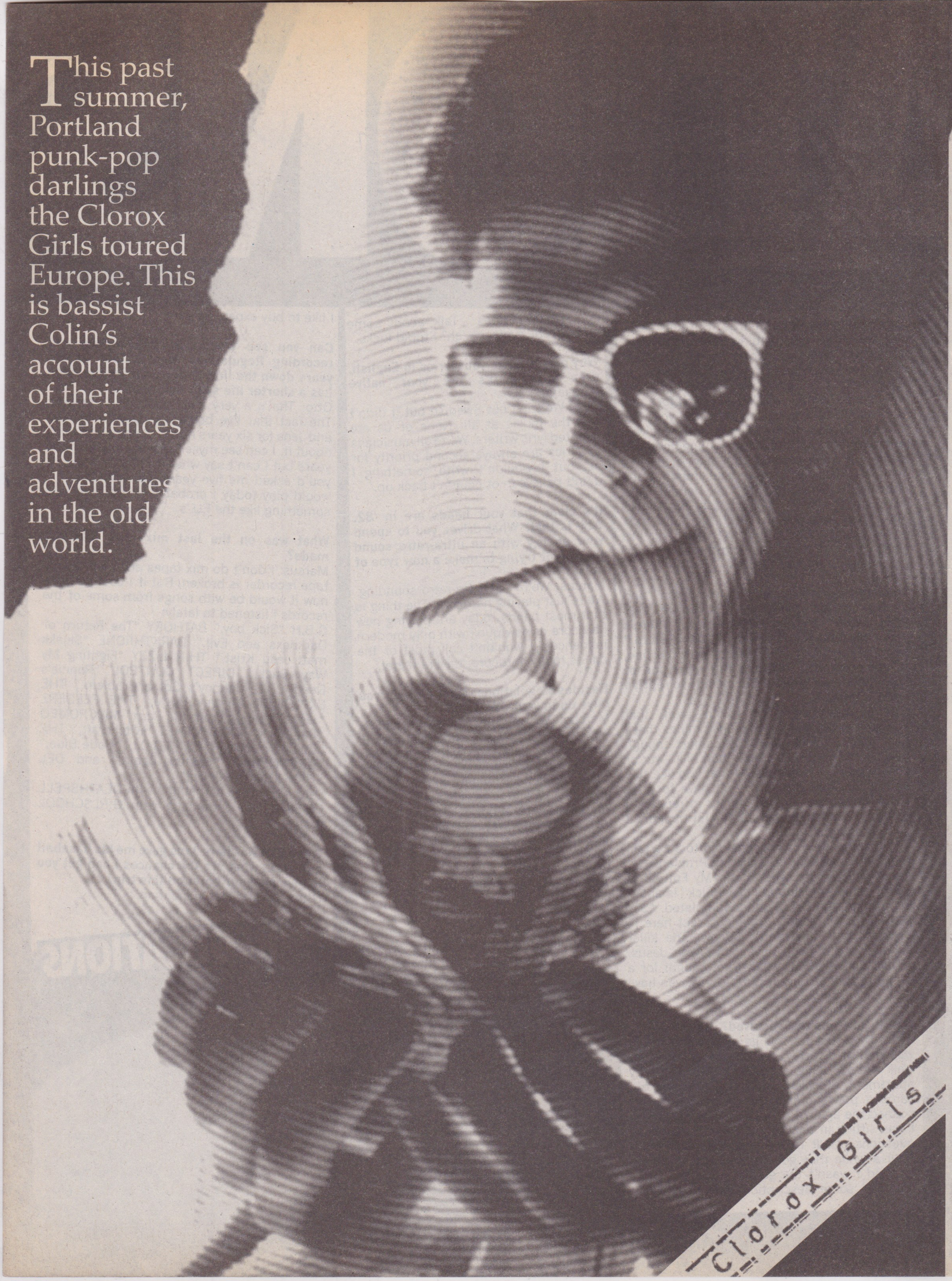
Otto: I'd record something with DEATHSPELL OMEGA, and something with GIRLSCHOOL too.

When ETA was here Jens gave me his baseball hat. Otto, what are the chances I can get you to give me your beret on this trip?

Otto: It's long lost, gone man.

REGULATIONS

This past summer, Portland punk-pop darlings the Clorox Girls toured Europe. This is bassist Colin's account of their experiences and adventures in the old world.



Clorox Girls, Portland, OR

May 4th - home

We had an 11AM flight to Chicago and a direct flight from Chicago to Amsterdam. We didn't send any merch so we packed it all. It's illegal not to declare anything you plan on selling, and if customs found out we would surely be questioned. There are three Clorox Girls: Justin (vocals and guitar), Clay (drums) and me, Colin, on bass. I only joined this past October, which makes me their 4th bassist. We also have two roadies: Devon and Craig. Also for our fist five shows we have a driver by the name of Seetz. We will meet him for the first time in Amsterdam; he hails from Groningen, Netherlands, where our first show is scheduled. After that we're on our own. Seetz rented us a van and backline (aka amps and drums). We land in Amsterdam and get through customs with no problems whatsoever. It was 9 am their time but 1 am our time. A gaunt, goateed man approaches me and says, "Are you in Clorox Girls?" I say yes; this was my introduction to Seetz. I was worried he was a customs agent 'til I saw the Dwarves emblem on his jacket. We drive two hours to Groningen.

May 5th - Groningen, Netherlands @ Vera
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Fries With Mayo

We arrive at Vera around noon. We meet Nynke who gives us some food and shows us to our hotel rooms above the club, which are amazing. We nap and are awoken for a soundcheck at 6:30. We are then fed dinner and my love for European chocolate milk drink "Chocomel" begins. I drank about seven or eight throughout my stay. All beverages were generously provided as was the delicious, copious food. I was told Vera opened in 1898 and started life as a rock club in 1968. We walk around the city and I fall dearly in love with Groningen, The Netherlands, and Europe all at once. These streets all have history, which is something alien to me as a Portlander. We are the only band tonight and go on at midnight to a surprisingly large crowd of 80 or so. The show is super fun—we play our longest set ever, about 30 or 35 minutes. After, the others go to a basement bar and me and Clay grab food. I get a burger with fries with "fritessaus" aka mayo and a fanta grape soda (which was awful. Ewww.) We go back to our rooms and sleep. Tomorrow's drive is a short one, so no morning rush. We are fed a *huge* breakfast, and eventually leave for the next show.

May 6th - Hamburg, Germany @ Beatclub
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Hamburger

We arrive in Hamburg and go to Michael and Nico's apartment. We are told the show starts at midnight and everything in Hamburg is 24 hours. We get to the venue and it's tiny in the best way. We look forward to playing with a band, and the band we're playing with is the Gee Strings from Koln. We find we're playing first so we set up and hang for a while. While we play, one gentleman rips off his tank top and throws it around my neck like a scarf. There is a small but heartfelt moshpit. It goes over well. The Gee Strings then go on and they're pretty Sex Pistols-y with female vocals. They cover "Second To None" by the Avengers and "Ca Plane Pour Moi" by Plastic Bertrand, the latter being noteworthy as we planned to cover it half-assedly when we get to France, but scrapped the idea 'cause they did it so well. Afterwards I meet Marcus, the shirt-tearing mosher, who is from Kassel. He's very nice but so goofy. He talks for a while about how he loves Europe and USA and is very open-minded, and how he hates when people generalize and say Germans are all Nazis. About five minutes later France comes up and he says "To me, all French are the gays." Also, Marcus tells me his favorite bands are from USA. "Pearl Jam and∑uhh∑" I ask "Nirvana?" he says "No, no, too commercial, uhh, oh yes, Temple Of The Dog!" The next day we wake up early for our drive to Sweden. Seetz is a real odd guy and I definitely enjoy his company. He has a long moustache and goatee and it comes up in conversation. He says "I am the only man in all of the Netherlands who still has the same grunge beard for more than ten years." We drive from Germany through Denmark and arrive in Goteborg, Sweden around 7PM.

May 7th - Goteborg, Sweden @ Club Slacker
Noteworthy Food Eaten - 1 Swedish Fish

Fuck. It is *so* beautiful here. Mind-blowingly so. We go to the venue, this four-story building that's been around since 1874 called "Henricksburg." Club Slacker is on the 4th floor with a huge balcony that has an amazing view of the city and the water. We meet Jonk, who set up the show and he is a rad dude. I go to the merch table where Craig is talking to some dude in a Danzig tee. Craig tells him to talk to me. Dude asks "What do you sound like?" I say "punk rock." He says "yeah, but like who?" He had never heard of the bands I mentioned and says, "I am a student and I am poor. If you suck I will not buy your CD. But if you rock, I will." We chat for a bit, his name is Jaan. We play and it's a good turnout. About the 3rd song, this naked dude gets on stage and starts jumping around. Justin grabs his wang and plays a solo with it. After the song the guy says in the mic repeatedly "Get naked! Everyone get naked!" But no one does. Security whisks him offstage and he returns one song later fully clothed. A couple of songs later I see Jaan in the audience and he waves a Clorox Girls CD at me, meaning we passed the test. On top of paying us very well the club gets us two hotel rooms.

May 8th - Arhus, Denmark @ Sankt Anna Grade School
Noteworthy Food Eaten - A Danish

We arrive at the requested 2PM, to find this is in fact at a grade school and there's a bunch of little kids running around out front. We later find out Denmark has "area houses" which are spaces for art or community that anyone can rent. This one just happens to be at a grade school. I meet Mads, who set up the show. His band Taeve goes on around 4 pm to yet another great turnout. At times they remind me of the Sunday Morning Einsteins, and other times like the Dwarves. This is the first show of tour I booked and and I'm very excited. Then we play and it goes over really well. Since the show was so early I had plenty of time to hang out with new friends Mortin, Lou, Kira, Rasmus, Thea, Mads and a different dude named Mads. I'm totally exhausted so much of this time is spent sitting by myself staring at the city. Thea sits down and chats with me for a while. As she is getting up she asks "Why do you sit all by yourself?" in the most concerned voice. I explain I'm just tired. We go to Mads' and I fall asleep immediately, even though it's about 8PM.

May 9th day off

We part ways with Seetz and start driving ourselves.

May 10th - Kassel, Germany @ Haus
Noteworthy Food Eaten - bratwurst

We get into Kassel right on time. We met Eder, who does shows at Haus, then meet up with Stefan. We see a flyer that calls us "Two-Chord Punk Rock Wonders From Seattle" and Stefan apologizes repeatedly for getting the city wrong. His friend Mario shows up and he's a laugh riot. The Hospitals from San Francisco show up. They were recently added to the bill. They're a two-piece garage band that I saw back when they lived in Portland. We roam around then Stefan buys us mountains of delicious salami pizza. I take a nap and when I awake people are starting to show up. The Hospitals play first and they are much better than when I saw them last. Then we play a fun and well-received set. Mario gets even wasteder and dances like an idiot. I hang out again with Marcus, who I met in Hamburg. Justin and Devon go out for drinks with the gang and the rest go back to Eder's to sleep.

May 11th - Dessau, Germany @ Beatclub
Noteworthy Food Eaten - more Bratwurst

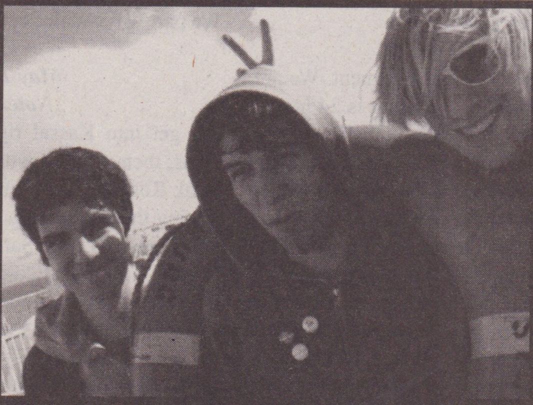
This is our only show in East Germany so we're pretty intrigued. Plus the show is at a squat, plus this is the night we play with Dirk's band, he booked most of our tour and we have not yet met him. Also on the bill is the Twinkles from Venice, Italy. We soundcheck, eat rad pasta, and explore Dessau. Since it was bombed in World War II you can tell there will be a building or a wall that's clearly from 150 years ago and immediately next to it will be one from the 50s. We go back to the club and meet Dirk. I expected a serious, business-y, potentially moustached dude. He was in fact a giggly, super-friendly, goofy German. His band Satellite City played and they were *so* German, it ruled. Dirk sang and sometimes held a note on his key-tar. They had a song called "White Christmas In Black Leather." YES! *Germany*! The place was more or less empty but the show was still fun.

May 12th - Innsbruck, Austria @ PMK
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Ritter Sport

Holy Shit. Northern Austria is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. Fucking breathtaking. Never seen anything close. I get us lost in Innsbruck but we stumble upon the club. We're playing with Anna and the Psychomen from Milan, Italy. The club is under a train bridge and the ceiling is the bottom of the bridge. We roam around beautiful Innsbruck. We come back and see Anna and the Psychomen, who play fun garage tunes in a way I could only picture Italians doing. We play what may be the most fun show of tour. After we are done people keep trying to get us to play more, but we are definitely done. Here's where it gets surreal. The guy who was playing punk records between bands threw on a 50s rock record and everyone went from standing around to wild dancing immediately. Maybe 80% of the people in there danced at the first note, and it was packed. I think I was the only one there who didn't dance, even though I was asked by two girls at two different times, which is absolutely crazy. I don't think I've ever been asked to dance before. The dancing went on 'til about four and included tunes by The Minds (three times!), Hasil Adkins, Ohio Express, Undertones, etc. Good times. We then went to Elmar's and slept. Woke up to breakfast, then left.

May 13th - Neu Ulm, Germany @ NUBahnhof
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Butterbreze (those big pretzels)

We find the address and it turns out the club is in a train station. We load in, soundcheck, eat copious food, then me and Craig explore the city. Across a river is Ulm and it's very beautiful. We look at what the promoter told us is the tallest church in the world and it's totally gorgeous in a Tim Burton kind of way. We see the police station, which was built in 1565 and is stunning. We head back to the show. It's day one of the two day "Big Days In" festival, but it's only three bands. First is Enno Palucca and the Ring Twins who I missed as I was catching up on email. We played second to a not-that-enthusiastic crowd, but it was still very fun. The promoter got us three hotel rooms and me and Clay headed to them. We watch Event Horizon in German and giggle every time they say "*scheizer*!" Sometimes I get sketched out because the world of hotel rooms and deli trays was the world I thought I was rebelling against. I'm very grateful, but also uncomfortable.



May 14th - Munich, Germany @ Monofaktur
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Streusel

Let me back up for a sec. So on our day off in Hamburg I mentioned we met a dude named Jens. During our talking he asked if he flew to Spain, could he tag along for our four Spain shows and we said of course. Fast forward to Innsbruck, Austria before the show. Justin and Devon go for a walk and I'm hanging out at the venue. Elmar runs up and says there's a call for Justin. I take it and it's Jens. He says tickets to Spain are too expensive, could he meet us in Munich and go roadie for twelve days instead of four. We say yes. OK, back to Munich. We arrive early and walk around. We head back to the club at six, when they asked us to be there and the doors are locked. We wait and wait and wait and finally at about eight, Justin gets the promoter's number. We call and he lets us in. Jens shows up and we're excited to see him. I like him, he's a funny guy. The first band is the Hinkels from Vienna, Austria. They play some MDC-meet-Rancid type stuff, Then Anna and the Psychomen played, and I liked them better this time. We play last. Afterwards, as we're loading out, a drunk guy walks up with a bottle of booze. He is chatty but strange and eventually starts banging on the windshield of the car behind us with his bottle. Jens grabs the bottle and Justin sets it on the sidewalk. Two seconds later a bicyclist bikes by and grabs the bottle without stopping. This makes the drunk so mad he grabbed Justin's hair and punches him in the face quite hard. Devon, master of Aikido, gets him in a hold and drunky uses his free arm to punch Devon so I grab his arm, then he headbuts Devon so I grab his head. He calms down and Devon lets him go. He then keeps grabbing Justin and saying the chorus to "The Message" by Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five — "*Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge!*" — over and over. He eventually leaves, we load up and sleep at Ian the promoter's house.

May 15th - Verona, Italy @ Centro (Polisportivo) Avanzi
Noteworthy Food Eaten - PIZZA! IN ITALY! YES!

I love Italy. This city is ancient and still has tons of ancient architecture, like the wall around it and the arena. We roll into town and call Alessandro, who booked the show with a lady named Julia. Alessandro is one of the most charismatic people I've ever met, I don't think I could begin to explain him. Within our first 15 minutes of hanging out he called us faggots, told us to suck his dick, fuck off, etc. I like him. This show was gonna be in a basement but got moved to a bar at a sports club. We go there and meet Mike Lucas, a friend of Alessandro's and Julia, who rules. After about three hours we are treated to a set by the Conquistadore, this dude who "plays" guitar and sings a couple songs. It's hilarious. Then Alessandro's band Out With A Bang plays. Best band of tour, no question. Best band of the year if you ask me. Early 80s HC done uniquely. He is an ideal frontman, he nearly starts a fight almost immediately. Genius. Then Mike Lucas plays the electric sax with Justin on drums for one song, then we play. The audience is delightfully rowdy and much fun is had, including some excellent crowd-surfing. We then head back to Alessandro's. In the morning we have amazing cappuccinos and foccaccia and then go on our long drive to Lyon.

May 16th - Lyon, France @ CCO
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Baguettes

We are very late to the show. We go on about 30 minutes after we get there. And I have to get a bass string. We quickly set up. I ask and someone finds a string. I throw it on, we eat and go on. Justin amp starts sounding like an airplane after a few songs so we play a couple more, then two with Devon on guitar plugged into my amp, Justin just singing and I jump on people. Needless to say we were not well received. A two-piece called Johnny Cash Is Dead played some indie-ish stuff, which was good for what it was. Then Dan Sartain from Birmingham, AL played, which I missed as I was chatting with my friend Cyric, who I was very excited to see. Then Hot Snakes from San Diego played. But they are entertaining. We were added to this show so the promoter said he wouldn't pay us. Emili, my friend who got us on the show, made sandwiches and sold them at the show and made us 75 euros! Not bad.

May 17th - Monpellier, France @ le Plein Lune

Noteworthy Food Eaten - Croissants, baguettes with stinky cheese, Quiche Lorraine, Chocolat

We get lost but still arrive early. We head to a music store to get Justin's amp fixed. We fail but later find we can use a different input on the amp and it works fine. We explore much of Montpellier and it's yet another beautiful city. This place is *so French*! People at the bar barely spoke English. *Yes*! We meet Marc et Sylvie, the promoters. They speak English and are wonderfully nice. We are fed well again and play a good show. Afterwards we head to the club which Marc and Sylvie used to run, but can't do shows anymore due to noise complaints. I fall asleep immediately and wake up in the morning and hang out with Marc. I'm always curious about the history of every city we go to and he tells me Montpellier was started by the Greeks, most likely BC. We ate some bread, then went to another patisserie. Afterwards we headed to La Roca.

May 18th - La Roca Del Valles, Spain @ Local Del Diables

Noteworthy Food Eaten - Éclair In France

For this show we had some directions but couldn't figure them out once we got into town. We see a pay phone and Justin calls the number he has. He gets a hold of someone and explains where we are. She says, "I'll be right there." He asks, "In ten minutes or so?" She says, "No, right now." He looks up and there she is. She was drinking in the bar two doors down and we went there for coffees and beers. La Roca is a very small city (20,000) about 20 minutes outside of Barcelona, in the part of Spain known as Catalunya. We go to the place and it's a squat out in the farmlands. After the drinkers had a few beers, Justin, Craig, Devon and Clay decide to have an uphill footrace. As soon as Craig reaches the top he pukes all over the place. We head back to the club for more drinking (Red Bulls for me). The other band on the bill are El Mal Ja Esta Fet. They play fast hardcore and they're great. Little things always excite me and the fact that I saw I saw a punk band that sang in a language (Catelan) that before today I had never heard of is cool. After they played we were a little nervous, due to the total HC-ness of everyone in the joint. We started playing and played what I am positive was the most fun show of tour. Every other time I would walk into the audience they would lift me up and I would crowd surf. Same with Justin. And on our last song I played drums and Clay played bass and Clay got lifted up too. Since we were so close to Barcelona, where most of us had never been, I proposed us sleeping in Barcelona and leaving from there tomorrow. A nice gentleman named Roger was at the show and lives in Barcelona, and offered us to stay as his place, which we accepted. He gave us his phone number and we said we would call when we got to town. We loaded up, got paid, said our goodbyes and went to town. We called. No answer. A few more times. No answer. We eat delicious moaz falafel. Call. No answer. Drive around. Call. No Answer. Fuck it, we're driving to Madrid.

May 19th - Madrid, Spain @ Revolver Club

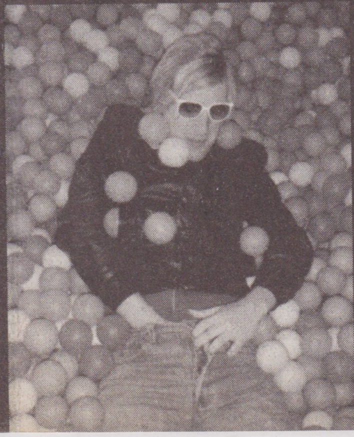
Noteworthy Food Eaten - This Spanish pastry, dunno the name

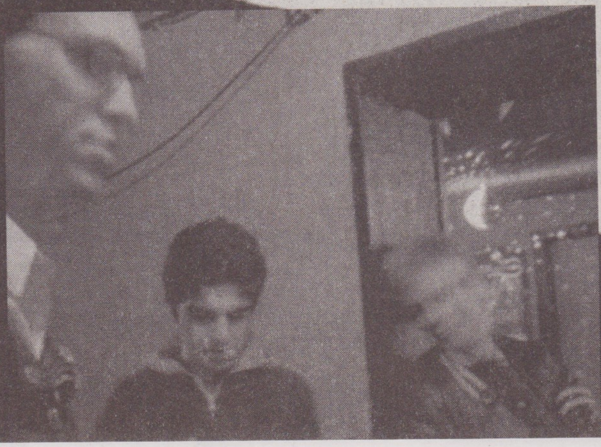
We got into town about 10 am. Found the club. Not open, but the flyer looks cool. We're playing with the Modey Lemon, a garage band from Pittsburgh, and the Ex-Models, a 31G art-spazz band from NYC. It's part of a three-day "festival" with about three bands per day. We roam around Madrid, yet another beautiful city. Justin gets a hold of Nacho, who set up the show, we're gonna meet him at 4:30. So we roam more. Go to a record store. Eat kebabs. Meet Nacho, who is a rad and sweet dude. We all shower (not together, sicko) and head down to the club. It's huge. The other bands are late and the promoter is worried. Nacho takes us to a record store where I spend most of the money I was gonna use to eat for the rest of tour. We head back, the bands eventually show up and soundcheck. I see my friend Paco, really the only friend I knew and hoped to see before tour. I meet Clara who is super nice. We play and the big room fills up. We haul our shit off and the Ex-Models go on. I talk to Paco and Clara in between bands; they're rad people. The Modey Lemon plays and they're a bit too rock for my taste but they're good at what they do. Afterwards we pack up and our posse, Nacho, his friend whose name escapes me and I feel like an ass, Paco, and Clara get some falafels, which officially marks the end of my money. Shit. We go to a couple bars and run into the Zodiac Killers, whose driver is none other than Michael who booked our Hamburg show and is Jens' good friend. Me and Clay and Nacho go back to his place and conk out. The others "party." We wake up very late (as usual) and drive to Gijon.

May 20th - Gijon, Spain @ Sala Inside

Noteworthy Food Eaten - This Noodle Dish With Chorizo

We are officially three hours late. We meet our promoter, Mr. Bratto, who directs us to the club. Gijon is probably the third prettiest city we played after Innsbruck and Verona. It's on the northern coast right on the water. Wow. We got to the club and it's a small bar. I like the intimacy. We find we're playing with a local band called the Black Panthys Party [sic]. We hurry as the show must end at 11. The Black Panthys party are a mix of Poison Idea-y HC, NOFX-y skate-punk and some Circle Jerks thrown in for good measure. I liked them. We set up real quick. But Justin's amp won't work. It takes him about 15 minutes to figure it out which makes our set about 25, no prob. We play a fun show, some danced, a few sang along. Afterwards everyone hangs out outside the club. People in Europe seem to give more respect to bands. Hard to explain, and totally undeserved, but something I want to work on regardless. We get back to Mr. Bratto's for some amazing food, including steak made with honey and vinegar sauce. Christ. Then the drinkers go out for another night on the town and me and Clay sleep. In the morning we eat cookies, then hit the road.





May 21st - Arnedo, Basque, Spain @ Sendero Club
Noteworthy Food Eaten - This Eggy Sandwich, A Staple Of Basque Cuisine

As an Eskorbuto fan, I was very honored and excited to be playing in the Basque country. We arrive and meet Txaco, who put on the show. We load in and he takes us and the other band, Perdadores, out for some food. Justin's brother Jamie, mom, and her boyfriend Pedro live in Bilbao, only 150 kilometers away, so they came down for the show, and he slipped off with them to get food. I talk with Txaco for a while and he is awesome. He told me Eskorbuto recorded a live record at Sendero Club, and they're his favorite band of all time. He also tells me the area Arnedo is in is so old, Cro-Magnon man lived in the caves that still exist in the city. You can't beat that. The show starts about 11:30, the place is big and there are many there. Perdadores play good late-70's punk. Then we play. Not the wildest show but quite fun regardless. I don't know what that means. Two people asked me for autographs, which I never mind, but usually dislike on principle. But I relished them tonight. I wrote "Somos Ratas En Viscaya, Colin." We then left on our 12-hour drive to Paris. Clay drove and I was the wingman. That's a pretty long drive.

May 22nd - Paris, France @ Le gambetta Club
Noteworthy Food eaten - best Baguettes I've ever had. Amazing.

We get into town about two. The others go to a castle in Versailles but I have no money so I sleep in the van. They come back and we find the club and load in. The others take the metro downtown, but I'm broke so I catch up on my journal entries. This is another show with San Francisco's the Hospitals and it's nice to see familiar faces. We meet Pascal and Louie, who set up the show and they couldn't be nicer. We go on first and the show is low-key but fun. The Hospitals are a bit better received but we both went over well. After the show we go to Louie's to eat more (and for the others) and drink more. He lives in a renovated factory owned by the government that they fixed up and it looked amazing.

May 23rd - Kortrijk, Belgium @ The Pits
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Fries

We arrive a bit early and the Hospitals are already there. Our host Ramses is already rip-roaring drunk when we arrive and only gets drunker. The Hospitals play first and they aren't too well-received. We play next and it goes well. After we finish people keep asking for more so Justin jokingly says "uh, the Hospitals are about to play a second set so stay tuned." But nobody got the joke. So everyone kept asking the Hospitals why they aren't going on to the point where they decide "why not?" Their second set went over like a frosty at Wendy's and everyone loved them. Rad. We then went to Ramses' house. In the morning we go back to the Pits and Ramses cooks us breakfast, which is great. Jens and I start drinking Cecemel chocolate milk. After about three each Jens proclaims he could drink ten. I say the same. Ramses leaves and comes back with a crate of Cecemel. After seven each in about ten minutes the nausea sets in. Jens drinks one more then pukes out the window all over the sidewalk, street and wall. Then he drinks another. Fucking iron man. I rolled into the van and we left for Koln.

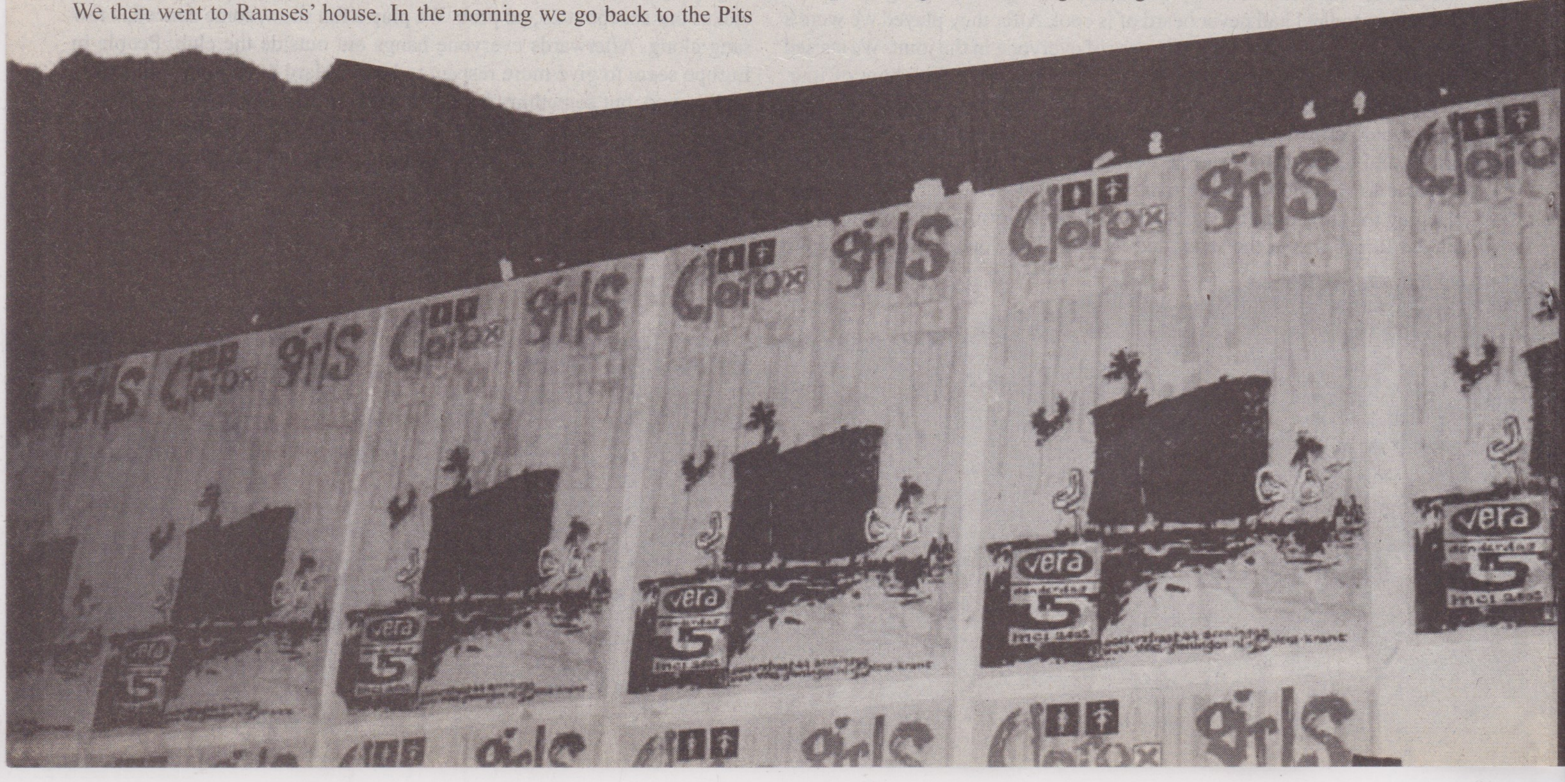
May 24th - Koln, Germany @ Tsunami club
Noteworthy Food Eaten - these Delicious Sour Strips

We only got a little lost but found the place OK. We met the lady who booked the show and she takes us and the other band (the Subway Sewer Rats) out for some delicious food at a restaurant around the bend. We're a bit worried as the Briefs are playing in town the same night and we worry whoever would come see us would probably be at that show. The Subway Sewer rats go on and they are Rancid times Rancid times Germany. They sound just like them. They were entertaining, but nothing special. We perform and the show is fun, some dancers, some sing-a-longers, lotsa smiles. Afterwards I meet lotsa friendly people and we go back to the promoter's boyfriend's vacant house and shower and sleep while others go out and drink, since it's our last night together to do such things. Me and Clay listen to records we bought on tour and I hear "Food Fight" by the Village People for the first time (score! I paid 1 Clorox Girls button for it.)

May 25th - Mannheim, Germany @ Juz
Noteworthy Food Eaten - Nothing Really

Last show of tour. For as exhausted as we are we really aren't that exhausted (it makes sense to me). This show is with the Briefs, who are acquaintances from Seattle, WA, and the Bips, from Holland. We show up and find we're going on first. The Briefs show up and it's nice to talk to them. They are successful to the point where you'd expect them to be kinda lame, but they're just genuine and nice people, it kinda makes me happy. The circus is right next door and Justin and a couple Briefs try to sneak in and fail. Then we go on to a reasonably unenthusiastic crowd but those who are into it seem to be really into it. The Bips play next and they're pretty good. Then the Briefs play. They're a good band. I liked 'em at first then went through a period of not being that big of a fan, but I'm definitely back. In Mannheim, they were great. Afterwards we drove all night to Amsterdam to drop off Jens and meet Seetz at the airport and return the van and gear.

Europe fucking rules. Fucking fucking rules.



NO MORE LIES

No More Lies recently released their third album, 41°46, 5'N-3°1, 9'E on the BCore label, where they leave behind any considerations about post-hardcore for a straight, energetic, and hook-filled punk rock. Fittingly, we met in Calle AC/DC in the Madrid suburb Leganés to discuss the hardcore scene, MTV, and politics. Interview by Jon Albjerg Ravnholt

MRR: Your new album takes its name from the map reference for your hometown, Sant Feliu de Guíxols. Apparently, Sant Feliu is some sort of epicenter for the Catalan hardcore scene — also because you have a studio there.

Santi: Well, there has always been a good scene for hardcore in Sant Feliu. We have a club there, Atzavarra Club, which has always been a meeting place for those who liked hardcore and punk rock. And a festival that's been going some eight years now. So lots of hardcore bands pass by, even though it's a very small town of some 20,000 inhabitants.

Roger: We also had a venue, so everyone would come play there when they were on tour. They'd play Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, and then also play Sant Feliu.

MRR: It's a bit north of Barcelona, isn't it?

Roger: It's 80 kilometers north of Barcelona and 100 kilometers from the French border.

Santi: And because I have the studio, all the Spanish hardcore bands have been coming by to record there.

MRR: And then you're on BCore from Barcelona, one of the bigger Spanish hardcore labels, who celebrated their fifteenth anniversary this year.

Roger: It's the Spanish label that has been the most supportive of, well, the underground. And we're very happy to be with them, because they give us total freedom.

MRR: You sing in English, and I've read in an interview that it has been something of a problem for you, because there's more support for bands that sing in Catalan.

Santi: Well, it's that the Catalan government considers Catalan music only to be that which is sung in Catalan, and so there's no financial support for us. But then we didn't form this group to get government support. That was never a priority.

MRR: But a lot of hardcore groups sing in their native tongue, like Ratos de Porão, Horda Bastarda from Madrid, and a lot of Danish groups as well.

Roger: Well, it's more of a challenge for us to write lyrics in English, whereas in Spanish or Catalan we could just knock it out. We have to work harder to get it right.

Santi: But we have also made songs in Catalan. When we started, ten years ago, we had a couple of songs in Catalan as well.

41°46,5'N
3°1,9'E
INDIANA
SWIMMING

MRR: You've been together for ten years?

Roger: Yes, we have known each other since we were children, and we have played since then.

MRR: And made three records along the way, of which the latest is supposedly a lot harder than your earlier records.

Roger: It's a lot faster, more direct, and more energetic.

Santi: The songs are shorter, more festive, better suited for playing live.

MRR: And it's a very political record as well.

Roger: Socially political, yes, because all the problems we face come down to political situations and those in power, so we describe what we meet personally: the in-your-face experiences. Our songs are about what we experience living in our town, living in Sant Feliu, and that allows us to be much more direct about it, than if we were to talk about some political situation in Denmark, for example.

MRR: To me it seems like this is something relatively new, that's it's come back these last four years or so, while music in the 90s wasn't that political.

Santi: I see a lot of the same spirit in the bands that come by the studio; that they attack whatever there is that should be attacked, and that goes for most of them. The bands from France will attack situations in France, everyone working with what's happening in their surroundings.

MRR: Catalunya is more leftist than Madrid, too, isn't it?

Santi: Well, if you know a minimum of Catalan history, you know that you have to be a leftist there, or an asshole. Franco died in '75, a lot of time has passed, but still things are like this.

MRR: You treat a lot of the classic hardcore themes, like TV, police, religion, but at the same time there's a quite romantic tone to it, as in "Beside the Pier." While maintaining your political stance, is it time to put the seriousness of earlier hardcore behind you?

Santi: Well, we've always made these rather pessimistic songs, but a lot of these came out of bad conditions. But you also have to think positively at times; believe that things are gonna be fine after all, so let's spill the drinks.

Roger: A bit of "come on." We like this positivist attitude, and it's great when we play live, like yesterday in Valencia, where it was absolutely bestial! That has to make you positive! We want people to feel good, have a good vibe, a good feeling about it.

MRR: This is a strain that goes all the way back to old school hardcore like Bad Brains, the positivism. Is that where your roots are?

Santi: It's definitely where we meet, it's where we began. Of course there have been times where I've listened to other music, just like Roger has, just like Maxi has, but we've also listened to all of these records, seen all the videos, and we're very much fans of hardcore. And I think in No More Lies this is what we continue to do, apart from the music each of us has been listening to. We play punk rock; we stay true to hardcore. That's what I like about Fugazi, that they have their base in hardcore, but at the same time they've always been very experimental.

MRR: So, what effect has the MTV punk of bands like Sum 41, Blink 182, or Millencolin had on a group like you?

Roger: None, I think. These bands, like nü-metal, to me it's obvious that they have nothing to do with us.

MRR: But could these bands have the effect that someone listening to them might get into other bands, like yours, for example?

Roger: But all these bands are manufactured, everyone's handsome, it's very superficial.

Santi: Oh, there's Maxi.

Maxi: Hi!

WELL, IF YOU KNOW A MINIMUM OF CATALAN HISTORY, YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE TO BE A LEFTIST THERE, OR AN ASSHOLE. FRANCO DIED IN '75, A LOT OF TIME HAS PASSED, BUT STILL THINGS ARE LIKE THIS

MRR: Hi! We were talking about the significance of the more commercial MTV punk bands; if they have made more people to get into punk rock and hardcore, or if they're separate things.

Maxi: Well, some of these bands started out the same way as us, at our level, playing clubs and all. Green Day started like that, and I guess we were fans of Green Day at that point. Then came a point where they wanted to start selling it to the masses, and that's where we stood off. All these pretty boy bands, all California style, like Blink 182 that seem so manufactured, we're not gonna compete with that, and I don't think their fans would be into our music. They're probably satisfied with what they see on TV. But of course, if they chance upon us, they might like it, and they can download a video off the Internet and all, but to me it's two different things.

MRR: It appears to me that in the universities here in Spain, at least in Madrid, there are a lot of hardcore fans. Is hardcore intellectual?

Santi: I don't know — we never went to the university. We're regular people coming from a small town, we've never traveled much, and then only to play. I don't know what it's like in the universities; my impression is that again it's more the commercial hardcore, but I don't know.

Maxi: From what I recall from my time in university, there wasn't much of a scene. There might have been people there listening to hardcore, but there were no groups coming out of the universities, no movements. That's more on the level of cities, people there, meeting in the streets. They might attend university, but it doesn't come from there.

MRR: So why is hardcore and punk rock so fantastic a thing?

Santi: Well, because of the feeling it gives anyone who listens to it for the first time. I suppose classical music could do the same for you, but in hardcore there are the lyrics as well, the feeling that you have to do something to change the world. That appeals to me.

Roger: Even so, it appears to me that all these bands that go under the name hardcore, but are much more commercial, like we talked about. I think they have devalued this somewhat. Of course I'm talking about the bigger picture here; naturally there's still a genuine element, and everyone's got their own way of getting things done. But a lot of people have entered the scene these last years, and I'm not sure if it has been particularly fruitful for the scene.

Santi: A lot of the new bands, their dream is to play the big venues, it seems like the essence, the authenticity, has been lost on them.

MRR: But couldn't you be too authentic, too? Stephen Blush wrote in his book *American Hardcore,* that hardcore only lasted from 1980-85, that everything afterwards has been a recycling and a commercialization.

Santi: Well, of course that doesn't go for us! But yes, it's true that for some people it's like changing your coat, it's not that significant as it might have been earlier, in the 80s. But you know, I read all of these books on punk as well, and every author has his own opinion about when it began and when it ended, like "Malcolm started the Sex Pistols, and that's where it ended." But a lot of good things happened after that as well, you know. So for someone it might feel as if it ended in '85, but we might share the same feelings he felt in the early 80s, we have similar problems in our time.

Roger: It comes back to the thing about punk rock feeling so good, writing it, playing it, listening to it. People coming up to you to tell you they dug the record. Well, thanks!

MRR: Well, that's all I have. Will you be touring Europe with this record?

Roger: We have played around in Europe a few times, in the states as well. We recorded our last album there. We'll have to see, sometime around September / October I think we'll tour Europe to present this album.

MRR: At Munster Records they told me a lot of Spanish groups have problems with getting heard outside Spain.

Roger: Well, it's about getting connected with other bands, so you can do each others favors this way. You'll play in their town or country, and they'll play yours. That's how you do it. Simple really. www.bcoredisc.com

Jon Albjerg Ravnholt is contributor and co-founder of the Danish garage / punk rock magazine LowCut www.lowcut.dk

TAXI

My friends Taxi don't need an introduction anymore. After years of shows and great recordings, they've became one of the wildest and most authentic punk rock realities on the planet! Experiencing their live set could give life back to the deadest of all corpses. Try to imagine a mix of juvenile rage, sensuality, and outstanding creativity, all spiced up by an untamed stage performance that only few bands are nowadays capable of offering.

I am proud that I got to know them and support them for all these years and to be their sincere friend. Trust me, this is not the usual band, the Taxi are just "thee best."

Translation by Tina "Chang" Pedone.

MRR: Let's begin with a classic. When did you start playing?

Taxi: We started about twelve years ago ('92-'93); we used to rehearse after school. I was the youngest, 13 years old. After a few months Tenda, the singer, came along, he was the oldest, he was then 15.

We grew up in Rome's suburbs and the band was for us something to break a routine made of afternoons spent playing pool, drinking, and smoking. A pretty cool bunch of kids started following us, we looked rather threatening, we almost seemed like a baby gang!

Anyhow, things weren't going the best at first. We were completely detached from the music scene in Rome at the time, and, moreover, we didn't have any money to record. It's weird that the only one person who had interest in us was the drug dealer of our neighbourhood. Such a freak, he didn't know anything about music and I never truly understood why he was so much into us.

Probably his innate disposition for bad business made him think we could have got big.

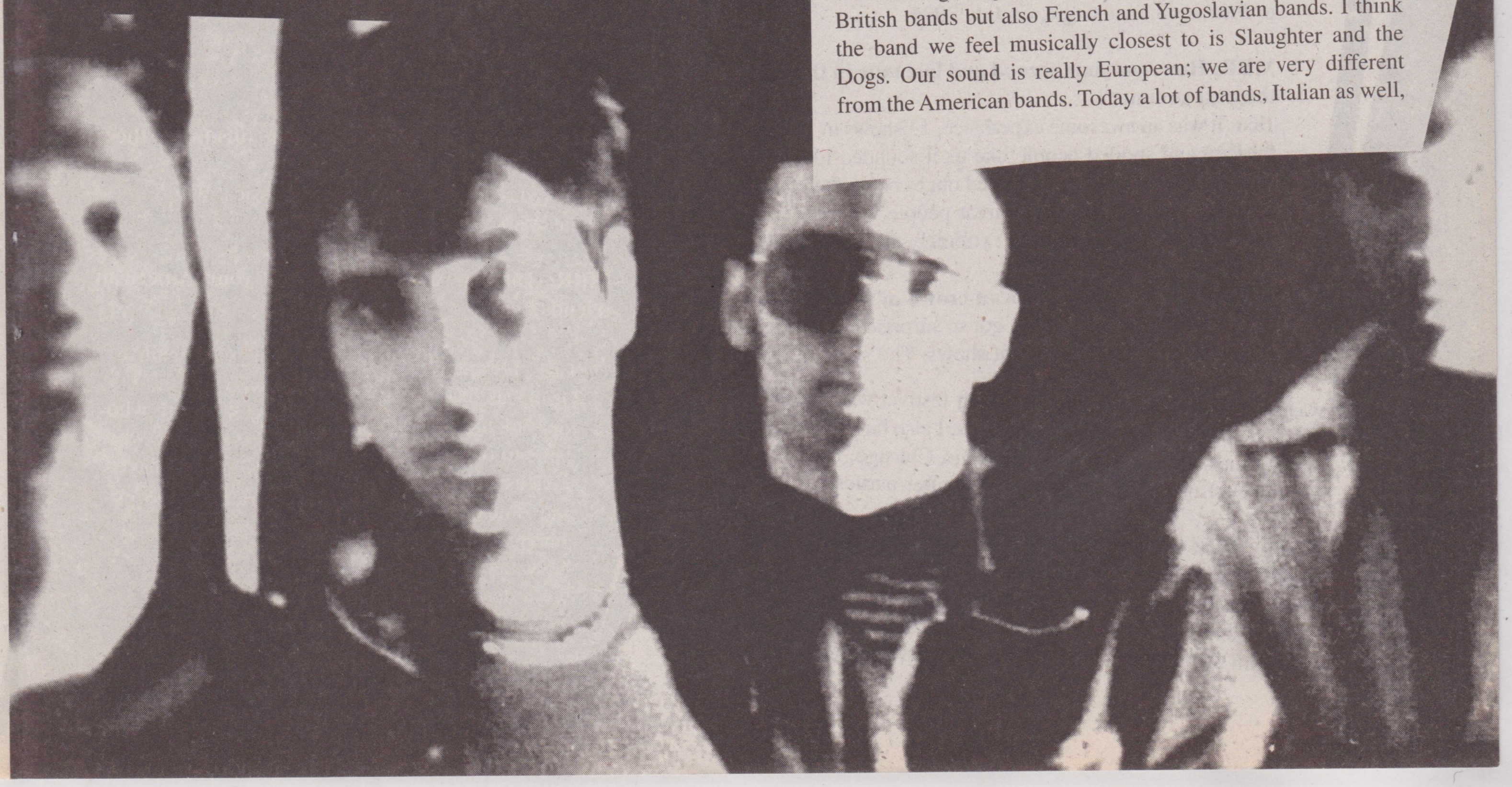
I remember he once gave us some hash and said: "With the money you get from this go to a studio and record, you'll give me the money back at some point." We followed his words. Well, he never really saw the money, but his name is in the thank you list of our first 7".

MRR: Tell us about your first gigs…

Taxi: The first real show happened, in fact, because of you. We met you in 1998, one day I received your phone call, you said you heard our demo tape. You sounded so excited, singing our songs on the telephone. Not long after, we put out our debut record. The first 7", "eat me/my finger" came out in December 1999 and was a co-production Rave up records and Hate records. It's been one of the best Christmas presents ever!

MRR: What are the bands that most influenced you?

Taxi: I can't say who influenced us the most. We grew up with the classics, stuff like Dead Boys, Damned, Ramones…then we started getting interested in less known European bands: British bands but also French and Yugoslavian bands. I think the band we feel musically closest to is Slaughter and the Dogs. Our sound is really European; we are very different from the American bands. Today a lot of bands, Italian as well,



want to have an American sound. We are different, we have our own style, our own sound.

MRR: What do you mean by "European sound?"
Taxi: I mean that a lot of bands try to play like the old American KBD bands. We have a completely different sound, and it is so also in the live act; we are not very technical but on the other hand we are powerful and tight. I think somebody during our last tour in the US got confused: I remember a guy at the end of a show told me: "Cool, you play some sort of Italian oi!" I've never been into that stuff, I don't like it! I mean, probably some people forgot bands such as Drones, Johnny Moped, Art Attacks, Ivy Green etc. I don't believe these bands can be defined as oi! or hardcore.

MRR: What do you do in your life besides playing?
MRR: We're hard workers, Tenda (the singer) is an athletic trainer, he couches a basket team. Antonio (bass) is a manual worker, Franco (drums) is a truck driver and a rather good boxer. I work with my dad as a mechanic and recently I've been attending a course to become chef and who knows? It could become my future job.

MRR: Does music play an essential role in your lives?
Taxi: Absolutely not, music is a part of our lives, but I'm not the kind of person, and I think I can also speak for the rest of the band, who, sitting at the table with friends in front of a glass of wine, speaks about 7"s and rarities. Even when I go to a club, it's not crucial that I like the music; I could totally have fun just hanging out in wineries and restaurants in Rome, and maybe hitting on some foreign cutie.

MRR: How did you end up on Dead Beat records?
Taxi: You gave me the contact, I remember when I wrote to Tom he told me he already knew our first 7" and that he would have liked to produce the LP. So it was. *Like a Dog* came out on Dead Beat in January 2003 and *Who's to Blame*, our last single, on July 2004.

MRR: How was your second and last tour in the USA, the past summer?
Taxi: It was an awesome experience, 13 shows in 15 days: for lazy and spoiled people like us it sounded like a torture, but in fact everything turned out to be perfect. And it was also because of all the great people we met on the way, everybody proved to be extremely nice and friendly.

MRR: How was the American crowd at shows?
Taxi: Unbelievably cool! We got so surprised to find people singing along the songs at shows. The show in NYC was fantastic, we played the Dot Dash festival with legendary bands such as the Kids and the Weirdos. I also have good memories of the shows in Memphis, St Louis, Chicago, Kalamazoo, Columbus, Boston, and of all the crazy after-parties.

MRR: What do you think of the late 70s Italian punk? Which are your favourite bands?
Taxi: Let me think…besides the two 100% KBD pearls: Tampax and Hitler SS, I think of the Decibels and Rancid X, who with their "Intoxication," wrote the best Italian punk song. I think the best bands overall were the Gags and the Sorella Maldestra.

MRR: Tell me something about shows in Rome. What do you think of the scene?
MRR: I think it's great. There are clubs that book really good shows; a lot of our friends are promoters, so we often happen to see good bands or go to nice parties. And then we (Taxi and Rave Up) booked some kickass shows too — Dictators, Buzzcocks, Vibrators, Testors etc. We've also been the first to take the Kids to southern Europe. There's a bunch of very cool bands in Rome, such as the Transex, and some important independent labels as well.

MRR: What's the best show you've seen recently? And what's the most disappointing one?
Taxi: The worst was by far the Misfits with Marky Ramone playing drums. It was a total robbery for those unlucky bastards who had to pay the ticket. Thank god we were not among them 'cause we opened the show.
The best would be a show I saw in Belgrade, Serbia

It was in a floating little warehouse on the Danube river, the "club" is called *crni Panteri,* which means "black panther." There's a sensational gypsy little orchestra performing there — yeah, I think that was the best show I've seen recently.

MRR: It seems like you're a real fan of the East European countries…
Taxi: The atmosphere in those places is absolutely unique, so as the people are, the cuisine, the girls… On 2003 New Years Eve we had a show in Belgrade, the atmosphere was superhot, to say the least, I remember there were about 700 people for the re-opening of a legendary underground club. So cool!

MRR: Plans for the future?
Taxi: We're working on a new LP.

MRR: What's spinning on your turntable these days?
Taxi: A classic, the biggest of all classics: *Who's next?* by the Who

MRR: Do you wanna say hi to your American friends?

Taxi: I want to say hi and thank you again to Deadbeat records, Tom Hyland who did the US tour, to my *sommelier* pal Andy Sharnoff who came to our show in NYC. To all the people who gave us a place to sleep, to all the bands we played and drank with and to all the friends in NYC, among whom, dearest Andrea. See you soon.
www.taxi.risorse.com
www.dead-beat-records-com

Oil!

AFTER A LONG SEARCH AND COUNTLESS PHONE CALLS I FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE MEMBERS OF OIL! (CORPORAL BOOTS: VOCALS, PRIVATE SKICK: SKINS, BOVVER BOB: BASS, TROI!: GUITAR, AND CLOCKWORK KID: GUITAR), AT A PUB IN CAYUCOS CALIFORNIA TO "DEDUCT" AN INTERVIEW. AS YOU CAN SEE, PERSISTENCE DOES PAY OFF. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN PLEASE RISE... FOR OIL!

MRR: So, how did Oil! come to be Oil!?
Troi!: No one, and I mean no one can explain how Oil! happened. It just did.
Bovver Bob: It just did...with a lot of hard work...and brotherhood played a big role as well.
Clockwork Kid: From a geomorphological perspective it all began with the dinosaurs. They turned into the petrol, then the Arabs came and made the wells, and now we have to bomb those fuckers back to the Stone Age. So, we've kind of come full circle you see.

MRR: Well actually for this interview's sake, I was hoping you guys could try and shed some light on how the band originally formed.
(band looks confused)
Corporal Boots: It was in East Liverpool in the early seventies. I was in primary school by day and a dockworker by night. I worked at a local pub that the Clockwork Kid frequented. I was putting slinkys on escalators when the kid gave me a boot-party. I can't remember exactly why.
Clockwork: We were lads and it was like when Ozzy got beat up by old Geezer Butler on VH1 Behind the Music. I said, "Oi you cunt!" to the Corporal and punched his lights out. Like, "shanghai surprise mutha fucka!" and blam! We then grabbed a pint and began perspiring on how to bring the ultra-agro to the masses. Fortunately for us, on the drive home we hit Skick with our car (because we were pissed and driving on the sidewalk as is the traditional Irish thing to do) and the rest, as they say, is in a history book.
Corporal: That's right. I remember now. I have only one testicle as a result.

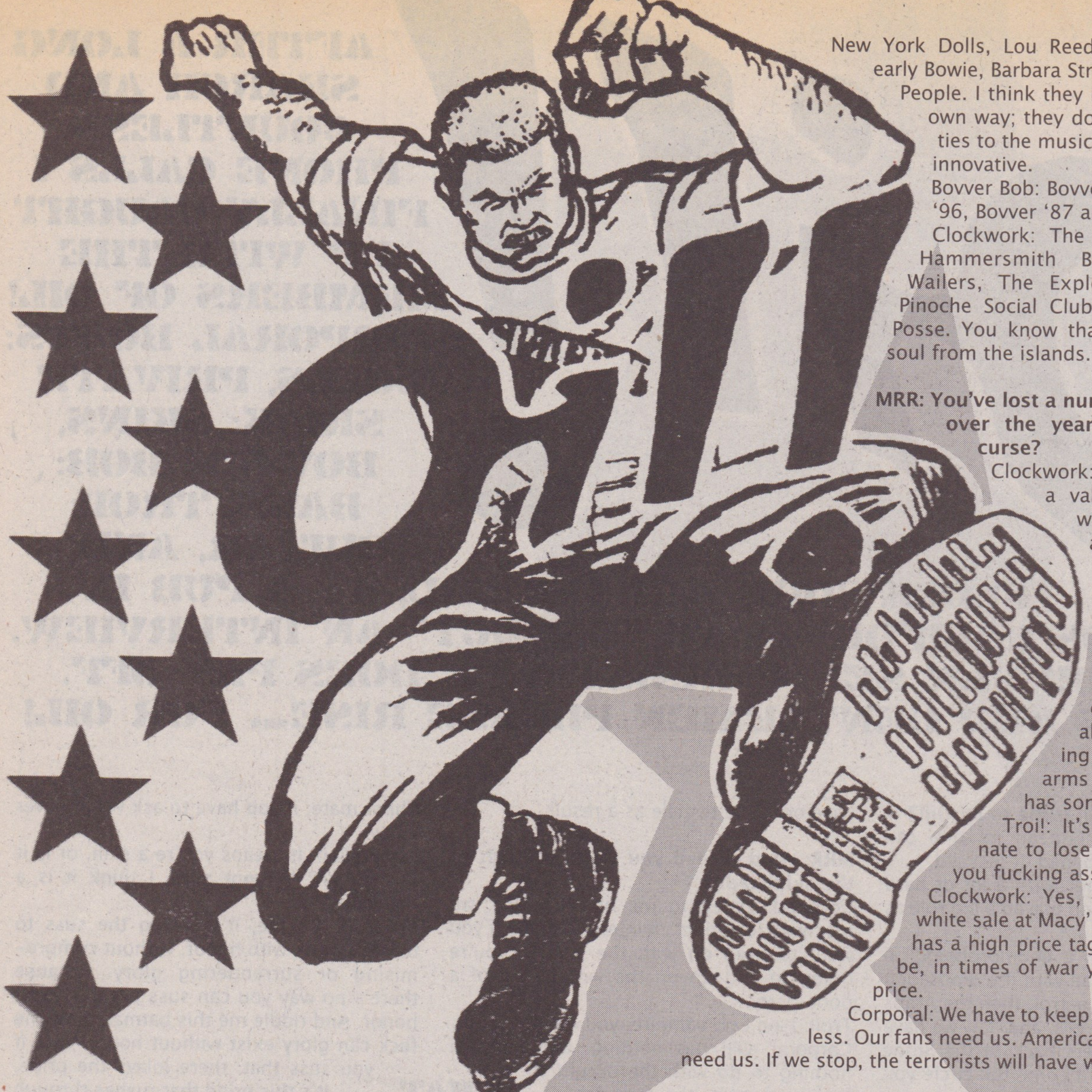
MRR: What turned you on to the cult of the skinhead?
Corporal: Listen to me blowjob-face; we just want to deduct an interview here. If you want to keep on with the insults, you're going to end up on the wrong end of a boot-party.
Troi!: I ain't no vampire, you cunt!
Corporal: Oil! has nothing, and I repeat nothing to do with the occult! If that were true, the terrorist would win.

MRR: No, no, no. A "cult," not "occult."
Bovver Bob: It isn't a cult you moron. It's a way of life, a perspective, a method, a way of looking through the bottom of a pint and saying, "yes, I am a skinhead."
Clockwork: I'm with Bob on this one. I don't see The Cult comparison. We're pure ultra-nut-stomp. Those punters and that crappy She Sells Sanctuary, eighties new wave bullshit is normally a death sentence in these parts, except for that last Blitz record — that was kind of catchy. As far as what turns me on: a frosty pint, a nice rack, and some junk in the backseat if you follow me governor!

MRR: What does it mean to be a boot-boy?
Clockwork: You're a boy. You wear boots. Christ mate, if you have to ask you'll never know.
Bovver Bob: It means you're a skin, or is it a hooligan? I'm not sure. I think it is a hooligan.
Corporal: To me, it's having the suss to balance pride with honor, without compromising or surrendering glory. Because there's no way you can suss pride without honor. And riddle me this batman: how the fuck can glory exist without honor? And if you suss that, there inlays the pride. It's this pride that rushes through your veins when you see that firestorm on the horizon in the eastern sky. What do you do? What do you do? Let the terrorists win? Shit no, rooster! You sound off like you got a pair and take a long look in that mirror and know that you may die out there! And at least it's for a good reason!
Clockwork: It's all quite simple, you see. You inquisitive cunt.

> WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A BOOT-BOY? YOU'RE A BOY. YOU WEAR BOOTS. CHRIST MATE, IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.

MRR: Some people call you a parody band. Are you comfortable with such labels?
Corporal: I take issue with that. I've heard that a few times and I think It comes from ignorance, jealously and fear. It's like, when napoleon was king, everyone worldwide was trying to conquer him. Nietzsche wrote about it for years, and the roman empire fell as a direct result. Oil! is stronger than that and will perspire. Yes. When asked the



question, "Who is stronger Oi! or Napoleon?," our nocturnal response is that Oi! is indeed stronger than Napoleon.

Clockwork: If I could dovetail off the Corporal's response, I look at it like this: First, that sawed-off Frenchman had it coming. Second, as they say, parody is the sincerest form of flattery. So, if people think of a parody when they hear our songs then cheers to them. As for the critics they're looking down the barrel of a twenty-one-fist salute and they know who they are.

Bovver Bob: There is one and only one label I am comfortable with, and that is a Fred Perry on my neck, and a Doc Marten on my heel.

MRR: You've undoubtedly influenced a number of bands in your twenty-plus years of existence. What are your feelings on this?

Troi!: Greed, lust, insult, pain, and even a little justice. Savvy that dickface?

Bovver Bob: I am gonna have to lean on the side of justice on this question.

Clockwork: I think the question is justice, or just us? My true feelings? I'm not quite ready to share those yet mate. I mean I hardly know you.

MRR: Who are some of the bands that influenced you?

Corporal: If you recall, when we began in '75 when there was no oi and no punk. So I listened to a lot of old reggae and ska, like Augustus Pablo, King Tubby, Rupie Edwards, Keith Hudson, Upsetter, Desmond Dekker, and Tappa Zukie. I also listened to the New York Dolls, Lou Reed, Roxie Music, some early Bowie, Barbara Streisand and the Village People. I think they influenced me in their own way; they don't have any similarities to the music of Oi!. We were quite innovative.

Bovver Bob: Bovver wonderland, Bovver '96, Bovver '87 and barrels of Bovver.

Clockwork: The usual suspects: The Hammersmith Boys, the Kingston Wailers, The Exploders, The Augusto Pinoche Social Club, and The Papa Doc Posse. You know that good old skinhead soul from the islands.

MRR: You've lost a number of bass players over the years. Is there an Oi! curse?

Clockwork: An Oi! curse? That's a valid question. I think what we should be asking though. Is that why so many of our fucking bass players keep dying?

Bovver Bob: I'm dooooomed. Well, if I die in an unexpected accident, we have already been practicing with my brother in arms - Bovver Barry. He has some wicked chops.

Troi!: It's more than defortunate to lose such proud soldiers, you fucking asshole.

Clockwork: Yes, this isn't the annual white sale at Macy's fuck-nuts. Freedom has a high price tag and tragic as it may be, in times of war you've got to pay full price.

Corporal: We have to keep going strong regardless. Our fans need us. America needs us. Skinheads need us. If we stop, the terrorists will have won. United we stand!

MRR: What does it mean to be Argy Bargy?

Bovver Bob: To each his own; hang onto your dreams. At least for me....

Clockwork: It means honor, super suss, and secret suss. Like the famed 101st mechanized armor regiment "the Screamin' Seagulls!" They broke the enemy's back at Tangiers and changed the course of the war! That's what it all means really.

MRR: On your new album I sense a need to push your creative boundaries by incorporating banjos and the like. Do you fear a backlash from the oi! purists who make up your fan base?

Clockwork: What kind of asshole puts banjos on a skinhead record? Fucking moron. Next question. Look if our fans want a backlash then that's what we'll give 'em because with me it's all about the fans.

Bovver Bob: The very definition of oi! Is, and I quote, "the coming together of all things to evoke a feeling of pure and utter unity." What is more uniting than the unity of many bovver inducing instruments. Oi! purists will be creaming their bleached jeans when they hear a tin whistle mixed with a banjo.

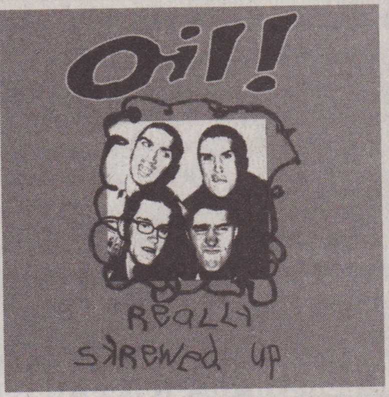
Corporal: I just think we've been devolving as a band. It's a natural progress to want to grow and try new things, especially after 9/11. My grandfather was a member of the Dubliners. His name was Luke Kelly and he taught me not only to be a proud skinhead, not only how to play the Irish whistle, mandolin, and banjo, but he took it into his hands to beat up the priest who molested me as a young lad.

Clockwork: Yes, those were the good old days.

MRR: Right. Some say you helped give birth to a Russian oi! explosion. What do you have to say about this?

Clockwork: How do you think the Great Wall of China got toppled and east and west untied you silly cunt?

Bovver Bob: As much as I promote unity and brotherhood, I just can't support my communist brothers. No brother of mine is from Russia. That is the fundamental theory behind the spirit of '76.



Troi!: I personally find it easier to accept the cold war at times where the orange alert is so vapid. We welcome our eastern block brothers.

Clockwork: Your brother is black? I thought he was Dominican?

Corporal: Yeah. Why can't they up their bovver in the spirit of unity mate? What are you some kind of commie? After seven-eleven, we can't afford to fight each other, or the terrorists win.

These colors don't run.

MRR: I heard a rumor that you are at odds with the LA band Manic Hispanic? Is this true?

Bovver Bob: I do promote unity with my Mexican brothers, unless they are communist Mexicans. This, of course, would violate the spirit of '76. Which I ain't about to do brother.

Clockwork: Your brother is Mexican? I thought he was Puerto Rican?

Corporal: I don't understand why they started this huge row with us. I was in the vario with some essays in echo park un noche. We were livin' the vida loca drinking cerveza and eating chimichangas when they threw their tortillas at me and called me pelon pelonete cabeza de cuete. A tortilla detached the retina in my right eye and I'm legally blind as a direct result and it takes me 45 minutes to lace my Docs. A literary rumble ensued in periodicos and libros alike. And if they still want to rumble, I suggest they put an egg in their shoe and beat it, cause Oi! will serve up a super-sized boot-party omelet if they keep on hablaring all that mierda!

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Troi!: They will get a boot-party. It's not something that we actually want to do. It's something that is in our veins. We're boot-party machines on cruise control, and if they don't watch it, we're gonna shift gears.

Clockwork: Fuckin' overdrive mate.

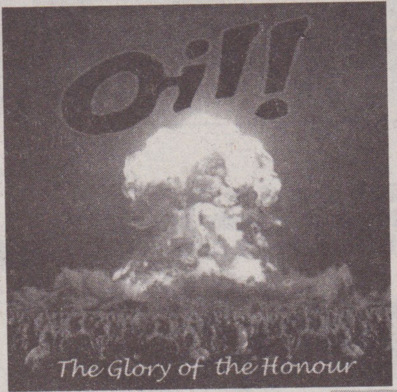
Corporal: They're cards, and they need to be dealt with. I'll put a mother fucking telemundo in their tacos del grandes!

Troi!: If this was Vegas, they would have just crapped out.

Clockwork: Look mate, rumors carry more weight than the truth. The last thing we desire is a race based poker game that will cause a schism—the likes of which has never been seen in the skinhead nation. I mean, I'm not a racialist. Hell, I love Taco Bell. I consider breakfast burritos a gift from the gods. That Cabo-Wabo tequila is good shit and I'd give it to J. Lo faster than you can say spirit of '79, but if push comes to shove we'll refry some beans!

Corporal: And for the record, Oi! does not support racialism! And for that matter, sexism, or homophobia. We have way too much respect for foreigners, homos, and bitches.

MRR: I see. Corporal, how did you go from nut stomping ultra agro to writing? I've heard when you do "open mic night at the Apollo" it's more like "open fight night." Is this true?


Oi!
The Glory of the Honour

Corporal: In the early nineties, the clockwork kid was still in jail for stabbing David Geffen's lawyer to death with a pencil. The band was in disarray and I was a sad bovver lad indeed. I would curl up in my comforter, read my Grishom's, eat bon bons and cry myself to sleep nightly. Then I enlisted. I was serving our proud nation in Desert Storm when I had an epiphany. I mean, even though I had 93 confirmed kills, including women and children, for some reason, that wasn't fulfilling enough. I needed to fill that creative void I was without when Oi! was in Hyannis and poetry spoke to me. It was my nut to crack.

Clockwork: And trust me mate, he's cracked a lot of nuts and filled a lot of voids in his day.

MRR: Okay then. Do any of the other band members have interests other than Oi!?

Clockwork: Does the pope wear a funny hat? Of course not you cunt! And I'll tell you what, I for one am sick and tired of all this Catholic bashing! Next question you fuck!

Bovver Bob: You wouldn't know it by my name, and I have never admitted this in front of these guys before, but I like to occasionally drink wine.

Clockwork: Jesus Bob! That took some real guts admitting that. I for one think you're a better man for it. If we could all come out, so to speak, and be as honest and open as you, the world would be a better place.

Corporal: Other than poetry and writing, I am a fourth degree black belt in tae kwan doe, and have a second degree black belt in Grace Ju-Jitsu. I'm also an award winning florist. I also love shopping, slow dancing the night away, and guys who aren't afraid to cry.

Clockwork: Kind of like the ying and yang, black and white, day and night. That's the Corporal.

Troi!: I'm a brown belt in karate and do bare knuckle matches in Brazil monthly. I also shag birds till their feathers fly out of their asses. I punch out horses and shit vegetables.

MRR: So, what do you think of the current Oi! explosion that seems to be occurring world wide? Where does your band fit in?

Clockwork: Well we started the whole thing. Where the hell do you think we fit in Einstein?

Bovver Bob: Since 9/11, it's out of control and gaining momentum. It should slow down though, but maybe not. I'm not sure, maybe it will go faster too. We can't tell the future. If I had a crystal ball I would tell you, but I don't, so I can't.

MRR: What is happening with the new 12"?

Clockwork: The same thing as the old 12", making the birds say, "What the hell is that? A fuckin' truncheon in your pants, or are you just happy to see me?"

Corporal: It'll be out probably by the time this interview is printed. It's called *Really Skrewed Up.*

Bovver Bob: It's more diverse and yet more unified, and that's what makes it oi!

MRR: Any last thoughts?

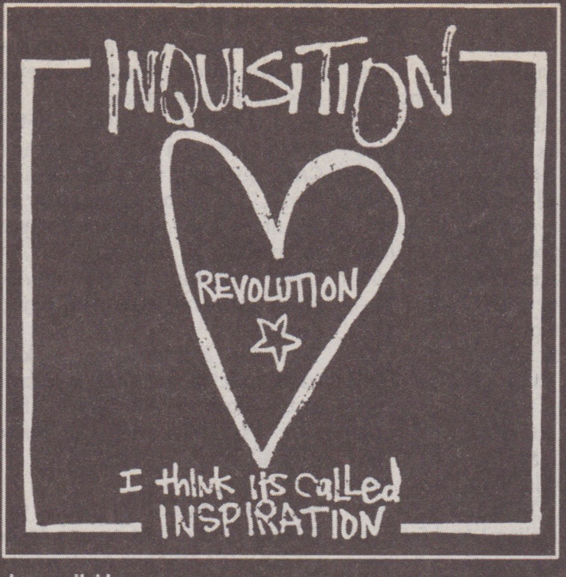
Troi!: Yeah. Fuck you.

Clockwork: Maybe you should stop prying into our personal affairs before you get your nuts shoved down your throat. Fuckin' cunt.

Bovver Bob: Have you guys secretly replaced me? Who is this Troi! guy, for reals? I am the bass player until I die, then Barry, then Troi!

Clockwork: Troi! plays guitar you stupid fuck. I think.

Corporal: Support our charities, "skinheads against plate tectonics," and "jobs for yobs," which provides boots and braces for underprivileged young skinheads. Buy America and vote Bush in 2006.



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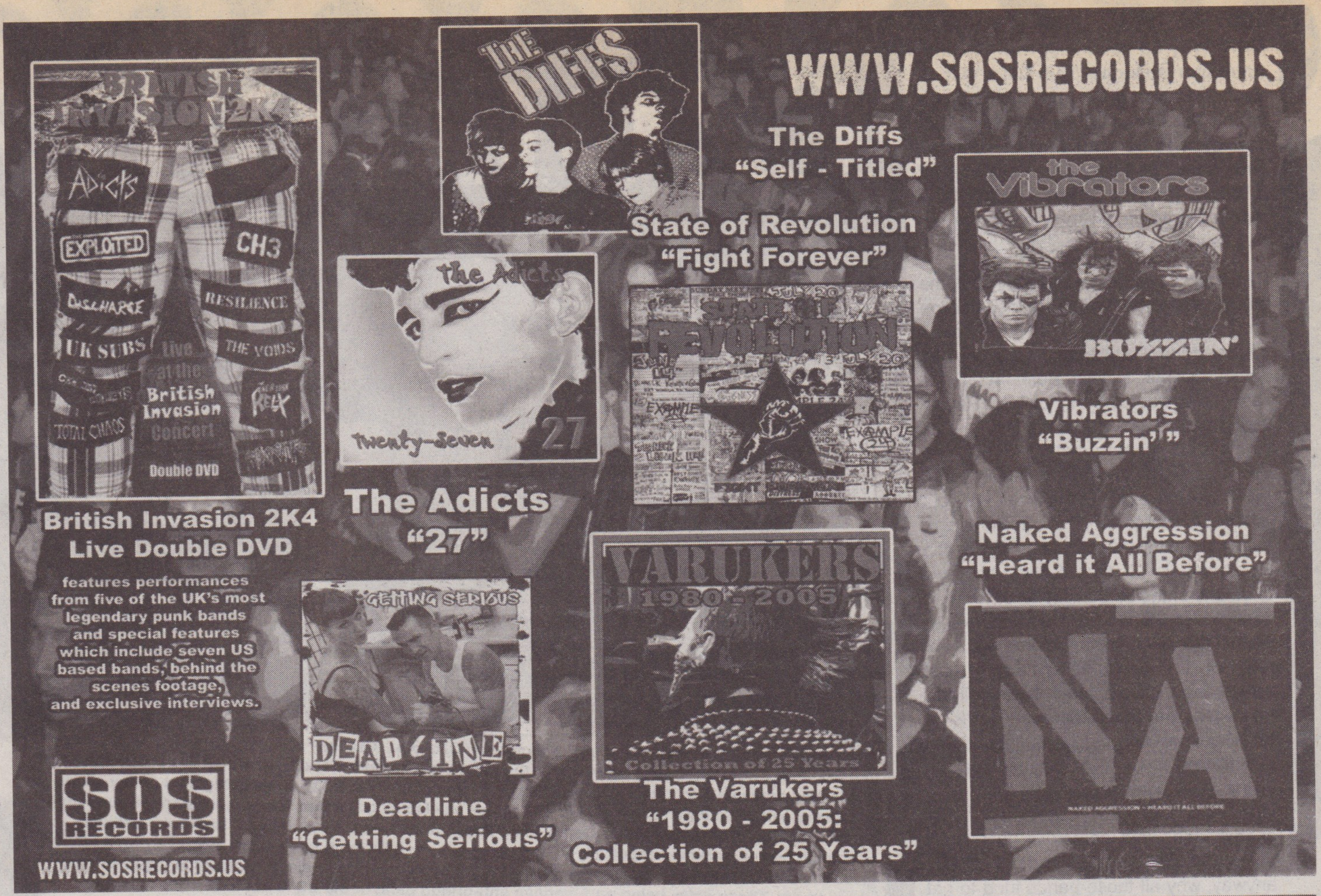
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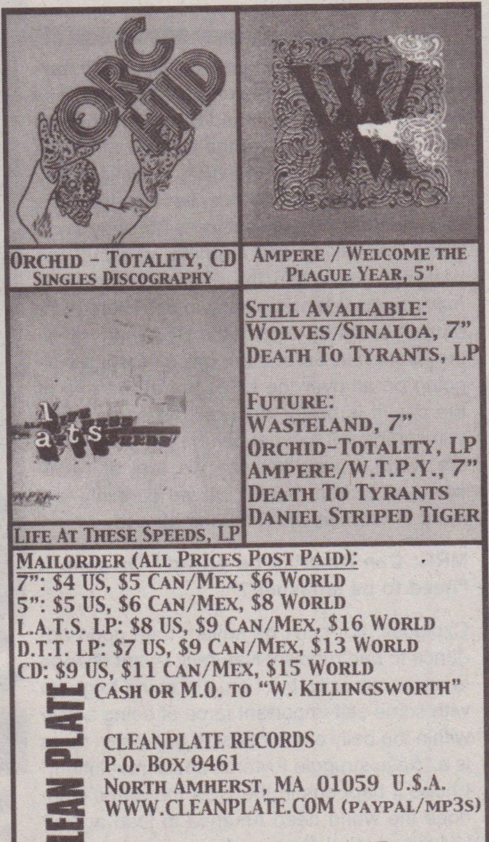
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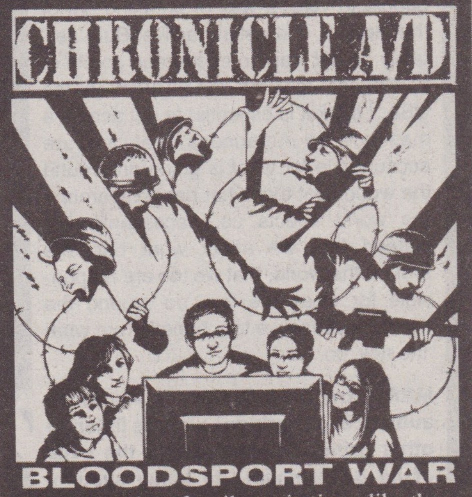
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CZOLGOSZ

KAPITALIZMU
ASIZMU

What first caught my attention about Boston-based Czolgosz was their ability to convey a certain erudite wit while at the same time resorting to the most simple-minded and base sense of humor. Their music also contained an inherent contradiction: at times reminiscent of facile categories ("they sound like a very early hardcore band" quoted one review) it also incorporated too-complicated-for-punk guitar riffs, spastic drum work and elaborate bass lines. Somehow, the mandatory "fuck you" attitude remains intact and always, especially at their shows, comes through as genuine. However, what I think gives the band credence is their commitment to an always politicized message and the depth of their commentary. These days, being an American anti-gringo band in the US is not a role one falls into easily, and without scoring a fair share of criticism...

MRR: Why do you insist with the anti-American speech? The Cold War is over, Reagan died and Jello Biafra joined the Greens... I understand that you want to be critical of the War on Terror, Iraq and Afghanistan, but isn't it simply the Republicans' fault? Why blame the whole country for the faults of a few?

Czolgosz: It just seems too easy to blame the Republicans. During the last election up here, punk bands–political punk bands–started a campaign to register punks to vote against Bush. As if the Democrats would be any better... People blame people like me for not voting, yet I blame all of them for voting. Now, I certainly don't go and blame an entire country. It is just too easy to make the USA out as the be-all end-all of evil in the world. Instead, capitalism seems to me to be the be-all end-all evil, the USA just happens to be one of the best at capitalism among countries in the world. The songs where we have anti-American speech are centered on the idea that as bad as most Americans think we have it, we still are privileged: privileged because some of the excess wealth our capitalists control gets filtered down to us. Too many people in the USA confuse freedom with privilege. And, too many people are either overwhelmed into apathy, or just enjoy being apathetic. I understand, I think I do anyway, why all those bands tried to get people to vote: a way of breaking out of that apathy, and getting active. But I certainly do not want to encourage a vote of confidence towards the system in the USA. I think it is essential to get across a message to Americans that we are accountable for what is going on around the world. Not that what happens around the world affects us, necessarily, but instead that we affect what happens around the world, that we too are responsible for what 'the few' do around the world, because we too, benefit from what 'the few' do.

MRR: How receptive is the American audience? Do gringos want to listen to other gringos preach about the evils of its government, its value system, the American way of life?

Czolgosz: We don't go over so well in the States. We get some good responses in New Jersey and New York, but locally in Boston, there is not much interest in Czolgosz. It could be that we don't look punk enough for some, or we are older than the college-age DIY scene, or not crusty enough for others, or that a lot of anarchists in Boston want nothing to do with the punk scene, or that a lot of people in the Boston punk scene just are not political and don't want to hear political music. Certainly we hear a lot of, "I like your music, but I don't agree with what you say," in Boston. As far as what we gringos want to listen to, there is a lot of tension when people are confronted with criticism of their culture or values. It just seems pathetic when people get uptight and are against "preaching" at a punk show. I am not sure if it is a fine line or not between communicating ideas and coming off as preachy. Personally, I want to sing more than just "fuck the government." In order to actually condemn this system, I want to sing about my spin on what's going on in the world; I want to suggest alternative ideas, to push punk's culture of resistance further. I want to communicate.

MRR: Is it easier playing to non-Americans then? Is that why you tour? Do you feel more at home outside of the US?

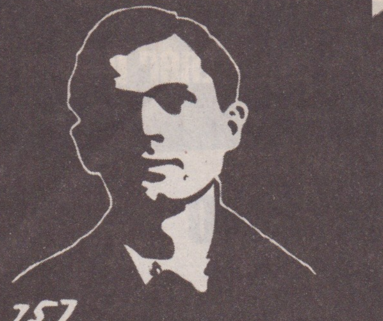
Czolgosz: Yes, partially, but it also depends on what you mean. There is no concern about being a political band in other scenes outside of the USA. Most everywhere we have been we find very politically active punk scenes. They consider music part of their resistance, not the basis of their resistance. The fashion is secondary, and music is just one of many means to express themselves. Being punk and not speaking out politically is an oxymoron, or at best is seen as being commercial. This is not the only reason we tour, though. We will go on our fifth tour in Europe this fall, mostly having played in Eastern Europe. We have also been to the Caribbean and South America on four occasions, and yet the furthest afield we have ever played in the USA is Washington, DC! Aside from the politics, we love traveling and meeting people, seeing what they have going on, talking and learning, drinking and partying, and within the anarchist and punk movements it is pretty easy to do. There is far more to learn by leaving the USA than traveling through it. Sure, there are different things going on all over the USA, but at the end of the day, it is pretty much all the same when you compare it to what can be gained around the world. I wouldn't say we feel at home when away from home, but we certainly feel more welcomed when touring abroad.

MRR: Can America be saved? Or does it "need to be smashed?"

Czolgosz: If it can't be saved, then good riddance to bad rubbish! Naturally I want change in my community, but I am not going to go on with some self-important farce of being active within the belly of the beast. If and when there is a "class struggle towards social revolution," I hope it happens in the USA too, but c'mon, does the world need America to lead again? Let the revolution come from elsewhere and force America to jump onboard too.

SMASH CAPITALISM

CZOLGOSZ



ABOLISH ALL STATES
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SMASH CAPITALISM

RAWIEDLIWOSCI
CLASS WAR

MRR: On the back cover of your self-titled 7", you write: "Apathy is no longer an excuse. You are either for capitalism or trying to destroy it. Is punk an aesthetic or a movement? Which side are you on, government & capital or freedom & anarchy?" It's been four years since you posed the question–are you still asking or have you found the answer?

Czolgosz: Well, that was meant as a rhetorical question. I actually stole the idea of the question from Bush, when he and his crew were saying you are either with them or against them. And I thought, and still do think, that we have to decide which side we are on too. Taking sides is fun, and at this point in time I don't see the relevance in sitting in the middle, or in hoping to ignore it all away. Freedom can never be realized when there is government and capitalism. And as sexy as I think punk can be, it needs to have a cause for it to be any different than any other fashion and/or music sub-cultures. Why not make it a revolutionary cause? Hell, there is already a decent catalog of songs about freedom and struggle in punk, so do we need to waste our time with creating another aesthetic?

MRR: Still, I have to insist…what is the relevance of punk rock in a country where every form of rebellion is quickly commodified and co-opted into the system? Is there any revolutionary potential left in punk, or should one look elsewhere?

Czolgosz: Gee, you are certainly setting me up to lose a lot of friends with that question. It is very easy to say punk is a ghetto, that it can have no real part in a revolution because it has alienated itself so much from the rest of the society which is ripe for revolution. It also seems easy to look at punks as a non-punk and consider them freaks. Even if that person tries to listen to their words, he or she would see so-called punks on TV and the media and think they were nothing but hypocrites and charlatans. I mean, can you imagine some dude with a mohawk trying to knock on doors in an immigrant neighborhood to organize against a common landlord? But with that said, punk is certainly a great place for people who are pissed off at their society. But, for the punk scene to be successful, punks need to start focusing their aggression, analyzing it, and not just succumbing to blind rage. In many countries that have been under the rule of state-communism, capitalism, fascism, monarchies, and imperialism in the last 75 years, lots of people empathize with the "fuck all these systems" sentiment. If both sides can get over the hair and the spikes, I think they will realize we are all on the same side. And, lastly, who introduced anarchism to more people in the world, Bakunin or the Sex Pistols?

MRR: You call yourselves 'anarcho-absurdist'. What exactly is the meaning of anarcho-absurdism? Does it mean singing, and believing, that "We want another Cold War?" Is anarchism absurd?

Czolgosz: No, anarchism is not absurd. Many years ago when we first started Czolgosz (back in 1997, I believe) we came up with the slogan of "The Official Anarcho-absurdo-punk band in Boston." It meant to say the band offered punk music, anarchist politics, absurdist lyrics, theatrics and such. The absurdism comes from the idea that the USA is the greatest theater of the absurd. If it wasn't so dangerous we could laugh it off. But living in a theater of the absurd means that sometimes you have got to be absurd to keep your sanity. Also, it was an easy way to answer questions after a show like, "What does strapping on a dildo with a condom on it and fornicating with a blow-up sheep doll on stage have anything to do with singing about class war?" When we played in Peru last year, some of the anarchists thought we were saying anarchism was absurd, and I think some of them boycotted our concert. It was a shame. But take our name as an example. Leon Czolgosz was an anarchist worker who assassinated a president of the USA. The name has as many z's in it as it does vowels. No one can pronounce it, spell it, or remember it. A friend of ours who used to book some of our concerts when we first began got so angry that he did not know how to spell or pronounce Czolgosz, that he called our band "Still Pissed at Reagan" on the flyers. A great name, but not ours.

MRR: So are you saying that we should incorporate theatrics and absurdity into our daily activities considering the enemies we are confronted with? Or does that belong exclusively to the stage?

Czolgosz: Again, I think absurdist theatrics or discussions or what have you is at times essential to keeping sane, in real life as well as on the stage. But if our society is a metaphorical theatre, and we are actors, then…well now I am just confused. Next question.

MRR: Finally, what would Leon Czolgosz say about a punk rock band named after him one hundred years after his execution for assassinating president McKinley?

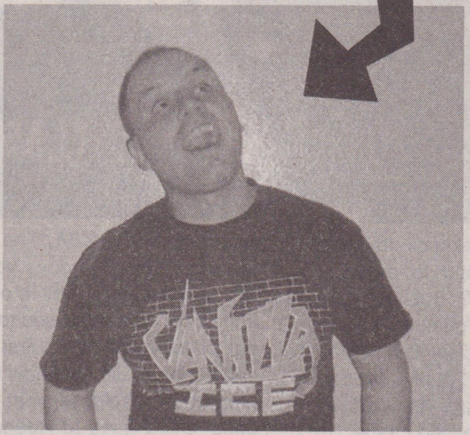
Czolgosz: When we were in Poland, this kid said he knew some relatives of Leon Czolgosz, and after he drank lots of vodka insisted that he bring us to his village to meet them. Other people told us that the Czolgoszes might not appreciate people like us just showing up saying they are named after their assassin great-uncle. We lost the kid that night and I have a suspicion he just wanted a free ride out to his village, and there was no Czolgosz family out there. Leon would probably say, "Why did you name your band after me?" And I guess we would respond that we were trying to compete with our friends who were in a band named August Spies, and Czolgosz seemed to be more aesthetically pleasing.

SMASH CAPITALISM

An enlightening conversation On booking, package tours, kids these days, and other bullshit

with MRR Columnist Bill Florio

and Paddy Costello of Dillinger Four



This interview was done with Mr. Patrick Costello of Dillinger Four last December. After I stink-bombed an Against Me! show, sometime in the spring, I was grabbed by the neck by this large man who books shows at a semi-large venue. He told me he would be the man to talk to when it comes to sorting out why we should or should not shell out $20 to see a Fat Wreck Chords package tour instead of going to see a $5 show with our favorite local punk bands, and why you never see both under the same roof. So I hopped on a plane to brave tropical Minneapolis, Minnesota. We sat by the frozen pool picking icicles out of our armpits and shot the shit about whether or not I'm a dick, what the hell I was doing in such a cold miserable place sober, and different interpretations on how to make Champiple.

Paddy: When are we gonna sell out Bill? We're getting old.

Bill: Are you ready? How would you go about doing that?

Paddy: First you have to do a pseudo-major label deal in a foreign country—so then you're already pretty much in bed with the parent company, but hopefully the locals don't know yet. So technically, when you go to Japan and Australia you're already on Sony, but back here you're on Scuttlefuck Records. Everyone thinks you're still down, but over time you get a little popular and then you say, "Oh, we're too popular now." So hopefully by that time you've sold a good amount of CDs in Japan and then to talk to Sony and say, "Our fans aren't gonna buy a Sony record. We want to leave Scuttlefuck Records and we want to start Magic Rollerskate Records. It'll actually be your label, but let's act like it's our label." Then I'll get rich and buy a big piece of property and invite you and Floyd out and we'll all drink milkshakes and shoot bottle rockets at the neighbors.

Bill: Wouldn't anyone who worked in a record store be able to figure out you're on Sony?

Paddy: Not anymore, maybe one time they could. It doesn't seem like the kind of people who work at record stores are into that kind of thing anymore. Ya know something I miss? The 80s—when record store clerks were still the music snobs.

Bill: So, at what moment did you realize Dillinger Four was a popular band and not some schlub band playing an audition showcase at CBGB.

Paddy: Is that what that was?

Bill: Yeah, that was a bad idea.

Paddy: They shorted out our equipment!

Bill: …those people you told me you knew as contacts in New York before I can't understand how you ever got popular?

Paddy: Audition night? We just thought we were playing New Wave night or something. I realized we were kinda popular when someone offered to loan us money so we could play in Japan. I couldn't believe someone was willing to loan us a couple thousand dollars. Albeit it was Hopeless Records, but, "They're gonna loan us the money!?"

Bill: Did you pay it back?

Paddy: Shit yeah, the minute we got off the plane, in cash. We're not the smartest cookies, and we didn't know what we were supposed to pay taxes for and whatnot, so we all just stuffed our pants with cash and got on the plane.

Bill: It seems like certain bands from out of town play more than the bands from New York, because the bands from New York are always touring out of town.

Paddy: Which leads us to the package tour. It plays on that. Everybody's touring all the time and everyone's always on a package tour. So, in any city you find yourself with two distinct punk scenes. There's the ones that all kids know about and those generally do like 300-1200 people. And then there are the shows that usually do about 100 people, but those are the people that are usually active in sort of a punk community sense, because those are the local bands, the local bands can't get on the other shows, and it's *fucking everything up!* [Paddy did yell this very loud.]

Bill: Well, that's why I wrote those columns this year.

Paddy: But why did you write it about Against Me!?

"Local bands can't get on the [bigger] shows, and it's FUCKING EVERYTHING UP!!"

Bill: Because I knew you'd get angry about it. [Laughs.] There's a few dozen bands I could have "talked shit about," but most people have already written those bands off. Against Me! started out doing schlubby tours like everyone else right?

Paddy: Yeah, I mean, schlubby to a T. There's a whole nother side to the scene now that a lot of people don't see, and it is evil and weird. Much worse than any conspiracy theorists would come up with. Basically package tours coming together because booking agents have leverage on one another. It has nothing to do with what the bass player's favorite record of last year was. It has nothing to do with, "Well, who are bands that we played with on our way up?" It comes down to booking agents saying, "You want your notsopopularband to tour with my popularband. If you want that to happen, then you're reallypopularband is gonna have to take my needssigningband out on tour with them." So I'll be booking a show and ask the band, "How's that band you're touring with." And they're like, "Ehhhhh, they're ehhhalright." I mean, you can put me on tour with my favorite band in the world and after 28 days I'll end up not watching them anymore. I can't imagine being on tour with a band you actually *don't like*. So, the thing with Against Me! is, I don't like the idea of package tours but they don't play that sort of game. They bring their buddies with them; they brought out bands that they think people should like.

Bill: So now we have two scenes, where there really shouldn't be.

Paddy: No, no…and some of these bands really better start watching it, because it's gonna come back to haunt them. This gravy train is gonna fucking end. It's gonna end up like ska.

Bill: I think that's a perfect example. There's only like twelve touring ska bands, and a kid gets into ska for a year and a half and is like, "What the fuck? I've already seen all these bands ten times." And they look for more and try to get more underground and it's just not there for them.

Paddy: Things have gotten so homogenized that there are certain bands that could never happen again. You won't find a hardcore band like Scream on their first record again because if you listen to that, or even like Reagan Youth can be one, or Television, there won't be another Television playing punk shows, it will never happen, things are so homogenized and put into so many little categories that the one guitarist is gonna start a straight indie rock band and that drummer is gonna start a garage rock band. You can't bring all these influences in and create something new, because there's so many stupid cliques now, and you won't be able to keep any audience.

Bill: Bands that push the envelope a little can easily be faced with, "well no one likes you…"

Paddy: Well that also fits into the package tour thing. You're not going to find a non-homogenized band on one of these packages. You have to go to the smaller shows to even have a chance at seeing bands like that. It breaks my heart, because everything gets popular in retrospect. It's even crazier now, now it's like bands that just broke up twenty minutes ago suddenly start selling records and bootlegs.

Bill: So how do you see this ever changing?

Paddy: Well, it has to bottom out. If anyone doesn't see it coming they're fucking drunk. Inevitable, when things get as shallow as what most of what goes on today gets. The quality of the music begins to suffer and weird bands get massive, and everyone turns to each other and it's like, "What? How did they get huge? Who's buying this record??! I work at a record store and no one is buying that and why am I seeing them on the cover of *Alternative Press*?" It's like what we were talking about before. If I had a nickel for every one of my hardcore punk friends that is now very involved in independent hip-hop, I would have at least $78. You know what I mean? And it's only because after so many years, everything is kinda sterile and not imaginative or creative, then they glom on to something else. I'm not putting them down; that's life.

Bill: I think that's just being lazy, and you can always find good music if you're willing to really look for it.

Paddy: Yeah but look who's sitting at this desk. Well, you also have that the economy is in the shitter. You would think that when things are this bad, punk should be thriving because it should be the soundtrack to that frustration or duress. But the odd thing is it always seems to backfire. You ever notice that? It's only when the economy's doing really good that we all get pissed. It's almost like the neo-renaissance that was the late 80s. Things have to get ridiculous, we need the new DRI to put out *Four of a Kind*. We need a new TSOL to put out another *Strange Love*. We need that period to happen again, because only after that are you gonna have another Vermiform/Lookout period. I don't think something like that can happen again until things get even crappier than they are. I think this whole heavy-metal-band-with-emo-guy-singing, it has got to be the last gasp of terrible music. This has got to be the year or two where everyone gets wholly sick of it.

Bill: To tell you the truth, the bands that are playing that stuff, I can't tell the difference between them and what passes for Top 40 alt rock now.

Paddy: Well, there is no difference. Dude, if you're playing a basement show and Linkin Park is one of your influences, you really need to get counseling. When Green Day signed there was a huge amount of people saying, "Fuck it, no, they're sell outs!" But the other side is you may not like Green Day, but at least it'll get a bunch of people into…like, everybody needs a gateway band…

There are friends of mine who can't stand Dillinger Four because we're popular here, but at the same time I know they don't mind that we exist, because we're a gateway band. Kids will come see D4, and through us will find out about a lot of other good music.

Bill: Well, you're also playing here. Just the fact that kids will come here instead of whatever Warped Tour/Clearchannel venue there is, you've won half the battle.

Paddy: Well, that was the theory with Green Day, and I remember there was one dude in high school who I could not stand. Like the Abercrombie and Fitch guy—typical asshole. He always wanted to be a jock tough-guy but he couldn't pull it off. I was already living here and I went back to Evanston, Illinois, where I'm from, and I went to get ice cream with my niece, and he guy comes walking down the street with bright red hair, and a flight jacket and I remember thinking, "Holy shit, we're fucked." And I think now we're suffering the hangover from that. There's been such a long time period where so many people have been in a pseudo-underground environment.

Bill: I think most of the people in bands who play the fests and package tours are right in there. They have no clue.

Paddy: We have a really cocky friend named Frank here, and he'll be sitting around Extreme Noise [the record store] and some guy will come in all street-punked out and, just for fun, Frank will be like "Can you name me one song by the Partisans?" looking at the patch on his jacket.

Bill: It's like kids years ago who had Corrosion Of Conformity shirts, and had no idea it was a band cuz they saw old-school skaters wearing 'em.

> "Dude, if you're playing a **basement** show and **Linkin Park** is one of your **influences**, you **really** need to get counseling."

Paddy: See, we got a problem. We need to bring back the word poseur. The word poseur needs to make a return.

Bill: Well, once metal kids start adopting punk language we always try to distance ourselves. It's what ruined moshing as well.

Paddy: There's also that problem with not being exactly sure how to spell it. P-o-s-e-u-r. [Laughs.]

Bill: Yeah, ya start calling people that and you start looking effeminate.

Paddy: I know this sounds really corny, but I think the punk scene has to step back and look at itself and figure out what it's really trying to do. Do you think it has a point? And whatever that may be, maybe we could work toward it and calm the fuck down. If it doesn't have a point, well, get to that too and stop bitching about other people.

It drives me nuts, some people are like, "Punk is about anything, it's about doing what you wanna do." Well then why were you just bitching to me about Avenged Sevenfold? They're doing what they want to do, right? So you must be getting at, that punk and hardcore has a point (not that Avenged Sevenfold have anything to do with either).

I remember years ago after Born Against broke up and Adam did a zine, he was talking about all the kids that got mad about Born Against putting out CDs later, which I totally thought was hilarious. I mean c'mon, are we really gonna lose sleep about Born Against on Compact Disc? And I remember him saying something to the point of, "I don't really care about people that are equivalent to a sea of robots bumping into each other."

"I know there are things I do at live shows that are fucked up...

I can tell you what Dillinger Four is trying to do as a band. I mean we don't hold anyone else up to it. It's really easy. Make things as affordable as you possibly can, and only play shows that you would go and see yourself. It's just easy; it's just easy.

Then there are other things. We hate package tours. We try to have local bands play every show, and to add to that a lot of times when we tell local promoters to put a local band on a show, a lot of them are just lazy and don't do it. That's another big problem with the punk scene—you get a lot of the ex-college-radio type people that are booking punk shows and you ask them to put a local on and either they can't, because they don't go to shows, so they don't even know what band to call, or the band they put on is some new we-wish-we-were-Radio Head band and suddenly they're opening for Dillinger Four, The Lawrence Arms, and Toys That Kill. You're like, "Yeah, they were booing you. Sorry."

...I wouldn't know how to explain to my mother how I went and did a headstand in a toilet and be able to make her understand, because she'd be looking for a point."

Bill: I think this type of person is the major problem behind most of what we're talking about. They go to school, they wanna appease their parents and they wanna be punk rock for life. They wanna have a job within the music scene. Ya know what, you can't do both. Punk rock is what your parents don't want you to be, they think that starting a punk rock publicity company is gonna solve their desire to earn a living and be part of the music scene. I mean, I'm sure they mean well, but the fact is, they're full of it, and they're ruining everything.

Paddy: Yeah, totally. Now, I know there are things I do at live shows that are fucked up. Like, I know this. [Laughs.] I'm not thinking about it while I do it. But no, I wouldn't know how to explain to my mother how I went and did a headstand in a toilet and be able to make her understand, because she'd be looking for a point. There ain't no point there. The only point is I think you're giving people a sense of freedom, we're gonna try and present something to you that you're not gonna see every day, or hear something you wouldn't hear every day. This is us. We're here right now. This isn't going through the motions. Punk rock isn't a club, and shows aren't a meeting that you have to report to. You should want to go to them, and I couldn't explain that to my mom—nor would I want to.

Bill: We were saying that bad mainstream punk will eat itself. I mean, how many years have we been waiting for this to happen?

Paddy: In that post Green Day/Offspring period, I think a lot of people thought it was gonna be one year where people felt it would all collapse on itself.

Bill: But that was already ten years ago.

Paddy: Well, I think we realize that's not how it's gonna happen. I have friends that come here and bitch because they think Atreyu is corny; and I'm like, "Is Wilco corny?" I don't see the difference. I don't think Atreyu is trying to be a punk band. And that's the thing that's weird. With punk becoming so mainstream at one point, aspects of the fashion got absorbed, Black Flag stickers got absorbed, referencing Minor Threat as one of your influences, Joe Strummer dying and everyone wanting to play a benefit, but that doesn't necessarily make all these bands punk bands. So, if you're gonna be in a punk band within confines of *Maximum Rocknroll* and *Razorcake*, well that's fine. Why would you care what Alkaline Trio is doing? There's a nineteen-year-old guy with glazed hair and a white belt he really doesn't give two shits about.

Bill: Well, everyone has to start someplace.

Paddy: Yeah, but that cliché I was just talking about, that's not starting anymore. That's where people are ending up. And get ready for it, in ten years that's gonna be the retro comeback. That's gonna be en vogue the like pseudo-emo-kinda-punk. Its gonna happen! I mean when Tim Yohannan heard the Youth of Today record and said it sounded like metal, and guys like me were like, "What the hell is he talking about? That isn't metal at all!" Well, I am like Tim Yohannan right now and I know it.

Bill: A lot of these bands are dressing 1982-dance-new-wave and kids call 'em punk.

Paddy: Dude, since when was liking Blondie cool?

Bill: They have one decent song per album, but you listen to the whole record and you wanna kill yourself.

Paddy: Into Another, that band that Ritchie from Underdog did…

Bill: …Rush cover band.

Paddy: I've heard bands starting to reference that record now. "Dude, that was an amazing period in music, man." I'm like, "What the hell are you talking about?" Jawbreaker's last record? Like, what the fuck happened there??? Everybody hated it. A lot of younger people I know, that's the only Jawbreaker record they know or love. And it's out of print now! *Dear You*? Are you serious?

Bill: Okay, let's switch from band to club booker.

Paddy: Well, it's weird. There's Eric and I being in Dillinger Four, and then there's Eric and I working and booking the Triple Rock. And there are bands that I like and I can't stand. There is music and bands I can't stand but I think they are good bands. Okay, this is like a year and a half I'm working here as the booker. Package tours drive me nuts but I slightly understand the motivation. I understand agents are very reluctant to let local promoters add bands to package tours because they get sick and tired of scenarios like what I was talking about before, mostly pop bands on the tour and a grind band opening up… or, when there was a local, the local band didn't actually give a shit who the touring bands were, and yeah that's gotta suck too. Now for me personally, I love having local bands on every show when you're out of town because fuck that's your connection to the local. Anything going on, ya shoot the breeze with the bass player from the local band, "Hey where do we get a burrito?" But it sucks, package tours are Starbucks-ing the entire national music scene, and especially here where we're from. It is fucking stifling it. I mean unbelievably so, and it isn't just theoretical anymore. I'm tired of certain friends of mine in bands saying, "Aw dude, it's not as crazy as you think." Yes it is. Like an Alkaline show, and I love those guys. I do really like that band a lot, but you can go to an Alkaline Trio show and 90% of those kids don't go to any other show unless its one of these super huge shows. Now, I don't hate Alkaline Trio for playing this show. I can't hate these kids because they don't know. But it's really disheartening because if a local band *could* open up that show, well at least that's another niche, one more event that may get those kids to come out. I mean, now I'm just stating the obvious but…

Bill: …but, nobody is else is. I mean, it's obvious to us, but it's not obvious to any of these bands. It's not obvious to the kids and everyone else would probably not want that type of thing to happen because it may hurt their profit and control.

Paddy: For a long time before I started booking, I saw it as purely the fault of lazy booking agents, and to some degree that's true. Then there are some that don't want local bands added to shows because they don't want to spend the extra five minutes renegotiating the deal about the 3.5% of the gate that will go to a local band. So they just won't have it. But then again, they are worried who you are gonna add. I mean I've sent CDs and demos and myspace links to certain agents and we've gotten lucky because a lot of agents know that the Triple Rock understands. If I'm going out of my way to get this local band added, not only do they fit on the bill, but this band loves the touring band and would give anything to play with them. I think a lot more promoters need to start doing that.

"I mean, you don't wanna be a dick, but sometimes you gotta be like, 'Hey dude, you want a guarantee?

Here's your guarantee: you have a show… I will guarantee you at least $11.'"

Bill: Well what I'm saying is, it's gotta start with these bands. If they don't care that they are no locals, why should anyone else lift a finger and bother with that extra five minutes of paperwork, or that two or three emails?

Paddy: That problem runs a lot deeper; I'll use us as an example. We never used a booking agent, forever. Literally the only reason we started working with Brain Peterson was over New York City and Boston. We did so many national tours that Eric booked. Admittedly, we don't tour very much anymore, but there was five years there that we were out all the fucking time: a Taqueria in Yuma, Arizona, a trailer in Biloxi, Mississippi… If we could do it, we were there, but in New York City and Boston, we could never get shows. So we started using Brian, who we've known forever as the booker at the Fireside in Chicago, and what was cool about Brian is, if someone wanted us to play a house on a certain day, we'd just tell him. So, that club in St. Louis said they would do the show, but these other guys always do our show, and he was cool with it, no skin off his back.

Bill: Well, obviously he's not in the same class as the ones pulling the whole power trip thing.

Paddy: See, a lot of bands—and this happens all the time—they like getting an agent because then after that they feel the job is done. They call up and say, "Sam's gonna be done with school on the 15th so we wanna leave on the 18th." A month and a half later they get an itinerary emailed to them, and it's all set. Kit 'n' caboodle: load-in times, meal setups, and they're fucking stoked. But it kinda sucks because, how do you know the place you're playing in Denver is the place you should play? How do you know the promoter in Seattle isn't a fucking dickhead and the door isn't five or ten dollars higher than it should be? And like we said, they're probably gonna be paired up with two or three other bands, and the funny thing…lets say 88 paid, 100-plus people in the room with guest list and everything, and the bands are like, "Where is everybody?" And I'll be like, "Hey, Flying Taco Sisters from Denton, Texas, and three other bands. I don't know. I never heard of any of your bands until you got in touch with us. I mean, I could have listened to your CD and put on one or two local bands that made sense, but I couldn't do it because you had to bring two or three other bands that are on your label or whatever." A lot of those tours, they'll show up wearing laminates and stuff. A lot of times we do a sound check for the headliner, and the opening band gets a line check, and then band number three comes up and is like, "When do we do our sound check?" And a lot of time, there's just no time, and they're like, "So what? Are we just supposed to get on stage cold??" I'm like, "Ya know what—who the fuck are you?" I've played everywhere in the world with my band, and still we play shows where there's just a burned out vocal PA and shit. I mean, just being able to do a sound check sometimes fucking rules. In a massive venue you gotta do a sound check, but it's not like our room is that big.

Bill: It's not like the soundman won't have it set by thirty seconds into the first song anyhow.

Paddy: I can't even hate a lot of these bands for it, because a lot of them are going for the MTV/Warped Tour kinda thing. Am I supposed to hate them for that? I can't really because I can't take it seriously—that's where I'm coming from. A good amount of these bands, no matter how corny they are musically, are really nice people. I'm not gonna sit around and talk about records with them, shooting the breeze.

Bill: We're not gonna go around and call people evil just because their band sucks.

Paddy: Well, there are plenty of evil motherfuckers

Bill: Definitely. [Laughs.] But, we're taking about coming out with some common sense, and having realistic expectations depending on what you're trying to do.

Paddy: That gets back to your Against Me! columns and what really pissed me off. Because something that Against Me! has done that we have never been able to pull off—when they do those tours, not only do they take a band from their own town, or like No Choice from England, they'll take a band with them that you typically wouldn't see playing a show this large. And when they do those tours, they split the money evenly.

That's another thing. I'm sure the Circle Jerks and bands like that in '84 or '85 had guarantees, but in general, 95% of punk bands then didn't even know what the term guarantee meant. And "negotiating the back end" those phrases only came into the punk scene in the 90s. If you were a band like Bad Religion and drawing over 1,000 people a night, having a guarantee is only common sense to protect yourself from getting ripped off. But now, I got bands calling the Triple Rock that are like the most popular hardcore band from the small town their from and they're bring up a guarantee to me and a rider. I mean, you don't wanna be a dick, but sometimes you gotta be like, "Hey dude, you want a guarantee? Here's your guarantee: you have a show." I've joked with people, "Dude, I will guarantee you at least $11."

Bill: Against Me! has a link on their website that says, "Hey if you're a local band that wants to play with Against Me!, get in touch with us."

Paddy: Do they really?

Bill: Against Me! are in a weird spot because they spent a few years where the stereotypical Against Me! fan is that guy who thinks he should get into the show for free. So I'm really happy those guys did

that, because I know they want to do the right thing, and something that's helpful to more than just themselves as a band. Like we stated before, I'm really looking to see the next generation of bands like them follow their lead, and maybe even some of the bands that are like them start making a point to do this. I think especially bands that are on package tours and really aren't popular enough to pull off that kind of arrogance will actually see more people coming out. Plus, when you have more kids realizing that shows go on every week in smaller places, you will eventually end up with a larger scene and even more kids knowing about shows and whatnot.

Paddy: Well, yeah, I agree. Okay, I'm gonna word it this way: I hate you for throwing stink bombs at Against Me! I wanna kick you in the balls for that. But on the flipside, I know exactly what you're saying. I've hated the package tour thing since before we got on Hopeless. That was one of the things we talked to Louis at Hopeless about. We told him we don't wanna do those tours, and he was fine with that. It's one thing when a band on the label we like wants to play a few shows, but that whole label showcase thing is just not gonna happen. The only package tour we did was that Leatherface/Avail tour and that was a trial thing—and that was with all bands we loved. The only thing we did before that was one with Fifteen and FYP.

Bill: So after doing that package tour what made you decide not to do it again?

Paddy: Well, myself and certain key players had some tension on that tour. I think everyone would laugh about it now, but it seemed like there was always a big fight because of beer hoarding. But, no, that one went pretty smooth. That was the first time we were offered one of those that we were like, "Fuck, I'd pay to see that show." But, to be honest with you, we had huge debates about playing that. There've been a lot of bands where it's been made too easy for them to come up, too easy to get signed to a label be already kinda big by the time they are ready to tour, and then you love your band, and you've spent a lot of time with it, and you can't get a show. And I don't even mean out of town; I'm talking two blocks from your house.

Bill: Then you can throw the Clearchannel thing in with that.

Paddy: Oh no, but even in the late 80s if you were doing a like youth crewey hardcore band, you were lucky when Insted came into town. What were they gonna do? Get some metal band open up for 'em? No, they'd get [the local] hardcore band and you would get that show. And you made a bunch of flyers and called everyone you know in a tri-state area and you made it like an event. The problem is, it's kinda not going on anymore. So now you have less kids trying to get shows, and I'm speaking from experience. I have way more kids that ask me if I'll give Fat Mike a demo, than "could you give me someone to call for a show in Milwaukee." Kids are getting more of a business sense. I'm not saying this in a complimentary way, and they don't see how that's actually gonna be detrimental, because it's gonna set standards that are way too high for tons of 'em to ever achieve, and they're gonna just get jaded way before they should've. Like, you see these bands like Taking Back Sunday, or Thursday and I'm like, "Where did they come from?" It just seems weird to me, I don't ever remember 'em coming through town.

Bill: Some of it kinda makes me think of Menudo or New Kids On The Block. Like, let's get these four good-looking kids and give this one guitar lessons and this one a Madonna mic.

Paddy: Ya know what's funny? Davey from Tiltwheel actually gave guitar lessons to one of the guys in Blink 182. So you can blame Davey, it's all his fault.

Bill: Davey and Hansen.

Paddy: Totally. But bands are always gonna do package tours.

Bill: Well bands were forced to do them in the 50s. I mean the Crickets and Ritchie Valens bands were forced to finish the tour after all the singers died.

Paddy: Well the punk scene still has the problem where there are way too many bands. We've all been joking about that since the 80s and at the end of the day, people who are into it don't have that much money or time. If yer having three punk shows a week, I have news for you, at least one of them is gonna flop.

Bill: Or all three can flop because the crowd is split up evenly.

Paddy: Yeah, I don't understand how all these bands can always tour on these same fucking routes, all the time. Get creative motherfucker, like RAMBO just went to Asia. You really have to play all these Clearchannel shows? Then use that fucking money and go play somewhere more interesting. When your band is touring all the time and playing the same places, it's not an event anymore and kids will take your driving 3,000 miles for granted.

Bill: I know when Dillinger Four plays in New York, a lot of my friends make sure they go because they know they're not gonna see you again for two or three years.

Paddy: And that's kind of the way it should be. *[talk degenerates to how Paddy likes these steak bombs they have in Australia which is a big loaf of steak and cheese]* Another thing we can talk about that delt an amazingly detrimental blow to punk was grunge. I hated grunge when it was going on and it left an indelible mark on punk forever. A lot of fucking chowder heads ended up with mohawks, long hair and ski caps for years.

Bill: That's where some of that late-80s violence would do some good I think. I think if Ritchie Underdog pulled that Into Another crap five or six years earlier, they would have beaten the crap out of him, no matter who he was.

Paddy: I have to admit, that column Felix brought up the importance of violence—that, I thought was fucking hilarious.

Bill: I don't like it either, but I mean, it's not someone like me who's gonna be doing any violence.

Paddy: You're full of shit! I heard you were throwing bricks at people! You hit some girl right in the back of her head!

Bill: When???

Paddy: I'm just kidding, I wanna get to make shit up too.

the end

"I hate you for throwing stink bombs at Against Me! I wanna kick you in the balls for that."

BY: LANCE HAHN

THE STORY OF SMARTPILS

EAT ME, BEAT ME, CHEAT ME

Of all the discussion of artistic freedom and individuality and lack of rules, Smart Pils are one of the few bands to come out of the anarcho scene that are genuinely hard to define. Musically, they truly don't fit in with their neo-goth, post-punk, hippie-pagan, ritualistic pieces. Whereas groups like Alternative TV and later the Mob were attempts to cross-pollinate punk with the free festival scene, Smart Pils were in fact the offspring of this artistic rendezvous.

Founding member Steve Bemand AKA Ariel Arkenax AKA Steve Stoat AKA Technopagan came to this place and time largely out of a lifelong love for music, and less because of political inclination.

Steve: "I had musical parents who, bless 'em, supported and encouraged me hugely and I did my first gig when I was six (piano and singing). I loved music in all forms, played piano from six, trombone from eleven, guitar/bass from twelve. I play drums too and can get a tune from most instruments. I was blown away by pop, then rock, then punk at eighteen, by when I had been in a number of teen bands. Including T. Pot."

He soon became friends with drummer Richard Chadwick AKA Little Big Man, starting a lifelong friendship and musical partnership.

Steve: "Met Richard in local pub in Hereford and we resonated with each other on many fields, particularly guitar-based music. We went to see live the 101ers, Dr. Feelgood, the Ramones, and other legendary punk bands. Rich played his Levi's jeans—a sort of slappin' and tappin' and brushin' of the thighs like you do, and I encouraged him to get some bongos then some drums, as it's hard to amplify jeans to the level of an electric guitar!"

Their first band was the quasi-punk Demented Stoat.

Steve: "Tribalistic psychedelic punk/rock. Ariel Arkenax (me) (guitar), Rob Stoat (bass), Will Wilhelm Cock-Roache-Clippe (synth), and Richard Trippenbash (now LBM) (drums). We lived and breathed (and smoked) rock 'n' roll, living in squats and squalor, all signing on. Communal meals and deals. Lots of visitors and outings to the pub and any gigs and festivals that were on, but it was all pretty tame in Bath till we turned up."

Autonomously and simultaneously, they were developing a rural vision of the London punk squatter scene. Quintessential to anarchist action, they were living as closely to a non-hierarchal community-based life, rather than concerning themselves with long-term vanguardist goals. As much as they may have thought of themselves as apolitical, they were a country mouse part of that tradition.

Steve: "Although we all had strong feelings about the world, we were always less involved in any political stuff, and the same goes for most of the musos from the Swamp, The Hampton sound... Sure I went to some protests, and supported free benefit gigs for good causes, but mostly I just made music and got stoned. I would never go to Stop the City, for example. My first counter-cultural political activity was Stonehenge Free Festival 1976. Life was never the same after that."

It was at those outdoor festivals that many punks and hippies were first able to commingle.

Steve, "It was cos we all went to the free festivals that the bonds formed. In a cold, soggy field, it doesn't matter so much what scene you came from; it was more about what were we going to do in that field, right now. We could all express ourselves just how each sub-sect wanted to, away from the cities."

It was actually over spliffs at the Stonehenge Free Festival that Demented Stoat officially formed. Even the name was as anarchic as it was psychedelic.

Steve: "Name was conceived by Rob Stoat; the John Lennon of the band. We *were* the raving, demented, conniving, conspiring outlaws in a squat plotting to overthrow the record companies/governments. We *had* a better way. Rob reckoned linguistically it meant "insane death" which we all thought was mad enough for us. We did consider "The Lat," with reference to Michael Moorcock's space-travelin' band—that seemed apt, but stoats won and Michael didn't have to sue us for nicking the name."

Shambolic early gigs seem to have been a lot of harmless fun setting some of the standards of punk rock etiquette in Bath.

Steve: "The first one was akin to the Grateful Dead's acid tests: mushroom punch, free spliffs handed out when we started playing, homemade light shows of revolving colanders and electric fire bulbs. But most of the music was pretty punk rock. The Walcot Village Hall, Bath was always a magical place to see a band, and there was a balcony put up around inside the hall, which added to the atmosphere. After a few gigs we had a recognizable sound and in an underground way the word spread about us.

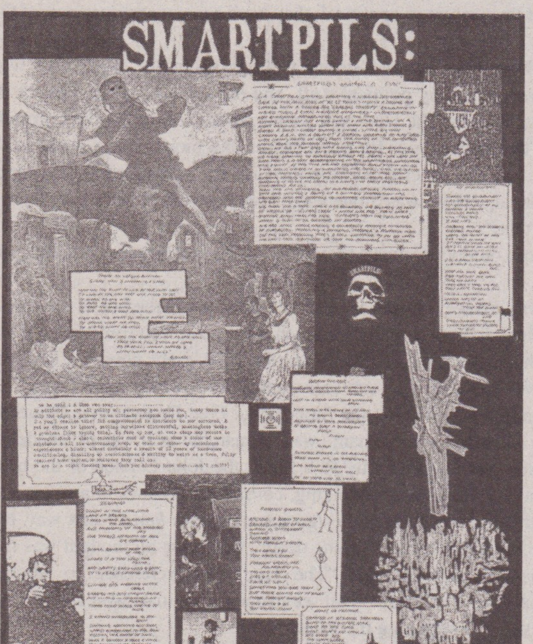
"Last was in the Rugby Training Ground, Bath, where The Avon Free Festival was going on. We played after Nick Turner and it was videoed—the tape last seen in Katmandu I heard. (Honest!) We were pretty tight by then, but band members had issues with each other and whilst amazing music was being made, there were some savage politics going on."

Though no records or even demo tapes were ever recorded, the live performances were documented like trainspotters.

Steve: "Lots of talking, I think, but no vinyl. A video was made but lost—see below. I have archive tape recordings of gigs, which I am CDing at the moment. There's a rough but unmistakable sound to the band. The tape recorder that recorded the best-recorded gig ran out of battery power just after the point where we swap instruments midway, so I spliced that and another gig together to make a complete set. There was a really good rehearsal tape, but I'm not sure where it is in my "wall of tapes." I haven't seen it for years. Richard and I have jammed the songs occasionally over the years. And we covered one with "Pilwind" at the 20th anniversary gig."

After three years, the band had suffered through much personal politics, a lot having to do with the line-up growing to include vocalist Bridget. Eventually the band split for good.

Steve: "Conceived at Stonehenge Free Festival 1977. Split end of summer 1980. I had got my girlfriend pregnant and we had to move out into a flat. Rob and Rich had differing opinions that clashed—Rob was fed up with the punk sensibility and wanted to do more sophisticated beaty music. He eventually became a drummer playing with Midnight's Children, who sounded remarkably like The Dandy Warhols of recent. I played bass with them for a while too. Also, there is a kinda syndrome where a girl joins band, gets off with male band member, and in time they split up, which makes things difficult—the two being half of a four-piece band."



But just a few short months after the demise of the Stoats, Steve and Rich were starting on their next project, which would be the Smart Pils.

Steve: "Winter 1980: from the ashes of the Stoats, in the gloom, Rich and I decided if we went to the Hat and Feather a bassist would be sat in there. We did go to the pub and George was there in gothic punk clothes, blue hair 'n' all. We already knew Jenny, who wrote poems and she thought she could probably sing them. George had no musical training but had completely the right attitude for us."

The band was the perfect collision of the progressive hippy element with the open-minded punk attitude, which wasn't exactly common in either scene, with Steve coming from one direction and George the other.

Steve: "'Anarchy in the UK' was banned and in the charts on my eighteenth birthday. Had already heard Hawkwind and MC5, etc., speed up the riffs and add lots of distortion, not to forget Status Quo. But punk seemed to resonate with me, so I immediately did my own haircut, and started wearing cut up bin-bags. But I never did glue. And I came from Hereford, a major cider producer, so I knew about the dangers of that. Having said that, I went much more "hippy" for a while before joining the Stoats, then Smart Pils with the other guys…

"Don't know if "got interested" is the right phrase: it was how we were, so we lived like that—we were hippies, but we were punky, new wave hippies—for me it was lyrics of Killing Joke, Crass, Planet Gong. Of course George came from the other direction, from punk toward hippydom, and we always had a spectrum of opinions within these two outlets—i.e. reactionary punk and laissez-faire hippy."

From the start, the band was a wild mixed bag. Some of the earliest moments are demented versions of hardcore punk with Raincoats-like vocals. Other songs have more interesting and noisy guitar and bass interplay reaching into mid-period Slits or Au Pairs type material.

Steve: "Some of the first songs we got together were like experiments in sound ("Sweet White Death"), but there were quite a few generic riffs in others ("Brain Fucker"). The songwriting was eclectic, because our tastes came from various far-flung corners. Often Richard would just start playing and George would add a bass riff, I would add a guitar riff, and we'd find another one to go with it and call it a song. George would come into the practice room with lyrics and a riff or two and we'd develop it between us. Jenny had poems already written, and she'd fit 'em to the music. And Nix would write stuff as we jammed, inspired (or not) by the sounds. Rich and I had had a fair bit of experience just jamming in the space rock sense, so we'd do that till something jelled. Rich always has a crucial input into the music, having an intuitive sense of punctuation and dramatic turns."

The band was also fond of effect pedals, utilizing distortion and phase-shifting, making sounds both heavy and experimental.

Especially with the bands that bridged punk and hippy scenes, live performances were significantly more important than recording. Quickly the band was playing many local gigs.

Steve: "First one was in a night club! But many were rough punk gigs in the local village hall, crap PAs, people doing cider and glue mixing with all sorts—bikers, hippies, and punks. Just our mates and all their mates and some of theirs."

The collision of anarcho punk and the UK hippy traditions was more amicable than one would imagine. Most of the differences and arguments, in hindsight, seem fairly solvable.

Steve: "Every new generation brings new ideas and the old guard of any movement will resist change—that's pretty human. Many hippies became more punky after exposure to punks and the music. George used to take the piss of myself and Rich for being too hippy; we would rib him too, the other way. We painted ohm signs and hippy band names on George's mate's boots while he was asleep, and he was so disgusted he wouldn't wipe 'em off—he threw them away. It was very funny! There was a (self) destructiveness to the cider 'n' glue thing, which often clashed with the more peaceful effects of hash and LSD. And many punks found ideals, etc. brushed off as a result of being in a field for a week with thousands of hippies off their heads. Ten years later at Castle Moreton Free Rave in near Worcester, which was a landmark event, the divide between ravers—who wanted 24-hour sound systems and the fleets of bus-living hippies who had families and wanted the sound-systems to shut down for the night—flared up, and there were site meetings between Spiral Tribe 24-hour party people and the Bus People. In the end, the Spiral Tribe agreed to have live music on their sound systems as a compromise, but I think by this point in the proceedings copious amounts of cheap, really strong amphetamine sulphate was going 'round..."

By this point, the punk scene in Bath had evolved around them to catch up. Anarcho punk was also called hippy punk (often as a slag-off) largely because of folks like Steve and Rich.

Steve: "We were not the Smart Pils in Bath till 1980, so we weren't really in the first wave punk thing. The second wave *was* anarcho, but yeah, there was a real movement in Bath, although quite small, not quite provincial. There were quite a few bands, including Scum and Amebix and the Hippy Slags. There were plenty of mohicans, and shaveheads at a big squat a few doors up from the police station. Bands rehearsed there and people came and went, and in time it fell to rack and ruin, was eventually evicted. But the Bath punks often retained the chilled-out Bath sensibility; a lot of them started smoking dope and doing psychedelics—well mushrooms, anyway—and they mutated to even more anarcho punx."

Along with the anarcho scene came the cassette culture. In all, Smart Pils released three demo tapes. The first was mostly live, and titled *All And Everything.* These earliest recordings are raw and upbeat. Songs like "Ghost Dance," "Gorgeous," and "Life Cycle," further paint the picture of one alternative lifestyle resulting in neo-paganism and a type of punk gnosticism.

We dance on the glazed
And brittle web
That has shivered us all
In some subtle and gorgeous secret

By the release of the first tape, the band was already changing. Claire had joined Jenny on vocals. But after a time, Jenny had left and was replaced by Nikki. But it was with this line-up that they really started moving, improving their live sound and evolving into a group more along the lines of X-Mal Deutschland or early Sonic Youth.

Steve: "Some of it was groundbreaking, legendary stuff. The swamp crew always had a distinctive sound—our old friend Bill coined "The Hampton Sound" for all the bands that lived and practiced at Cleveland/Hampton Row. When asked for this interview, as soon as I thought about it, my first reaction was that I could easily write a book about it myself, if I thought anyone cared. Or if I cared if anyone cared..."

The band's second demo tape, *Zen Punk,* was a collection of eight great tunes that ranged from quirky angular punk to more gothic tones to straight up hardcore. Songs like "Surveillance" and "Sweet White Death" are lost classics.

Now inclined to record a proper album, the band reached out to Jello Biafra at Alternative Tentacles.

Steve: "We asked Jello Biafra if we could record on Alternative Tentacles. But he wrote a letter to us saying he wasn't taking on any more artists right then but had suggested to Dick Fish we'd go down well with the Bluurg audiences."

With that, the brilliant *No Good, No Evil* LP was recorded. For this record, the band renamed themselves Nix Christ Dragon Clairopatra, Christ Dragon, Dragon Christ, and Little Big Man.

Steve: "We had already done a session with Sooty at a previous building that housed the studio, and for this session it was in a completely new studio—very plush (for us). We felt honored, I think. Sooty said we were the first "real" band they'd had in there. Dick Fish was about the studio a bit, which would become eventually the Full Moon Club, then The Lakota. I still listen to it sometimes. It was a competent recording, though on a tight budget, we were so skint at the end of it I sold my synth to a studio engineer so we could have an after-session drink and still afford to get back to Bath!"

Along with a couple of older numbers, like "Admission Submission" and "Gorgeous," the six-song LP sported some great new and poetic tracks including the title track and "Naked Nun."

For a red fish betrothal
Sing of love and thistles
Watch an insane world
Leave without us
It's only made for two
Invert/Fascist/Imagery
Love's red stain
Flows like the sweetest rain
Repressed sin in a bottle

Even the record title could be interpreted to have Gnostic overtones.

Steve: "Neutrality — it's a God's eye view of reality: The supreme creator is happy with all it's creations, good or bad. The duality of Heaven and Hell being inventions of mankind's limited consciousness."

After over five years of playing together, the Smart Pils also began to suffer interpersonal strife, eventually ending the band.

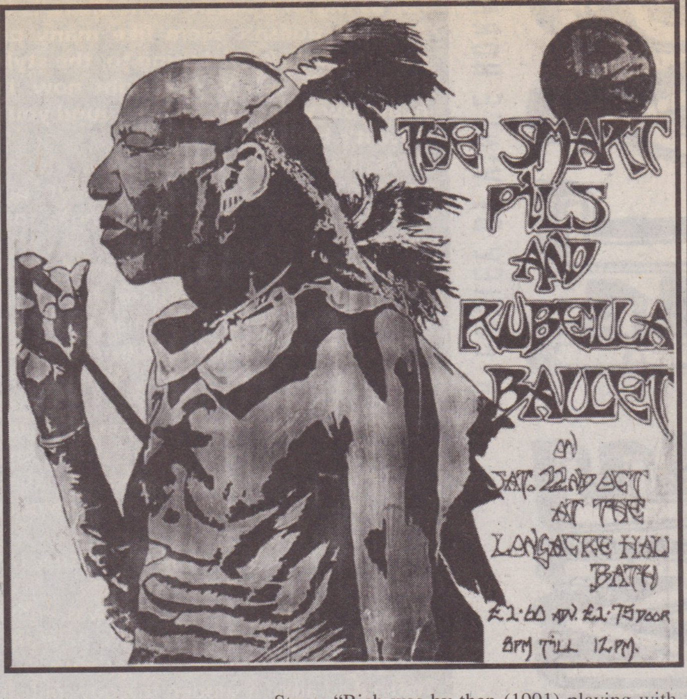
Steve: "I wanted to carry on, but I wanted to play more melodic spacey and electronic music, which I did, eventually. Nix and George split up as a couple. I think George wanted to play harder music, which he did with Zygote. Nix went on to manage The Farm studio. Rich always wanted to play with Hawkwind, which he did eventually. The first time he played with them was at Wick Festival after the last Smart Pils gig. We did some gigs with Tim on bass and it was a really tight band. George and I moved to London, where I was enamored with the acid house/free party scene in West London. (But came back when there appeared to be a chance to play with Hawkwind!)"

After the band split, all the members went off in different directions. With Nix and Rich's futures and successes laid out, George went on to form Zygote with Tim, who had filled in with Smart Pils on bass.

Steve: "George (guitar), Chris from Amebix (guitar), Spider from Amebix (drums), and Tim on bass. They had their own very distinctive sound, but also sounded very Smart Pils and very Amebix. I have one CD of theirs and a tape demo."

After that band split, George played with a few different people, even winding up in 2000 DS at one point.

In 1989, Steve sat in with Hawkwind at the Treworgey Tree Fayre, and that started his relationship with the band. Both he and Bridget from Demented Stoat did a tour with most of Hawkwind as the band (sans Dave Brock), doing mostly Smart Pils and Hawkwind songs, calling the group Pilwind. From there, Bridget became a full-time member of Hawkwind. In 1991, when Dave Brock broke his leg getting kicked by a horse, rather than cancel a European tour, Steve was called in again to fill in. Around that same time he started playing with the Ancient Ones.



Steve: "Rich was by then (1991) playing with Hawkwind, I was living in a squatted house with Karen, and The Ancient Ones had Rich and myself and Karen as a nucleus. Rob Grainger was the original bassist. Gareth sessioned on violin and then bass. After that, Dave Start played bass, then Alan from Hawkwind. When Rich got a bit busy with the Hawks, we re-organized with Karen on Vox and recorder/whistle, Bill on bass, Silas on drums, Gareth (then Jim) on violin, and myself on guitar-synth. We did a UK tour in a Mini Clubman and did two demos. I recorded many live gigs on four-track tape."

Lately he's spent most of his time with Technopagan and Little Big Man.

Steve: "Originally a white label studio project for our old mates Clive and Archie. Clive wanted to do a live show, and I joined in with synth and sampler after moving back from London. We had UV dancers and Bridget threw her all into it doing performances, like she always had done in Hawkwind. After a while, Clive and I diverged, and he left me with the name and the outfit. One by one, the dancers went in other directions, and I carried on with Dan on synth for a while, then eventually it was just me doing a live PA. I've done less and less recently, due to being occupied with The Little Big Men…

"The Little Big Men is Rich and myself as a duo. We have been producing music for the last odd thirty years with various stage names and with some breaks in between, but we may continue for some time yet."

While admittedly having come to the punk scene from a more hippy background, Steve's reflections and observations of that scene are still positive.

Steve: "It may have appeared naïve, but only in the shadow of a corporate-led world government. I mean let's face it—the "anarcho" scene was good, and the forces of law and order have been for the most part downright evil."

THE TIME FLYS

INTERVIEW BY VINCE HORNER

For as big of a music scene there is in the Bay Area, in doesn't seem like many people are playing, or even listening to, the style of punk that The Time Flys are right now. I'd like to hear how you came to the sound you have and how it's been received?

Andy: It was a conscious thing.

Eric: We've always been really into 70s punk rock.

Andy: Eric was the original singer for the c-uuagh-s, cut the tape! *[laughter]*

Andy: But as far as how have we been received? Very mixed. We get these totally vague responses like "Wow, cool man, punk band," "you guys are up there doing your thing," or "you guys are rockin' out!" What does that mean?

Eric: A lot of people don't know what to think and they're not totally into it. They'll say things like "Man, you totally sound like the Flamin' Groovies!" What? We don't sound anything like the Flamin' Groovies!

Andy: People get uncomfortable if they can't pigeon hole what you're doing.

Eric: There was one guy that was endearing and embraced us—our only fan. We have no fans, just this guy! He came to all of our shows.

Andy: And all of a sudden this guy splits, totally disappears. Then we get a call from the Highland Hospital psychiatric ward and it's him!

Eric: My wife sees him on the street a few weeks later and he's ripping shrubs out of the ground, beating his bare chest going "oo-oo" like and ape man! He claims rock and roll did it too him, but uh, yeah. We're all big fans of rock 'n' roll. So we're trying to play rock and roll but no one is listening cause they're all listening to bullshit. We're just suckers for conventional things.

Erin: None of us have really been in bands before, except Andy.

Peter: I'm into pop-vocal, *[laughter]* going to sleep and listening to Englebert Humperdink.

Peter: The band kinda started just because I got a bass for no reason, then Eric came over one morning because his girlfriend at the time was having sex with another guy and wouldn't let him come home. So he comes over here, hung-over, at ten in the morning one day. And we just start playing. I pick up a bass because it's the only thing I can even attempt to do.

Andy: You bring that tiny frog bass from New York that's that big (three feet).

Peter: I brought it here on the greyhound. I bought it for no reason down on St. Marks place.

Andy: Well really, the band started before that with Eric playing guitar and Erin playing drums on 52nd street when they were roommates.

Andy: We've had like fifty or sixty songs. We don't play half of them any more. We come up with new tunes almost too fast!!

> THERE WAS ONE GUY THAT EMBRACED US—OUR ONLY FAN. AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS GUY SPLITS, TOTALLY DISAPPEARS. THEN WE GET A CALL FROM THE HIGHLAND HOSPITAL PSYCHIATRIC WARD AND IT'S HIM!

Andy, I know you're a pretty serious record collector. And it seems like, among other things, the *Killed By Death/ Bloodstains* influence really comes across. What about the rest of you?

Andy: We're all big record collectors. I mean I think that's why we play music. I don't know what do to if I'm not listening to or playing music.

Eric: The Zeros. The Damned.

Peter: I spend a lot of time loitering in front of the record store on Telegraph. I bum cigarettes and get rejected by girls.

You guys have put out two singles. I heard that you recorded both of

those when you'd only been playing for a month. Can you tell me about those?

Erin: Well, no. We'd been playing for more than a month, but not by much. We recorded them at Peppy's Hot Dogs.

Peter: This place in East Oakland.

Erin: We did both of those records in two days.

Andy: The guy was a cook and liked to record bands.

Eric: So we're like "Ha. Yeah, cool." He recorded us onto analog tape, then it went straight to digital! (laughs)

You've just finished recording an LP, how'd that turn out?

Andy: It's a lot tighter than the EPs.

Eric: I'm really happy with it. I don't even know what we did. It's weird how much it sounds like it's from the mid-70s. It sounds old.

Tell me about that. I know we already talked about it a little, but it seems like the mentality of the 70s is a big part of The Time Flys.

Andy: What we do reflects the 70s, yeah. But it's not retro. We like it and we base it on that. But, you know, we're basing it on the 50s and 60s and looking towards the future just as much. But the impetus comes from our daily life and, politically or whatever, it's a refection of right now, you know? Just as much as anything else.

How does that fit in with music today?

Eric: We don't want to sound modern at all.

Erin: Music today is just so boring.

Andy: It doesn't, you know. I don't like anything on the radio, and most of the bands that play around here are boring, too.

Eric: We hate mostly everything. (laughs)

What about bands that aren't on the radio?

Andy: Honestly, it's all the same. I'll tell you one thing, we're not at all involved in the punk scene around here anymore. I never hear new bands that are exciting. We're not the most innovative band in the world, but I feel like most of the bands I see and hear are just going through the motions. It's phony. People forget why they were doing it in the first place, there's no energy or urgency behind it. We just try to put importance in what we love, and try not to pay attention to what's going on that we don't like. We're just going to do are thing, you know. We don't fit in, at all. But that's not why we're doing it. You gotta have patience. No one really liked a lot of those old bands when they came out twenty-five years ago, and that's why a lot of bands broke up. Now those records sell for hundreds of bucks on eBay. You gotta have patience and not worry about it. I think when people take the time to listen, they'll like it.

Erin: It's because we don't have shorter hair and don't dress more like punks.

Andy: We've actually been thinking about the piss off factor and we're going to up it.

I wanna hear about this piss off factor. Can you tell me about "real punks have long hair?"

Andy: Yeah, I hope that makes some people mad. It's true.

Erin: That's where it all started.

What do you mean by that?

Eric: "Punks" put so much effort into establishing how they dress, like you're not punk if you don't have three foot spikes — these kids who ride their bikes wearing all black when it's 90 degrees out in August. I tried talking to this one kid and he's like "you're not into punk. You don't listen to the same Ramones song I listen to." "What!?!" I don't even fucking do my hair. They do their hair and worry about which bands are cool each week. I don't even care. How did dreadlocks become punk?!? I don't want to sound like an asshole because I've got such a great record collection, but it's like if you played the Dictators or the Eat or the Gizmos or like *anything* off of the Killed By Death comps, people are like "Uh, that's not punk man." I love those bands because I think you can hear the energy behind it. It's too easy to be "punk" now. We're not trying to rip off those 70s bands but we're just trying to hold onto as much energy as we can.

THE BAND KINDA STARTED JUST BECAUSE I GOT A BASS FOR NO REASON. THEN ERIC CAME OVER ONE MORNING BECAUSE HIS GIRLFRIEND AT THE TIME WAS HAVING SEX WITH ANOTHER GUY AND WOULDN'T LET HIM COME HOME.

Peter: A lot of people come up to me, having only played bass for a year, and tell me I'm so pretentious. How am I pretentious? I'm still trying to learn how to play.

You've definitely distanced yourselves from a lot of other bands around here, but on the other hand you just played with Annihilation Time at the Stork Club. How'd that come about?

Peter: Well were friends. We all worked at the same pizza store. It's fun, that's all that matters.

Did we talk about the stoner rock song yet?

Andy: "You play your fucking jams, the songs they never end, just a lower echelon media scam." That's like commenting on the underground rock scene. "This is stoner rock. *This* is stoner rock" you know. Who even knows if they got stoned? Who cares? It's marketing. Stop doing that (solos) and write a song. Those bands that are too mathematical really lose me.

Eric: They bore the fuck outta me. That's all you hear around here. At least for me.

Eric: What I like about Time Flys is the fact that when I play I don't even remember. I forget. I feel like I'm sixteen.

What do you have planned for the future?

Peter: I want to be a fiction writer, but I'll probably just end up being the total loser I am.

It was a little tense in there during your practice today. How do you guys pull it off?

Andy: We don't, hardly.

What do you think holds it together for The Time Flys?

Andy: Ability crossed with aesthetic. It's true. It's the best we can do. I think there's a lot more possibilities when people aren't classically trained and don't know anything. For songwriting style. With Peter, you'd never expect these changes. It's just where his fingers end up.

Peter: Anything can happen. It's surprising.

Andy: We get mad about each other. There are a lot of elements that add to the fucked-up-ness. At one of our recent shows Eric climbed up onto this pipe on the ceiling, broke it, and shut off the power in the whole place.

Eric: I can be a kid. It makes me feel.

Tell me more about the live shows.

Andy: Eric gets to be a kid!

Erin: Eric punches himself in the face, breaks light bulbs, throws bananas.

Eric: I got in trouble for the bananas.

Eric: I threw a chair at Anton from the Brian Jonsetown Massacre. I got ran out of the bar when my wife jumped on top of the head of the bouncer. So uh, next question.

Andy: Eric always gets us in trouble.

Eric: All you guys get us in trouble! *You* (to Andy) talk more shit than anyone else.

Erin: You're the shit talker (to Eric) on stage.

Eric: I'm the nice guy!

Erin: Quote: "This club never fucking gives us beer." —Eric

Eric: The music that we play, I feel like should be played in a backyard. It's juvenile music. But it's like three people come to see us, so we have to play at bars. What are high school kids into? Lincoln Park and fashioned out bullshit synth-pop?

Andy: We'd love to play at Gilman. We love playing for kids. I think they'd like us if they took the time to listen to it. But punk these days is just like everything else these days. It's fucking fed to people what's cool and what's not. Those Discharge T-shirts might as well be Nike T-shirts. You know. It's the same thing! Especially around here, in the East Bay. It's so easy to be a punk. These kids aren't rebelling or fighting against anything.

Eric: We're just doing this shit for ourselves, if they don't like it, or are too caught up in whatever, then fuck'em.

Eric: The kids just gotta keep on listening to rock 'n' roll.

Andy: Don't forget rock 'n' roll kids!

REVENGE OF MONGOLOID

Osaka's ROM (Revenge Of Mongoloid) has been playing their hybrid rock 'n' roll hardcore all over Japan for the past nine years. Anyone interested in loud rocking punks (on stage and off!) should check these veterans out. Interview and translation by Kevin Hunt. Photo by Randy Carncross

MRR: Introduce yourselves, please.

Tomo: Tomo, drums and backing vocals.

Darling: Darling, bass and vocals.

Yoshinaga: Yoshinaga, guitar and backing vocals.

MRR: So, when did you guys start playing?

Yoshinaga: It was during the summer of 1996 that we first formed. We started practicing together, and around that time our other bands were just winding down. We played our first show six months later.

MRR: Could you tell us the meaning of your band name?

Darling: When we started out there were a lot of what I'd refer to as "neo-punk" (Epifat) bands from overseas that were having a really big influence on younger Japanese bands and they were incredibly popular. Tons of Japanese bands started popping up everywhere and imitating this "neo-punk" style.

Yoshinaga: So, we agreed on naming ourselves "Revenge Of Mongoloid" for two reasons. Firstly, we wanted overseas bands to see that there was not only the contrived neo-punk scene in Japan but also a gutsier one with more originality and with an actual history behind it. Secondly, we wanted to say to these neo-punk Japanese kids: "Look, you guys can come up with something decent, but only if you look inside yourselves and appreciate Japan's abundance of great past and contemporary hardcore bands." Rest assured that it has absolutely nothing to do with any right-wing political agenda or nationalist connotations.

Darling: It's more like the three of us getting our musical revenge on the rest of the world!

MRR: When did you all start getting involved in the hardcore scene?

Yoshinaga: When I was around twenty. I was in other bands then.

Tomo: Although I'm four years younger than Yoshinaga, I got involved around the same time as him. I got started playing in a band called The Stripper.

MRR: And Yoshinaga, you used to play in Graveyard, right?

Yoshinaga: Yeah, that's right. Metallic-sounding hardcore along the lines of Gastunk, Mobs, GISM and Poison Arts.

MRR: Tell us about ROM's most recent release.

Yoshinaga: It's the ROM/RIP split CD.

MRR: On your own label, right?

Yoshinaga: That's right, we released it ourselves on our very own label, Octopus Cut.

MRR: Tell us a bit about that label.

Yoshinaga: We wanted to release our own music, so we put in our own cash and have released the 1st and 2nd albums ourselves. I love doing the label.

MRR: And what's the next release coming out on Octopus Cut?

Yoshinaga: It's going to be our third album.

MRR: What is it that you want to feel the most when you play shows?

Yoshinaga: The feeling I get when I see people getting together, watching the shows, and having a good time.

Tomo: I like to express to the people at shows, through my playing, how much I'm getting into the music and having a good time.

Yoshinaga: And being able to each have our own individual sound and special place in the band.

MRR: So what makes for a good ROM show?

Yoshinaga: Being able to play and have the crowd getting into it. Sometimes, we might be ripping it up on stage but the audience just stands there being lame. Other times, we might not be playing too well but the crowd is raging.

MRR: When the crowd is crazy and full of energy it can have a huge effect on the performance of a band, right?

Yoshinaga: Yeah, totally.

MRR: You play all over Japan, not just major cities, but smaller places, too. Tell us about these more remote locations.

Yoshinaga: I definitely notice that you get a surprising amount of punks even in smaller spots. Most people that come to shows in such places are musically active.

MRR: How about Okinawa, a place not visited so often by bands from the mainland?

Yoshinaga: We've played there twice now. Both times were great. To be honest, we didn't actually play with many punk bands as such, more of a mixed bag, actually. Had a lot of fun, of course!

Darling: What was really interesting for us there was meeting Okinawans and even foreign people who were there. I was really happy when they'd come up to us and say to us in English, 'Hey, nice gig!"

MRR: You've all been involved in the Japanese hardcore scene for quite a long time. What are the most significant differences between the scene back then and the scene now?

Yoshinaga: Regular people back then in Japan weren't used to punks or punk rock, and they really didn't like it at all. Back then, punks were creating a lot culturally and truly living the punk lifestyle. This is really amazing to me, because back then you'd get called a freak or beaten up if you had dyed hair or a mohawk or something like that going on. The only people who used to dye their hair back then were the *yankii* types. It's really not like that now though. It's a different feeling nowadays to sport a mohawk compared with how it used to be. When I see young kids running around wearing studded leather jackets and mohawks, while I don't think any ill of it, I know for sure that they didn't create the style, nor do they have to fight to be able to wear it. It's more like a trend that they can just jump in and out of. That's a really big difference I can see.

MRR: You can go into convenience stores here and see guys working behind the counter with the 'Soft Mohican' David Beckham rip-off do's, too!

Yoshinaga: Yeah, and they don't even have anything to do with punk rock.

MRR: It's really easy to get records and CDs out these days. Has this always been the case?

Yoshinaga: Well, in some ways it's easy to release something and have a few people buy it, I guess. In other ways it's become more difficult to get recognized for your originality, because you tend to get lumped in with the slew of other bands flooding the market these days.

Darling: The way of thinking of a lot of contemporary bands is much different to the way bands approached things fifteen or so years back.

Yoshinaga: Back then, people were more original, did what they wanted, and were more likely to take risks. Now it seems that so many bands make music and have a sound very similar to what their peers are doing — it's ridiculous. Too few bands are placing enough importance on originality. It's become so contrived.

Tomo: They seem to just be content to release anything that will sell and make the money back for whichever label put them out.

MRR: But whether it's a decent release or not...

Yoshinaga: ...is a completely different matter.

Darling: It's not the way it used to be.

MRR: So it's doubtful that a lot of these contrived modern "punk" and "hardcore" bands are still going to active or even remembered in ten years time?

Yoshinaga: I'd agree.

MRR: Would you like to tour overseas if you had the chance?

Yoshinaga: Yeah, we would. Wherever people buy our CDs and know us! We'd play anywhere.

MRR: What's in store for the band in the near future?

Yoshinaga: Well, we're hoping that lots of different kinds of people come and see us, listen to our music and know we exist. Everything we do, we do it off our own backs.

Tomo: I hope that we are each able to use our own talents and things that we've been influenced by to create something worth listening to, that doesn't sound like any other band.

Yoshinaga: We want people to be emotionally moved when they listen to our music.

MRR: You used to have another vocalist, right? How's doing vocals as well as handling bass duties?

Darling: Yeah, not much different really. I can emphasize my vocals with my bass better now and vice-versa. There's a slightly different feel to the songs now.

MRR: How many times do you play each month?

Yoshinaga: A good five or six times.

Darling: When we're busy, that is. Otherwise two or three times a month.

Yoshinaga: We love playing shows.

MRR: You'll never be a studio band then!!Yoshinaga: No, but our recordings are great though!

MRR: You played a Smash Your Chains show on Monday. Could you please explain to the readers about this mighty event?

Yoshinaga: It's Nightmare and Warhead's event. They've been putting them on for about ten years now. They always call great bands so it's always worth checking out. If you want to check out what's happening in the real Japanese hardcore punk scene, then Smash You Chains is the ticket.

MRR: What Japanese bands would you recommend to readers overseas?

Tomo: Nightmare, Warhead, Vibrations, Hisataka...

MRR: AI?

Yoshinaga: AI! Also, Rapes, Paintbox, Clash Dogs,™ and loads of Osaka bands. Anal Genba.

MRR: The Anal Genba vocalist in drag with his balls hanging out! (*laughter*)

MRR: Any last words?

Yoshinaga: If you invite us, we'll come and play for you. Please come and check us out. Oh, one more thing — if you don't want to do something, don't do it!

Darling: Yeah, especially work and shit like that.

Tomo: Change starts with yourself!

(Anyone wanting to contact ROM email me and I'll pass the message on: kevinhunt77@hotmail.com)

PISSCHRÏST

ERESY
ERESY
SONOR
SONOR

RAGING ANTIPO-D-BEAT BY MIKE JOYCE

Pisschrist's Bangkok debut was pretty fucking auspicious for a crusty four-piece from Melbourne. Hundreds of affluent Thai clubgoers screamed and waved their arms as a giant circular stage spun around to reveal the band. They launched into "Black Wind Of Evil" and the crowd went ape-shit. Never mind that most of the audience had never even heard of Discharge— their idea of hardcore may have been limited to Linkin Park, but they could recognize raging when they saw it and they responded appropriately. I appreciated the whisky; every table in the club came with a complimentary bottle and a bucket of ice.

How did a relatively young band from Melbourne end up in front of capacity crowds on a Southeast Asian tour a mere month after a giant tsunami laid waste to half the region? For one, singer Yeap is a local; born and bred in Kuala Lumpur. He is a recent immigrant to Australia and was eager to bring some Australian punk back home with him. The reactions from the people were better than we expected. After all, they are an unknown band. The shows were great, with people going ape shit and singing along to us. Everyone at the shows was really nice and took the time to come up and make conversation with us.

Indonesia, Singapore, and Malaysia were already acquainted with Yeap's old thrash outfit, Mass Separation. The hardcore/punk scene is pretty big there and a fair few international bands have been touring there in recent years. There are quite a few homegrown bands as well. Pisschrist had a chance to play with local greats Carburetor Dung, Apparatus, Secret 7, and Domestik Doktrin, among others. Part of the appeal may lie in the fact that Yeap sings in both English and Malay; I for one don't know what the songs "Iba Masa" and "Ecah Kepala" are about, but they seemed to strike a chord in the local youth. What motivates Pisschrist? One topic Yeap touched upon was the status of immigrants in his adopted country: these laws mainly affect people from the third world and politically volatile countries who truly need asylum. Once they arrive in Australia, they are put in detention camps and are subjected both mental and physical torture.

Not content to be a one-issue band, Pisschrist flies the flag for environmental causes, such as old-growth forests that are facing threat from logging companies. Coming from Southeast Asia where I have seen the aftermath of deforestation only strengthens my impression that people in Australia need to fight to preserve all these old growth forests.

Despite barely being a year old, Pisschrist has done quite a bit in their short time together. Ever since they got together as a band, things have progressed relatively fast: they recorded, made merchandise and played lots of shows in Melbourne. So they decided to do a tour! As individuals, they were always talking about going to play Asia. So they did! Now, after the tour, they are planning a local Aussie tour.

Pisschrist, however, is not the only thing on our plates. Drummer Tim plays in Schifosi, and is in the middle of an American tour. Guitarist Dave, formerly of Far Left Limit, is in a fast thrash outfit called Straightjacket, and is also busy running Gash Records. Bassist James, formerly of Drunkard and Soberphobe, is currently doing another project with members of those bands. Yeap and Tim are also in the heavy thrash outfit ABC Weapons. Tim and I have been playing together in ABC Weapons, so we already know the dynamics of playing music together. I was overseas when Dave and Tim emailed me about a band they have started with James playing sort of raw Scandinavian kinda punk. They were looking for a vocalist and I applied for the position immediately. Currently we only have a demo out. We got a 7" coming out on Rodrigo from Putrid Filth Conspiracy's new label, a 7" with Endless Blockades, and a split 7" with Apparatus from Malaysia on a label to be announced. So write if you are interested.

Contact Pisschrist:
PO Box 242, 3070 Northcote
Victoria, Australia

WE WANT THE AIRWAVES

Corporate consolidation and greed don't have to be the final words on the matter of media. There are people all over the world taking back the airwaves for DIY punk and politics. If you are involved with DIY or punk radio, please send us your story!

Deadthyme *is a modern counter-culture radio show that comes on from 2 to 4 am. (Central Time) Sunday nights/Monday mornings (whichever you prefer to call it) on KPFT 90.1 FM in Houston, TX. You can also listen online anywhere at: www.kpft.org and click on the "listen live" link. This interview is with Jason, the producer/DJ of the show.*

MRR: So, what exactly is "modern counter-culture" music?

Jason: Pretty vague, huh? Well, for this show's purposes, it's modern, dark, or intense underground music.

MRR: Punk?

J: Definitely. Punk, hardcore, grindcore, Oi, D-beat, thrashcore, crust, noizecore, straightedge, stenchcore, power violence—most any core you can think of.

MRR: Is that all?

J: No, I also do some other offbeat stuff that falls between the cracks. Shit like Negativland, Skinny Puppy, Nurse With Wound, Godflesh, Chrome, Big Black, :Wumpscut:, Swans, Christian Death, some industrial and goth stuff.

MRR: Goth?!

J: Well, I guess more death rock.

MRR: I don't see how you can mix that stuff and punk, man.

J: The compilation *Hell Comes to Your House* came out in, like, 1981 or so, and mixed punk and death rock. It's not like this is the first time these forms of music have been mixed. You just have to have an open mind.

MRR: But your show is mostly punk, right?

J: Yeah, definitely.

MRR: What do you mean by "modern?"

J: Well, that's one thing that's great about punk. Everyone defines it for themselves. It's all very personal. And for me, personally, and by extension my show, modern punk began in 1978. That was the year Crass put out *Feeding of the 5000*, Black Flag put out *Nervous Breakdown*, The Misfits put out *Bullet*, The Mad put out *I Hate Music*, and so on. That was the beginning of the punk sound that I like. There was punk around before that, of course. Crass even said punk was dead on *Feeding of the 5000*. But it's kind of like how Elvis is considered rock and roll, yet he doesn't sound like modern rock and roll. It's different. Not better or worse, but not really what I want to focus on.

MRR: So, you'd never play someone like, say, the Ramones?

J: Maybe, but not very often, and it would be something along the lines of "I'm Not Jesus" or "Endless Vacation," not one of their more bubblegummy songs.

MRR: How did the show get started?

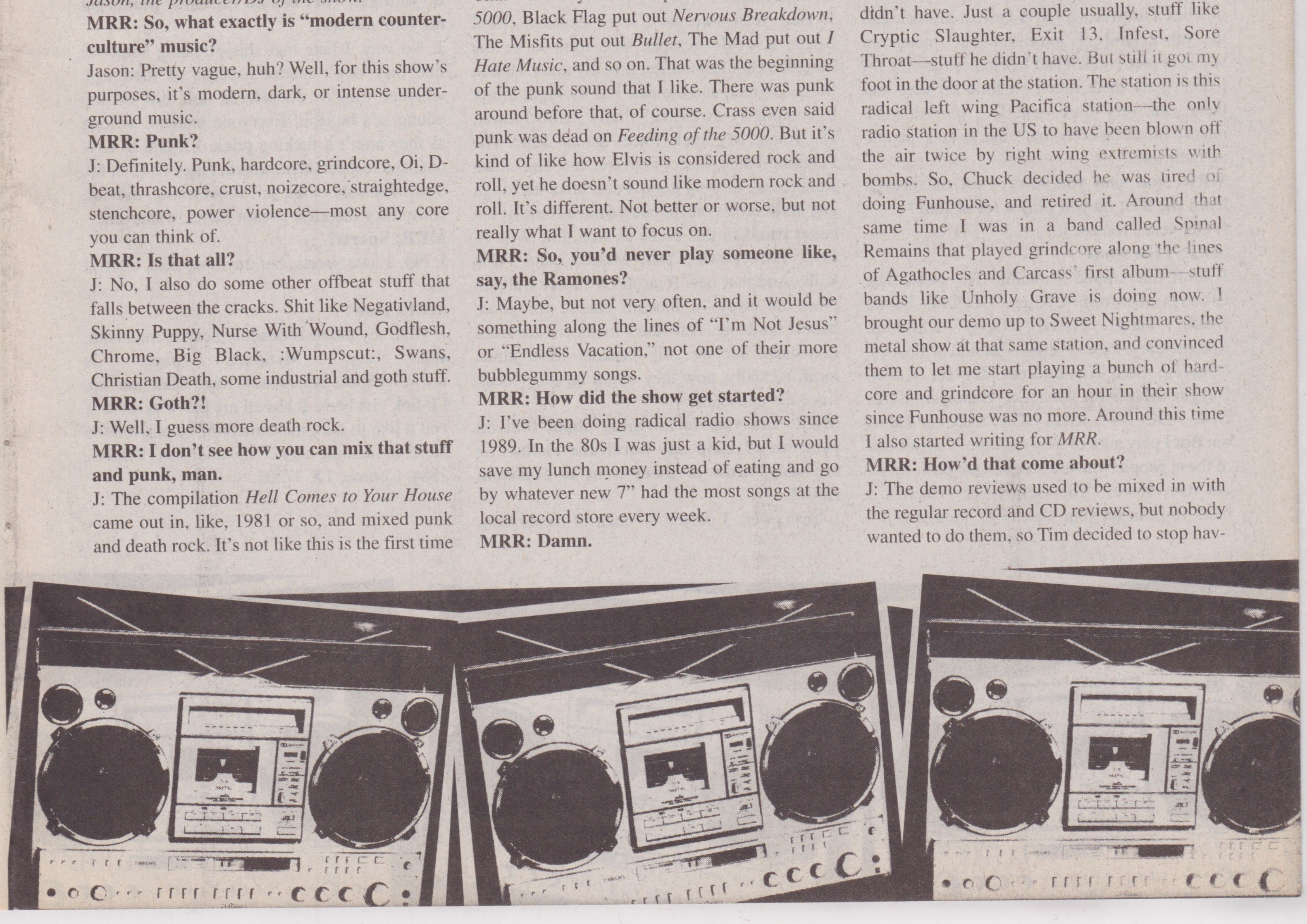
J: I've been doing radical radio shows since 1989. In the 80s I was just a kid, but I would save my lunch money instead of eating and go by whatever new 7" had the most songs at the local record store every week.

MRR: Damn.

J: Yeah, I skipped lunch so Doug Moody could afford to eat. *[laughter]* Anyway, after awhile, I discovered *MRR* and started ordering stuff out of it from places like Blacklist Mailorder, and ended up with a lot of music. Chuck, the guy who ran—and still runs—the record store I bought all the 7" from, Vinyl Edge, did a cool radio show called Funhouse where he did a lot of punk. I started coming down to his show in '89 or so, and bringing some records that he didn't have. Just a couple usually, stuff like Cryptic Slaughter, Exit 13, Infest, Sore Throat—stuff he didn't have. But still it got my foot in the door at the station. The station is this radical left wing Pacifica station—the only radio station in the US to have been blown off the air twice by right wing extremists with bombs. So, Chuck decided he was tired of doing Funhouse, and retired it. Around that same time I was in a band called Spinal Remains that played grindcore along the lines of Agathocles and Carcass' first album—stuff bands like Unholy Grave is doing now. I brought our demo up to Sweet Nightmares, the metal show at that same station, and convinced them to let me start playing a bunch of hardcore and grindcore for an hour in their show since Funhouse was no more. Around this time I also started writing for *MRR*.

MRR: How'd that come about?

J: The demo reviews used to be mixed in with the regular record and CD reviews, but nobody wanted to do them, so Tim decided to stop hav-



ing demo reviews. I called him up and told him that demo's were the blood of the underground, and he just couldn't stop reviewing them, and that I would do them. So I started doing a demo review column called "Demo-Lished" in '92 or '93, and I'd play a bunch of them on my little hardcore segment of the metal show. Fast forward up to '99, the station canned that metal show, Tim died, and I stopped doing reviews for *MRR*. Me and one of the guys from Sweet Nightmares started doing a metal/punk/hardcore radio show, which I contributed to a lot, but really I was just the co-host for the most part. Fast forward to the present, and basically I convinced a new program director to let have my own show—my dream show, basically the same kind of show that Funhouse was, all those years ago. Mostly punk, but with other intense and offbeat stuff mixed in as well.

MRR: So you don't play metal on this show?

J: Well, I play bands that some people would consider metal, I suppose. I'm really pretty sick of all that metalcore stuff that's everywhere now—all those bands that are just Pantera rip-offs like Throwdown and A Perfect Murder, and the other kind of more melodic metalcore which is pretty much just In Flames rip-offs. So I don't play them much—a little bit here and there, but very little. But I've played some intense metal on occasion. I like to keep people on their toes.

MRR: You said you have a lot of records from the 80s; do you play a lot of that?

J: Oh, yeah. Tons of it.

MRR: Like who?

J: Stuff like United Mutation, The Neos, The Clitboys, Uniform Choice, Declino, Septic Death, Fang, Pissed Happy Children, Rudimentary Peni, Follow Fashion Monkeys, Concrete Sox, Th' Inbred, Terveet Kadet, Dayglo Abortions, Generic, Bannlyst, SOB, DRI, MDC, DYS, RKL, DOA, SSD, etc and so on. But I play a lot of new stuff too. I'm not one of these people who are stuck in the past. (in an old man voice) "The Germs—now there's a band you can set your watch by!" *[laughter]*.

MRR: Who are some newer bands you play?

J: Well, it would probably be easiest to just go look at the show's MySpace page, instead of me listing a bunch of bands.

MRR: MySpace isn't very punk.

J: What has that got to do with anything?

MRR: A lot of punks are against MySpace.

J: Why?

MRR: Because it isn't punk.

J: Okay. Look, I just needed someplace to post my playlists and info on the show. MySpace is just a tool. Kinko's isn't punk, but punks go make flyers there and use their paper and stuff. I don't see why there should be a fuss about it, but whatever floats your boat, man. I refuse to drink 7-Up or Coors beer or eat at Dominos because they're a bunch of asses, but I haven't heard anything bad about MySpace. If there is I hope someone tells me. *[MySpace is owned by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., who also owns Fox News, etc. See the* MRR *News section this issue. —ed.]*

MRR: What about local bands—do you play a lot of them?

J: Hell yeah—we have some excellent local bands. Knuckle Scraper, who used to be the Machine Gun Romantics, is really good. Hatred Surge is great, and the new CD by Fight Pretty is completely awesome! Pretty Little Flower, Die Young, My Luck, Race Against Time, The Phantom Pains, Insect Warfare, and The Grave Robbers are all very good. I don't like the tough guy hardcore as much, but we have some of the better bands in that scene as well, like Will To Live, Ten Crowns, Your Mistake, and Pride Kills. And that new Reason Of Insanity album blew me away—a modern classic for good, honest hardcore. Half their members are from Louisiana, but we still consider them kinda local. Actually, now they might be fully local, since the hurricane.

MRR: Did you do anything about that on your show? Help any hurricane victims or anything. Most of them went to Houston, right?

J: Yeah, well, I played a bunch of bands from Louisiana to make them feel at home. Shell Shock, Graveyard Rodeo, EyeHateGod, Disappointed Parents, Acid Bath, ROI, I can't remember them all. I don't know how many of them listened, but I also helped out at the Astrodome a little bit, and donated some clothes, and took in a couple of cats that came here from that area. My cats were very unhappy about that.

MRR: So, what's the most requested band?

J: Probably the Misfits, who I don't really play them that often.

MRR: Do you get a lot of calls from younger punks?

J: Yeah.

MRR: Many girls?

J: Not really. Some, but a lot more guys.

MRR: So no hook-ups for the DJ?

J: Oh give me a break. Even if I was into trying to act like a dumbass jock, I'm ugly as sin.

MRR: So, you have a face for radio?

J: *[laughter]* Yeah, exactly.

MRR: You've been in the scene a long time—do younger, "wet behind the ears" punks get on your nerves?

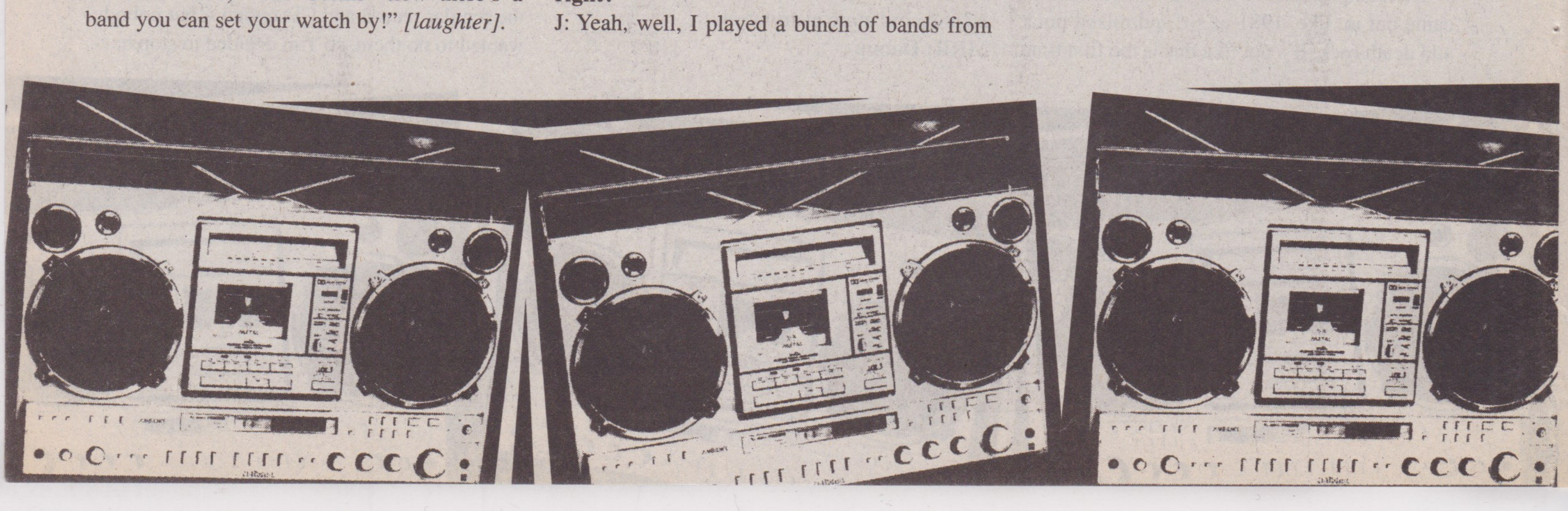
J: No way. I hate that shit—treating someone like they don't matter because of their age, whether they're considered too old or too young, it's bullshit. Everyone matters, as long as they aren't a fucking prick. I'll talk to anyone, and respect them, whether they're 12 or 80. You wanna shoot the shit about music, movies, conspiracy theories, peanut butter, whatever...

MRR: Sports?

J: No, I hate sports, but anything else, contact me.

MRR: How?

J: Well, my email is deadthyme@hotmail.com, and my MySpace page is www.MySpace.com/deadthyme. Link me up, I'll link you back. It has all my playlists on it. If you'd like to mail me something to play on the radio, or mail me a letter, my address is PO Box 2584, Conroe, TX 77305.



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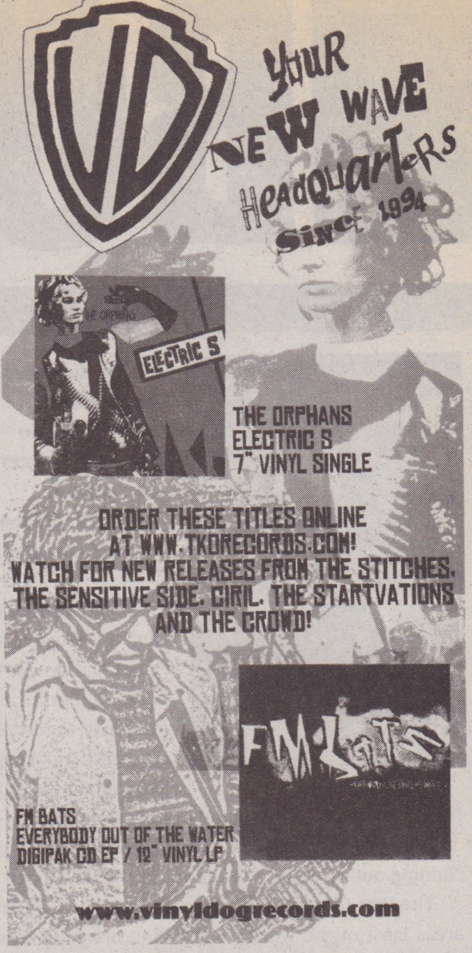
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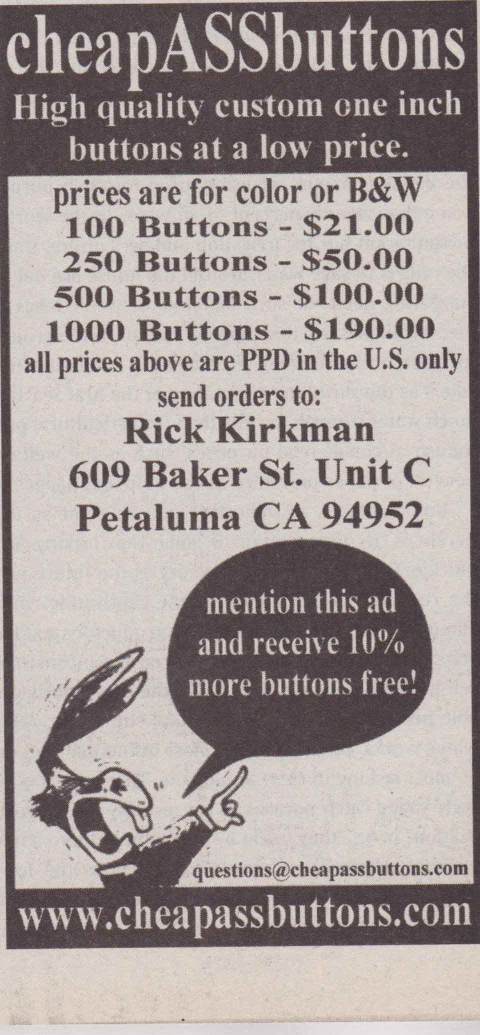
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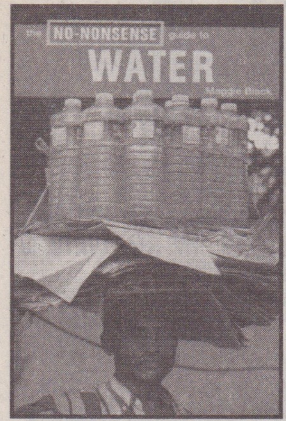


The No-Nonsense Guide to Water
Maggie Black
144 pages $10.00
Verso / New Internationalist
180 Varick St
New York, NY 10014-4606
www.versobooks.com / www.newint.org

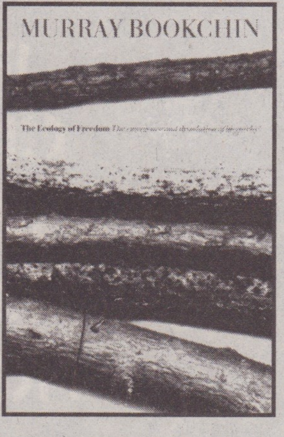
After previously covering everything from climate change to the arms trade to women's rights, the on-going series of political introductory book-sized pamphlets, the *No-Nonsense Guide*, returns again with their latest world calamity—water. If you're feeling icky about having to stare at your roommates' piss in the bowl, reading this should make your yellow greeting each morning a little lighter to bear and should have you doing the same. We're running out of water and it's we in the developed world using most of it.

The first few sections explore the uses of water in the world and in what areas most of the world is deficient, breaking down the little-noted but significant difference in the need for water for drinking purposes and for sanitation needs, and how in development often the former is planned for but not the later. Much effort is spent decrying the efforts of development in third world countries, where the estimated 1.1 billion who lack proper drinking water and 2.5 billion who lack proper sanitation live. The third chapter discusses the problems revolving around the topic of irrigation, in particular the massive amount of water used for such purpose—the startling statistic being that seventy percent of all water in the world is used not for drinking or sanitation but for irrigation and agriculture, thus making one feel that all the efforts to save water around the house are but futile, token gestures. The staggering need for such amounts of water leads directly to such environmental abuses as the tapping out of underground aquifers, the massive increase in the number of dams built in the last fifty years and to such disasters as the shrinking desiccation of the Aral Sea. It's also quite alarming how much water (though far less than for agricultural purposes) is spent solely on industrial/commercial purposes, such as the well over 100,000 gallons used per ton of paper produced in the pulp and paper industry.

Unfortunately, as important and relevant as the information contained herein is, its presentation is somewhat lacking in this brief seven-chapter quickie. Often the writing is as dry as the future world we're warned of and the reading is helped only by the captivating content covered. Despite its admittedly limited capacity as an introductory text by definition, certain areas are still more than a little unbalanced and inconsistent, almost as if Black herself had difficulty whittling down the enormously unwieldy issues into palatable portions. The chapter dealing with public versus private ownership of water works, potentially the most influential and relevant section, seems to be most lacking in clear arguments. There are too many instances of confusingly vague catch phrases as suggestions for improvement (e.g. "social mobilization" p. 82, "they could be incorporated into a new scheme" (p.83), "invest more of whatever resources are available into low-tech, locally affordable and manageable services" (p.86)). Such frustrating over-simplifications introduce important subjects yet offer the sort of explanations that do little to increase one's understanding beyond that which could be assumed anyway; to paraphrase— Q: Do multi-nationals screw over poor people? A: Yes, they do.

Nonetheless, I'll contradict myself as well, and state that there are still several strong points and packets of good concrete information to be extracted in the Water Guide, which are well worth the few hours it'll take most fast readers to finish. Like most, it's better at describing what's wrong (the excellent "A Resource Under Threat" chapter) than what to do about it (the lacking "Water at a Price"). The section on bottled water alone will make you either laugh or cry, and the point that strategies (e.g. privatization) that work for large million-fold urban projects don't necessarily work the same at the village level are valid and worthwhile. Capitalism (i.e. privatization) is only ideal in situations where it's in everyone's best interest to consume ever more of a given product (like tacos), but with limited resources like water (and we are currently using it far faster than the earth can replenish it), the ideal is to somehow limit consumption to sustainable levels. Unfortunately, the depressing picture water-colored by this book is of a purely fictional possibility of that happening anytime soon.

—Elliott Lange



The Ecology of Freedom
Murray Bookchin
469 pages$22.95
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612
www.akpress.org

I'm ashamed to say that up until I received a copy of *The Ecology of Freedom,* I had never actually heard of Murray Bookchin or his work. After reading this, however, I've become convinced of the importance this man's ideas have towards fixing the mess that we call modern civilization. *The Ecology of Freedom* is an historical account and detailed analysis of the masculine mindset that permeates society. Bookchin starts literally from the beginning, from the preliterate, matrifocal and agriculturally based communities that make up our most distant ancestors, and systematically works his way forward to our present day cultural mess.

While *The Ecology of Freedom* was initially released over twenty years ago, the gap between the first edition and this AK Press re-release has really only helped in strengthening the conclusions Bookchin draws toward modern "civilization" and the possible directions it can head in. The analysis in this work is centered on how our (admittedly decreasing) patrifocal society came into being.

The subtitle to this book is "The emergence and dissolution of hierarchy," which pretty much sums up the main thesis of the work. Bookchin exposes how the male mindset took over during the Neolithic and Bronze Age periods as a result of the fragile male ego. While he doesn't focus directly on the subversion and domination of women too much, the fact is a constant underlying theme throughout the book.

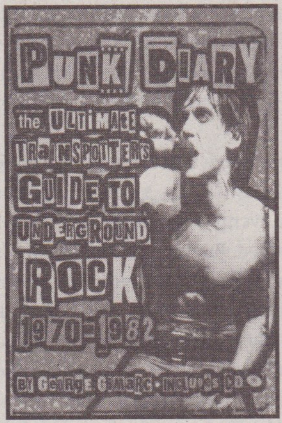
The second main theme, besides tracing the rise of hierarchies throughout society and detailing the different forms they have taken, is the introduction of Bookchin's concept of "social ecology." The political concept he puts forward is best described as organic politics (or "libertarian municipalism," as he calls it in the new introduction). He elaborately explores the idea of the connection between society and nature, putting forward the notion that society works in the same way as a natural ecosystem or a nature web. Simply put, we are all interconnected and share influence on the society around us. Bookchin's main concern, however, is what he identifies as a growing distance between natural arrangements and how modern civilization functions. He puts forward that humankind was once inextricably linked to nature, saying our ancestors recognized themselves as being a part of nature and completely connected to the world around us. The development of communal, agriculturally based communities into hierarchical forms (like feudalism) and eventually into the State has led us to see ourselves as the controllers of nature, rather than just part of it. Bookchin attributes this to the rise in masculine institutions such as the image of the heroic, male warrior, the Christian church (the "priestly corporation" as he calls it) and the nuclear family.

In the original introduction to the book, Bookchin says that it would be of much benefit to the reader if they had some basic knowledge in political theory, anthropology, biology and cultural history. This is true to an extent; the small knowledge I have in anthropology, history and politics did come in handy when reading the book but only in that Bookchin's analysis helped to connect and confirm some of the notions I'd developed in my own mind. As regards how much knowledge in all these fields one actually requires, I'm pretty sure it doesn't have to be extensive. The book acts as an historical account, albeit one focused on cultural mindset rather than solid fact, and so also services as a kind of history lesson. The works used by Bookchin in compiling this work are so frequently referenced and well documented in the index that you don't really have to worry about the analysis being heavily biased or factually unsound. This being a re-release has allowed Bookchin to add new footnotes and analysis of his own work, so that most instances where the book does descend more into bias rather than opinion are pointed out and explained by him. There are, of course, occasions where Bookchin generalizes and makes broad assumptions, the main area being in regard to the preliterate societies he so often references, but most people know to keep a wary eye for this type of thing anyway when reading political and social theory.

The main issue I think most readers would have with this work is the occasional over-complication of language. Most modern political works suffer from this problem and there are moments when Bookchin's tendency to rearrange phrases and coin new ones can border on the ridiculous but for the most part any complication in language seems to be mainly out of necessity. This is due to fact that most contemporary political theorists have to be very careful with language since modern political rhetoric is such a broad and over-complicated thing in itself. In all honesty, though, for the most part Bookchin's language actually serves the book quite well. In parts his opinions overtake his language and a scathing sarcasm shows itself below the surface that lends the writing a much more human air. His writing style has a certain flow to it and every section of the book is a logical step after the preceding one.

As regards the conclusions that Bookchin draws from his analysis, I have no argument. Despite the grounding in environmentalist and libertarian communist (for want of a better phrase) thought that Bookchin has, he does not resign himself to simply hanging off the ideas of Marx and Proudhon or to dreamy notions of a communal form of life exactly like the idealistic one attributed to preliterate societies by most environmentalists. Bookchin emphasizes forward thinking and insists that despite all the evils committed in order to form modern society, it is within modern society that we have the perfect tools to dismantle the capitalist machine. His ideas and analysis are lucid and frequently inspiring but not self-contained or preachy. The writing inspires thought as well as informing and the constant referencing and detailed index gives the reader plenty for further research. To give a totally honest and person opinion, away from all the overly-intellectualized analysis in this review, I thought this book was amazing. As I said before, Bookchin takes notions and facts that I had floating around in my mind and helps to connect, confirm and refute them. This work shows so well how our society, male-obsessed and dominated for so long, has now become more self-obsessed but still dominated by the masculine mindset and also how the seeds of rebellion are contained within this society; how it will eventually (hopefully) eat itself from the inside out.

—Craig Cox


PUNK DIARY
the ULTIMATE TRAINSPOTTER'S GUIDE TO UNDERGROUND ROCK
1970-1982
BY GEORGE GIMARC · INCLUDES CD

Punk Diary: The Ultimate Trainspotter's Guide to Underground Rock 1970-1982
George Gimarc
750 pages
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Backbeat Books
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www.backbeatbooks.com

George Gimarc's *Punk Diary: The Ultimate Trainspotter's Guide to Underground Rock 1970-1982* is a 750-page day-by-day history of punk and new wave, but its attention to the underground — the heart of punk and what matters to punx, not sociologists — is patchy. The largest index entries belong to Sex Pistols, Damned, Stranglers, Clash, etc. No surprise there. But there is a lot more time spent on new wave than punk, and somewhere, Kickboy Face rolls (again) in his grave.

To get a feel for the book, we need look no further than page one. It begins with August 1970s release of The Stooges *Funhouse*. So far so good. Next up are Stiff Beach, who eventually evolved into XTC. After them come Beans who were distant predecessors to Talking Heads. And so it goes. I am admittedly out of touch with normals, but are there really people in the world who have the lunatic fascination with Squeeze or Oingo Boingo that I, and all my friends, have with Discharge? Really, does anyone give a shit about the antics and critical reception of such forgettable, mediocre, mainstream bands?

A cool entry for Hugh Beaumont Experience seemed bizarrely out of place until I realized the author hails from Texas. There are several other real punk bands from Texas covered (e.g. Vomit Pigs and Bobby Soxx), but these obscure acts, whose stories can be compelling, especially because they have not yet been told fifty times already, are the exceptions.

The book is fun and useful for factoids, like how Stiff Little Fingers or SST Records got their names, or even what reviewers originally said about some of your favorite records. But it is not a serious addition to punk historiography. At $24.95, any reader of *MRR* would probably get more enjoyment out of a couple early issues of this magazine purchased on eBay. If Gimarc put out a version of the book that excised all major-label "punk" after 1978 or so, it might be a worthwhile investment for punx.

Gimarc's foreword makes two chief claims, both of which are wholly disingenuous: first, "What makes this unlike any other rock book is that it treats the scene on a day-to-day basis, diary style, the way it actually happened, the only way that this tangled web can make sense...Going through this book from beginning to end, you will experience what it was like to watch the scene unfold, without having to change wardrobe." It is true that no other book (except the two previous volumes which were merged to create this one) treats punk in this way. Thanks be to Sid! Gimarc is making a large philosophical assumption about how events unfold in time, and how one can understand history. A day-by-day account is actually rather lazy, in spite of the amount of work we are to assume Gimarc put into its construction, because it absolves the author of the responsibility to weave the threads of a narrative, to reveal the causative connections between events, the connections that we call history. That we know the order of events (the dates, in most cases, are totally unimportant) does not mean we know why they occurred.

Slogging through this book is completely unlike the experience of watching a scene unfold — its pseudo-omniscience is quite different from the biased, limited, and contingent viewpoint one would have had at the time. But more importantly, since this is a book one is supposed to *read*, I really hope the years before my involvement with punk, which sure seem exciting from the photos and the fanzines and the bloody music, were a lot less dry and boring than this book makes them seem. Reading that *Realities of War* was released on a certain day is nothing in comparison to what it must have been like for someone to spend a week's savings on it, run home to throw it on the turntable, and have their eardrums — and notions of the possibilities of music — ruptured.

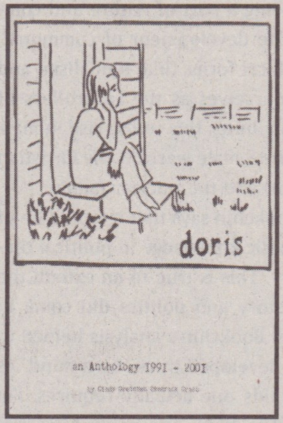
The second disingenuous claim is, "In *Punk Diary* there are no foregone conclusions, no value judgments." Again, laziness. On the surface, it seems true that Gimarc faithfully tries to recount the events without saying that, for example, the Pistols were better than The Damned. But an examination of his methodology reveals that Gimarc suppressed whatever opinions he might have and replaced them with the opinions of the music press of the period. *New Musical Express* and *Sounds*, the two primary music tabloids in England during the punk explosion, are the source of most of the quotes about the music. Their authors were highly opinionated, often snobbish, and full of venom for whatever was being championed by their counterparts, in fine tabloid fashion. Thus, on Oi!, we get Garry Bushell's often ridiculous sub-Marxist support for the scene in *Sounds* and kneejerk hatred of the same in *NME*. A dutiful author or editor might attempt to distill the truth, or at least a reasonable opinion, from them, but Gimarc lets the two versions hang in the air, replicating the maddening journalistic habit of giving equal time to each side of a debate even though one (or both) is an outright falsehood. Again and again, Gimarc re-prints reviews from the time, as if they are somehow true, and as if *these* value judgments are acceptable whereas his own are not. What the reviews said is often fascinating, but the notion that these reviews should be the final word in a history of punk is ridiculous.

What's especially offensive is that these weeklies, for the most part, were contemptuous of punk. They had been partly responsible for creating the rock 'n' roll world punk rebelled against, and after they deemed punk to have expended its energy, they were eager to return to the status quo. So we got the fiction of new wave, which was punk sapped of all its radical qualities, repackaged for commercial success. And now, the new wave fuckers to whom Gimarc devotes so much space, like U2 (who have more index entries than The Ramones), are hobnobbing with world leaders, giving some pop-culture credence to the first world's murderous economic policies in the developing world. Gimarc naturally skipped the 1980 Slade/U2/Discharge gig review in *Sounds* in which Bushell described Discharge as having "all the grace and appeal of a syphilitic sore" and noted that "Bono's glum, self-satisfied pronouncements [are becoming] increasingly offensive."

Readers of *MRR*, a magazine that has always recognized the cross-border nature of the music, will be disappointed by the international coverage in *Punk Diary*. Sweden's Rude Kids (whom I love) get a couple entries, because Tony Parsons wrote an article about them in *NME*, but, for example, the more popular Ebba Grön receive no mention. Even still, Gimarc doesn't discuss Rude Kids's sound, only their antipathy for The Stranglers, who wrote an anti-Sweden song. Gimarc includes occasional mentions of well-known Canadian, Dutch, and Australian bands, but don't go looking herein for any insight into the early punk scenes of Japan, Germany, Finland, or Spain because these countries generally did not produce bands who sang in English. As a result, there was no coverage in US/UK rock magazines, which catered to the industry even after punk rock had revealed its bankruptcy. Gimarc derives his history from those magazines, so we are left to contemplate the claim that there are no foregone conclusions or value judgments. Right. Except the value judgment that says a history of punk rock need not include bands that sang in languages other than English or that never desired coverage by the tabloid music press.

I can't help but feel a little sorry for George Gimarc. This book is a wacky idea come to a collector/fanatic/wannabe-author in the middle of the night made manifest. He should've rolled over and gone back to sleep.

—Stuart Schrader



Doris: An Anthology 1991-2001
Cindy Gretchen Ovenrack Crabb
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I first read *Doris* after picking up number four at a bookstore in Berkeley. I remember the duct tape on the cover. I remember reading about the garage Cindy had just moved out of, a garage with a huge hole in the roof that she finally fixed with a big roll of plastic. I remember wishing that I lived in a fucked-up, rain-soaked garage, instead of a normal house with three roommates and a sound roof. It didn't occur to me then how dumb it was to romanticize a roof with a hole in it. But that's the truth about romanticizing something — it becomes not about the thing itself but what you want it to *mean*, what you want it to stand for.

Doris is about idealization and its correlation, disappointment. It's about disenchantment and the hope that underlies it. It's about people and politics and projects and plans that fall through. It's about making plans and changing plans and hating when plans become plans, not life. And then making more plans. *Doris* chronicles ten years of figuring out how to live, how to be fulfilled, how not to be depressed, how to negotiate the desire for connection and community and the desire for solitude, simultaneously. *Doris* weaves together personal narratives, travel narratives, fiction, letters, comics, and sketches, in pieces that are ruminations on the past, comments on the present, or projections for the future. You could pick up *Doris* and start reading anywhere and it would all cohere; each piece in each issue resonates with the same fundamental concerns: who and how to trust, how to love, where to find home, how to feel at home in your city, in your body. But to read straight through offers an observable manifestation of the passage of time, marked out by the events of a life.

The passages Cindy writes about her struggle to come to terms with her relationships with both of her parents are particularly moving, but especially those in *Doris* #18, "September" and "Minnesota," in which she writes about the confusion and despair she experiences dealing with her mother's death. Immediately following both pieces are recipes for ginger snaps and toffee bars; somehow they fit in with *Doris*'s theme of the search for emotional sustenance amidst the anguish and disillusion of real (unromanticized) life. In like manner, Cindy makes sure to leave her readers, via her "Outroduction," with a happy ending, "not that hard end," but a hopeful one. It's not sickly-sweet, though; it simply confirms the sense of hope that pervades *Doris*, a hope that provides the impetus for changing the world and creating new stories.

—Dawna Demartini

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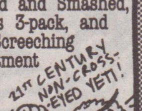
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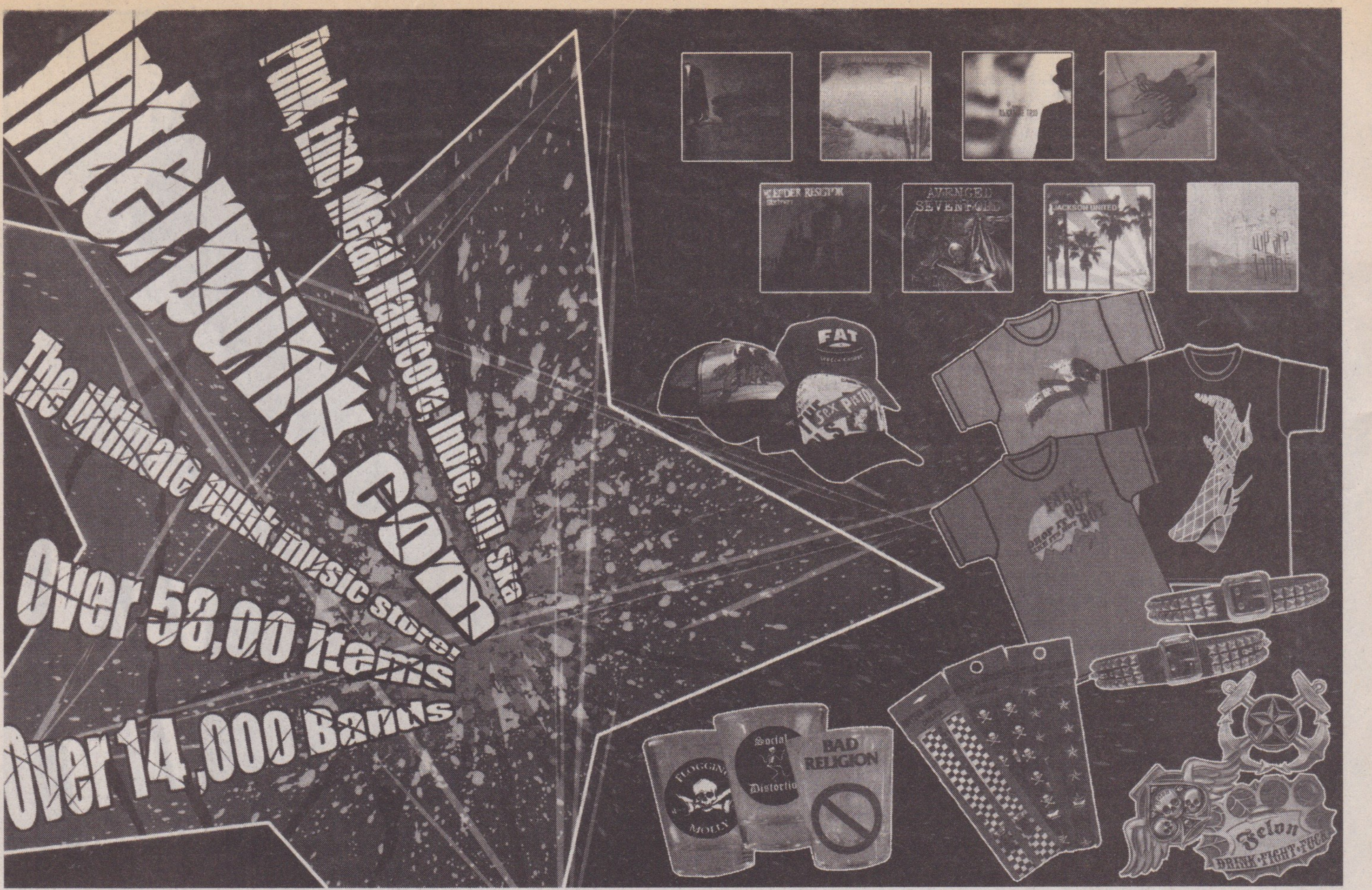
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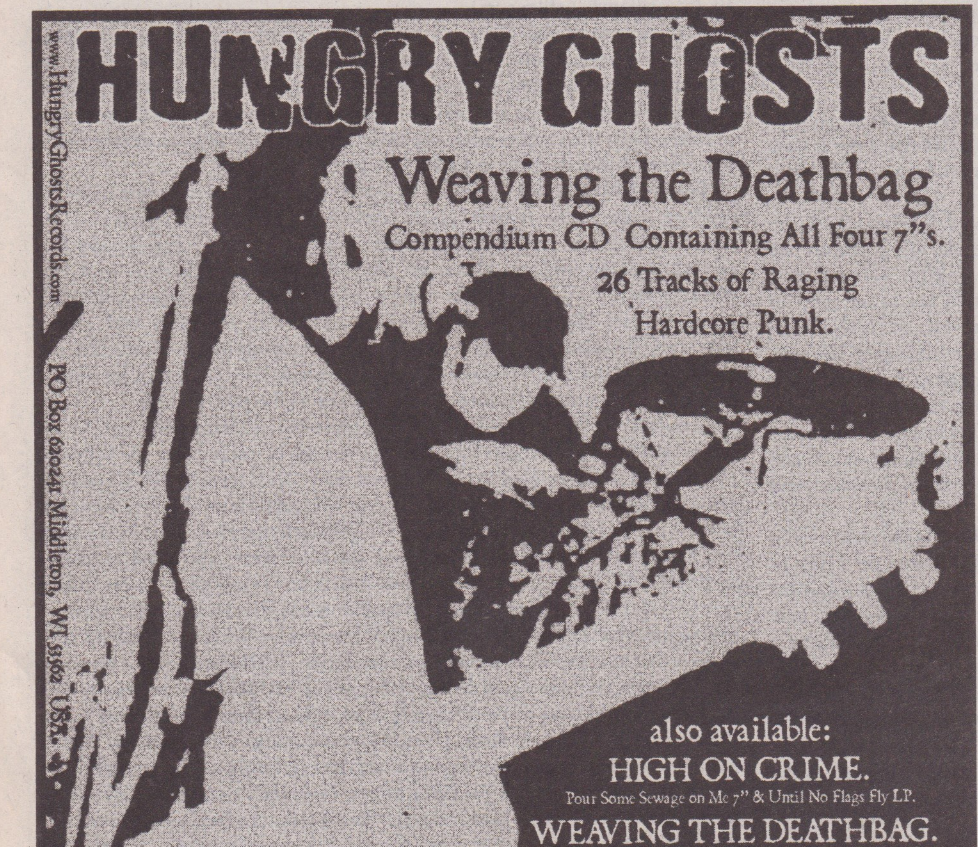

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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

I have become exceptionally impatient lately. It may be recent events that have made me this way, but I know I used to be more easy-going about things. I used to be able to go with the flow and see where it took me. I enjoyed being around people who I didn't always agree with. I didn't mind wasting time seeing a movie. This month I found myself looking at my watch during almost every movie I saw. It was strangely distressing.

The worst offender was **The Edukators**. I went into the film knowing it was two-and-a-half hours long. I have seen longer movies, so the length didn't put me off. I liked the premise: two friends who are fed up with society's imbalance of wealth and poverty break into rich people's houses. Instead of stealing anything, they simply rearrange the furniture and put things were they don't belong. They leave a note that says, "Your days of plenty are numbered," or something similar, signed by *The Edukators*. The theory is to instill fear into people who feel they are very secure. It probably does. Who wouldn't be freaked out to come home to all their belongings in a huge pile in the living room? It is kind of like the Yes Men for people who don't like speaking to crowds.

The Edukators is a German film and has a lot of philosophizing about politics. Most of it, and I hope this is due to the translation, is so clichéd that I was getting embarrassed for the characters. Throw in a love triangle, and now you've got a film that has crossed my cliché threshold.

Peter and Jan are The Edukators. Jule is Peter's girlfriend. Jule has it bad. She works as a waitress at a fancy restaurant where everyone acts like a jerk. In one scene, a woman points out that the brandy is not being served in a brandy glass and makes Jule take back all four glasses. She also warns that Jule better not pour the same liqueur into the new glasses: they will be able to tell. Jule is also being evicted from her apartment even though she was finally catching up on her rent.

Jule moves in with Peter and Jan. Peter has a trip planned to go to Spain, but Jule can't go with him now because she has to fix up her old apartment to get her deposit back. (Being from SF, I know you don't fix up the apartment when you are being evicted.) So Jule is left behind with Jan, who is very handsome, smart, and sensitive. I wonder what will happen? Of course, there is alcohol involved, and Jan lets out the secret about The Edukators.

Jule convinces Jan to break into the house of a man to whom she owes a lot of money. It is the lamest portrayal of a woman using her sexuality to get a man to do what she wants I have seen on a screen in a long time. This is the point where I can't take it anymore. But I stay longer. Maybe it will get better. It doesn't. I look at my watch when the owner of the house comes home and the three (Peter comes back from Spain) of them kidnap him. I am only an hour and a half in, but the thought of staying another hour doesn't seem like a good idea, so I leave. I never leave movies before the end—it is my new impatience. (www3.ifcfilms.com/theedukators)

I went to see **Funny Ha Ha** on a whim. I was bored and hadn't been to the Red Vic Movie House in a long time. The Red Vic has the best popcorn in SF and is a great place to see a film. It's very comfortable. I read the blurb, it didn't excite me, but I hadn't heard anything good or bad about the film, so I was off to the Haight.

Funny Ha Ha is the story of Marnie, a recent college graduate without a life plan or even a job. Understandable. I've been there. You probably have too. In one scene, Marnie is walking down the street when her two friends are driving by. They are meeting some friends for dinner and invite Marnie along. She accepts the invitation and gets into the car. After some uncomfortable meeting negotiations at an apartment, they are off to the restaurant. There everyone knows each other, except for Marnie. She tries to make some small talk with an engineer, but ends up mostly drinking too much and staring off into space. This was the one scene where I could really identify with Marnie. I have been in a similar situation many times. Somehow it always seems like a good idea when the invitation was extended, but when I'd get there I'd wish I had made an excuse. When I couldn't escape, I'd drink.

It comes out at dinner that Alex, a friend Marnie likes and had expressed her affection to, has just broken up with his girlfriend. This cheers Marnie up, and her friends try to get the two of them together. In between, there are a bunch of parties, some weird dates, a temp job, an admiring co-worker and a surprise marriage. The whole film is loosely structured and filmed with a fly-on-the-wall perspective, catching people at their most awkward, all of which is very appealing to me. I just couldn't get into the characters.

When I looked at my watch, the film was at two hours and ended with me missing the last line. I didn't think I missed anything important until my co-worker seemed obsessed with finding out what the last line was. The dialogue was muffled, he says. When he told me what it was, I still didn't feel like I missed anything. The guy sitting in front of me was less kind. "These people need some acting lessons," he practically shouted at the screen. The acting didn't bother me at all. (www.funnyhahafilm.com)

Compared to Werner Herzog, I don't feel impatient at all. Herzog is so impatient he doesn't even allow you time to react before he tells you how you should. His unintentionally funny narration for his documentary **Grizzly Man** is sometimes so over-the-top you just need to laugh out loud, even though the subject is so tragic. Even the coroner who supposedly examined the remains of two bodies seems like he is overacting. It is just plain weird.

Grizzly Man is a look at the life of Timothy Treadwell, a man who spent his summers living in the Alaskan grizzly bear refuge. After thirteen years of doing this, he was killed by a grizzly bear along with his girlfriend Amie. Treadwell is seen through his own recordings. He brought a video camera along with him when he went to Alaska and filmed the bears up close as well as recording a very revealing diary. Herzog edits this footage together with interviews with people who knew Treadwell. Amie's family doesn't want anything to do with the film and Herzog points out that Treadwell managed to mostly keep her out of his videos, preferring to give the impression that he is alone in the grizzly refuge.

Treadwell obviously is in love with the bears, but as Herzog tells you, he is a bit delusional. Treadwell gets some amazing footage of grizzly bears. He befriends a fox, which would be hard to believe if you didn't see it for yourself. When he is not in Alaska, he spends the rest of the year teaching school children about the bears. All this is great. It is the other side of Treadwell that Herzog insists you must also know about. He introduces Treadwell the failed actor, who is self-appointed to protect the grizzly bears—from what is unclear. Treadwell is obsessed with poachers and distrustful of the park rangers. It seems that Herzog really wants to expose the other side of this man, though I wonder why. What has Treadwell really done that warrants such an intense examination? If Treadwell were a presidential candidate, one side would definitely be calling this film a false representation.

The most awkward scene of **Grizzly Man** is when Herzog is listening to the final video tape Treadwell made. He managed to turn the camera on, but did not get the lens cap off when the bear attacked. Herzog listens to the tape while we watch in silence along with the tape's owner, Treadwell's ex-girlfriend and fellow member of Grizzly People, Jewel Palovak. Herzog is shocked and tells Palovak that she should never listen to that tape. I know I should never listen to it either, but that whole scene really makes me want to hear it.

Grizzly Man reminds me of another grizzly bear documentary I reviewed a few years back, **Project Grizzly**. In that film, a man who was attacked by a grizzly bear, but not killed, becomes obsessed with making a suit so he can fight the bear again. You may recall that I wished that bear had killed that man. After watching **Grizzly Man,** I didn't wish that for Treadwell. He may have been crazy, and ultimately his death was his own fault, but he still had a better reason for playing with the grizzlies. (www.grizzlyman.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR, PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. Email me at carolynmrr@juno.com, if you have a film screening in San Francisco. I will go see it.

FINAL CUT

BY STEVEN SPINALI

REEL PARADISO

If there is such a thing, **Cinema Paradiso** isn't in Italy. Set your compass due east, head across an ocean, down a web of dirt trails, and walk into the 180 Meridian Cinema. It's a crude, white stucco building with hand-painted images of Mickey Mouse and Bugs Bunny on the outside. For one year, it was the location of an experiment in film that will never be repeated.

Perched exactly on the 180th meridian, this theater was constructed in the mid-50s by a man called the "Fitzcarraldo of Fiji," and survived by programming third-run American features or whatever was cheap.

Enter John Pierson, a passionate sponsor of indie films by the likes of Spike Lee and Michael Moore. His idea: to spend an entire year on the most remote place on Earth and show movies. His wife and two children came along, too—curious benefactors from a far-off place called New York, people whose motives seemed as obscure as their language.

Reel Paradise is the latest documentary by Steven James (**Hoop Dreams**), and it captures the last week in the year-long run. It's set in the Fijian village of Taveuni, where the inhabitants don't earn enough money to go to the movies. So, Pierson pulled together the financial support of a cabal of stateside filmmakers so he could show all the movies for free.

In this sense, 180 Meridian was indeed a kind of **Cinema Paradiso**, but in most ways, it wasn't. There's dust everywhere; Pierson sweeps the place out every day, but it seems the dirt propagates itself. Pierson is dependent on two local projectionists, and he can't be sure they'll even show up for a given night's show. During a program of student films, two projectors blow up before his eyes, and Taveuni isn't exactly the best source of spare electronics.

But, Pierson notes, there are compensations. Aside from the lush South Pacific locale, his audiences weren't yet jaded by Hollywood product, old or new. The first film he showed was "Some More of Samoa," the Three Stooges' giddily misinformed send-up of regional clichés, a fossil of a movie that left his audience hoarse with laughter. From here, he fed them a steady diet of films mostly disdained by critics and intelligentsia. **The Hot Chick**, **Bringing Down the House**, and **Jackass** drew responses that were particularly enthusiastic. A few even managed to maintain consciousness during films like the epic **Gangs of New York**.

But all's not paradise in paradise. Thieves steal expensive gear from the Pierson's place as they're showing movies for the benefit of the locals. John Pierson is particularly wounded by this offense, and the outrage is quickly followed up by a serious case of jungle fever that leaves him incapacitated for days.

But his greatest obstacles come the local Christian church. Even though Pierson alters his screening times to satisfy church elders, they still cast every manner of un-Christian aspersion his way, once even accusing him of being a child molester. The joys of slapstick, it seems, had begun to compete with the less tangible rewards of religion.

In **Reel Paradise**, there's never that intimation that one film is better than another because it's more artful or dramatic; Pierson and his wife, who always watch grinning in the middle of the theater, are more pleased by the squeals and exuberance of the audience. To some extent, you feel some envy for the people who pack into this 288-seat, open-air theater, where people respond to films just as they did during the early silent era.

America has only just begun to rediscover "fun" movies, and to that extent, it's easier to understand the giddy joy and magic that happens at 180 Meridian.

It's also one of the reasons why Werner Herzog's **Grizzly Man** can be so demanding.

Envisioning himself as a self-made wildlife expert, lanky, blond-haired Timothy Treadwell appeared on *David Letterman* and touted himself as the pre-eminent expert on the grizzly bear. The fact that I'm referring to Treadwell in the past tense suggests the obvious: he's no longer alive, and apparently not the expert he thought he was. But in this case, we're fortunate that he left behind a video record, and that a premier filmmaker like Werner Herzog took notice of his story.

Strictly speaking, **Grizzly Man** isn't a documentary on the grizzly; it's more the diary of a man who convinced himself he was able to control the beasts. But thanks to this audiovisual record, Herzog gives us access to a revealing and sometimes terrifying confessional of this tortured man.

Most wildlife documentarians travel into the wilderness with a crew, a budget, and some sort of sponsorship. Timothy Treadwell deliberately placed himself at a disadvantage. Realizing that the grizzly is a creature struggling on the margin between wilderness and civilization, he would journey into their living area at Katmai National Park with only one assistant (though he liked to give the impression that he was on his own). In fact, his work "preserving" the grizzly often put him in direct conflict with the National Park Service, who saw him as a dangerous and unnecessary human influence on the bears. Ignoring how easily bears habituate themselves to human contact, Treadwell began to see himself as being able to "speak" the bears' language of intimidation—a true "grizzly man."

Meek and squeaky-voiced, he scarcely comes off as a man who can bully one of the largest and most aggressive animals on the North American continent. Yet, time and time again, his intimate contact with the bears (sometimes so close he could feel their breath) bore out his expertise. On film, Treadwell repeatedly emphasizes the danger of his situation. He claimed that only he had the ability to live so close to the grizzlies. And that his life was in danger every moment he was with them.

Some of his on-camera confessionals suggest this confidence did not extend far beyond the frontier. An admitted alcoholic, he wrestled unsuccessfully with his addiction until an obsession with the grizzlies somehow took its place. In a very real sense, he owed his life to the grizzly bear.

Treadwell envisioned himself as a one-man *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*, offering continuous narration to his own wildlife dramas. Lulled into an admiration of the grizzly that almost bordered on worship, he drew on his contacts with the animal to think he, too, had the same kind of dominance.

This contrasted with the failures of his personal life. On camera, Treadwell sheepishly admits to his utter failure in dealing with women, or finding a meaningful place in the human world. In between these embarrassing revelations, his own worldview starts to crumble as he observes the real life of the grizzly and their indiscriminate savagery.

In all, Treadwell spent thirteen seasons with the grizzly, with only the last few captured on film. One was particularly severe. A drought kept the salmon from their seasonal run, and this pushed many bears to the edge of starvation. Ever the ill-conceived conservationist, Treadwell meddled with nature and began to construct a small salmon run. It didn't see much success. Soon, the older grizzlies began eating their young. When Treadwell trudges into their hunting area, he finds the white skull of a cub born just the last season, eaten clean of every last bit of meat.

Before long, this disappointment turns inward. He rails against poachers (who don't exist), the Park Service (who's largely left him alone), and even fellow environmentalists, whom he begins to see as adversaries. Treadwell can't see what the camera does: he's slowly going insane.

The most chilling scenes in **Grizzly Man** occur when Treadwell finds himself in daily contact with the old bear that would eventually kill him. Treadwell narrates to the camera as the bear looms in the background, encroaching, waiting for his moment to strike.

The actual moments of the attack were actually caught on audiotape. They're so disturbing that Herzog has opted to omit them from his film, and asked that they be destroyed.

Werner Herzog's view of the world can be dark and pessimistic, and this may be his most disturbing film yet. For Herzog, the seemingly random cruelty of life among the grizzlies is a metaphor for the harsh forces that forge the human condition. You may or may not subscribe to his philosophy, but it's hard not to feel pity for Treadwell, who in his short life fell prey to the most uncompromising of these forces.

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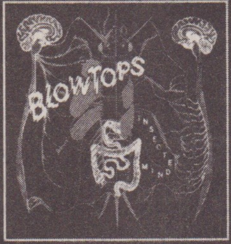

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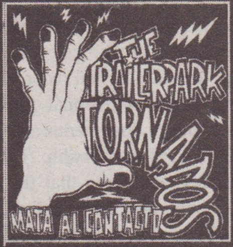
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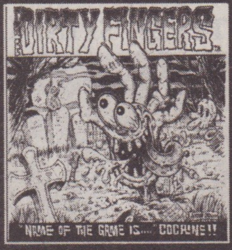
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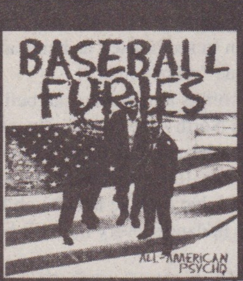
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Reviewers: (TB) Tim Brooks, (MC) Mitch Cardwell, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (PC) Paul Curran, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (VH) Vince Horner, (LG) Layla Gibbon, (CS) Chris Hubbard, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (RK) Ramsey Kanaan, (WK) Will Kinser, (WL) Will Weber Kneitel (formerly Will Risk), (EL) Elliott Lange, (RL) Ray Lujan, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (KS) Ken Sanderson, (MS) Martin Sorrondeguy, (SS) Steve Spinali, (BS) Brian Stern, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White.

AÇÃO DIRETA / SHIKARI – split EP

Damn, AÇÃO DIRETA storms out the gate with both barrels blazing on their side of wax—extremely well done mix of metallic riffs, solid drumming mixing tempos from D-beat, blast beat, and metal breakdowns to killer transitions, heavy guitars and impassioned vocals in Portuguese. Really dug their two tracks and can't wait to hear more. The URANUS-style screamo from SHIKARI seems an unlikely match, but they make it work—sort of. These Dutch metallic screamers are at their best in the slower, heavier moments. Personally, I'll take the Brazilians any day, but still both bands are quite good and AÇAO DIRETA alone makes this well worth picking up. (EL)

(UPS, c/o Mos, Vliegtuiglaan 3, 3769 JM Soesterberg, NETHERLANDS)

ACIDIC SOIL – "Desertification" EP

When I found out this band was ex-TECHNOCRACY I was pretty excited, since the TECHNOCRACY 12" was one of my favorite releases last year. Unfortunately, this EP didn't really measure up to that 12". ACIDIC SOIL takes their metal onslaught in a different direction. This is basically fast-paced hardcore that is deeply intertwined with lots of metal influence. There are guitar solos galore, but this just never takes off and knocks it home. Maybe they will hit their stride if they put out another release. (RC)

(HC Revive)

AGAINST ME! – "Searching for a Former Clarity" CD

Third full-length from these Floridians. I really liked the last one, and this one starts where that one left off, with Tom crooning out a slow number before the album really kicks in. The band is known for hand-clappin', feel-good sing-a-longs, but on this release you can almost see the some bile and cynicism start to creep in. Maybe the downside of success is that you simultaneously come to realize how lame the industry is and how two-faced, bitter, and jealous the scene can be. Or maybe the coke and teenage girls are kinda wearin' thin...as I'm sure they do. Anyway, this album didn't quite grab me as much as the ...*Eternal Cowboy*. I miss the WEDDING PRESENT-esque jangly guitar bits and I miss AGAINST ME! when they were still wide-eyed and innocent. Still, this is one of the best bands around today and the more I listen to this, the more I like it...and that *used* to be the test of a good record. (AD)

(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

ANGEL CITY OUTCASTS – "Let It Ride" CD

Second release from these LA street rockers. A blistering rock 'n' roll-infused "street-punk" (you might say) release. They mix up bits of RANCID (especially the trebly bass), SOCIAL DISTORTION, TIGER ARMY, TOY DOLLS, and DROPKICK MURPHYS with a real swing/rock 'n' roll inflection and some real hot, fancy lead guitar work. Marred somewhat by some retarded patriotic lyrics, but what can you do... (RK)

(Thorp, www.thorprecords.com)

ANS – "Romancing the Phone" EP

Lo-fi, DIY, 80s-inspired skate-core from the Northwest. The soundtrack to layback grinds, fat boards and backyard pools; FACTION meets AGRESSION recorded in a bathtub. Me like. (TB)

(Beginning Era, 7626 SE Clay, Portland, OR 97215, berecords@aol.com)

ASHTRAY – "White Sugar Is the Devil" CD

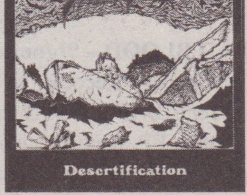
Maybe this band is trying to be BLATZ, as my coworker puts it, but regardless, ASHTRAY comes across as one of the dumbest and shallowest bands I have seen or heard. Basic spiky punk with male and female vocals that sputter some of the dumbest, non-offensive lyrics that this reviewer has read in a long time. When listening to ASHTRAY all I can think about is a crusty, dumbed-down, less offensive TSUNAMI BOMB. I'll pass. (JF)

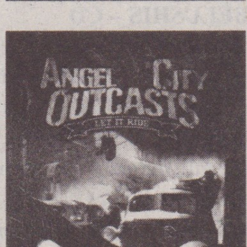
(Pandacide, www.pandaciderecords.com)

ATAQUE FRONTAL – "No Habra Paz" EP

Wow!!!! I thought this record would never be reissued. An amazing example of Latin American hardcore punk, this release is brought to us by Mr. Suren of

AÇÃO DIRETA





ROMANCING THE PHONE

Burrito Records. ATAQUE FRONTAL had a nasty raw style to their punk. The vocals were what always got me flippin' on this record. He is screaming his ass off and he just goes to town with his vocals—you almost think the band could barely keep up with him. I am a freak for Latin American punk so if you buy this and think it is under-produced noise, well boo-fucking-hoo. Peru in the 80s, man, just imagine it! This record comes with a bonus track that never made the original release. "Ya No Formo Parte de Esto" is great and has been covered by other bands. "Arto" is another ripping song. If you are a fan of Latino punk, you need this. (MS)
(Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

AVSKUM – "Crucified by the System" EP

In this re-release of their 1984 debut EP, AVSKUM delivers a DISCHARGE-like hardcore assault, albeit with extended song structures. The guitars are almost like a dentist's drill on all six tracks, and this Swedish band delivered a minor classic that still sustains considerable power. A limited edition pressed on clear vinyl. Very strong for its style. (SS)
(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141)

BAD BLOOD – "Ignorance Is Bliss" EP

Campary Records, from Germany, proudly presents BAD BLOOD from the UK! Side one of this EP features two mid-paced melodic punk tunes with well-crafted guitar lines and intelligent lyrics. Side two picks up the tempo a notch with two engaging punk songs. The lyrics deal with subjects such as religion, politics, and media poison. This release will appeal to fans of UK punk containing guitar hooks, strong vocals and polished melodies. (BR)
(Campary, Erkrather Str. 286, 40233 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

BELUSHIS – CD

A dire-looking package from a band with a sketch name (I mean, which Belushi are they referring to—Blues Brother John or Jim "The Principal" Belushi?) that yields a pretty good record (the odds be damned). Doesn't happen often, but it *does* happen. The BELUSHIS play big music with a larger-than-life this-town-ain't-big-enough-fer-the-both-of-us sound and attitude. Loud, vivid, untouched by human sensitivity. Lyrically they're on about how "Black is the Rockingest Color," "If We Wanna Rock," "I Abused Them"—tunes that display a more mordant wit than you'd figure from the titles. The singer's got an impressive range (for this kinda stuff) and the band plows through post-CANDY SNATCHERS sleaze with a high level of confidence (or dutch courage). Fun times at the greasepit. (JH)
(www.thebelushis.com)

BIG VINNY & THE CATTLE THIEVES – "I Was a Teenage Premature Ejaculator" EP

No, I didn't make that title up and no, this isn't pop punk. It's your basic rude, go-nowhere, mid-tempo punk that may or may not peak your snotty interest. The hard rock tinges to the title track don't help, but all is nearly saved by the appearance of primitive drum machine/synth on "Black and Blue." They close with a GG ALLIN cover. I trust you get the point. A possible connection the WONGS is hinted at in the sleeve notes and the blue 'n' black splatter vinyl is sure easy on the eyes. Beyond that…eh. (MC)
(May Cause Dizziness, mcdrecords@yahoo.com)

BIRDFLESH / CATHETER – split LP

Two of grind's best team up for what could only be an amazing split, and I have to say the results are even better than I was hoping. The ten new BIRDFLESH tracks are some of their best ever, from the hilarious opener "Nightmare on Bahamas" to the impossibly brutal breakdown in "Deathgore of the Fleshmaster." CATHETER, meanwhile, unfortunately suffering some personnel attrition, churns out five killer new tracks of their own, plus a CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER cover. The recording quality's not the best for these Colorado grinders but the quality and intensity of the tunes more than make up for it. This is really some of their best material in a while, especially "Deadtime" and "Hypocrite." This is a no-brainer, essential for anyone even marginally interested in grind. (EL)
(Civilisation, c/o Oliver Schwarz, Parkstrasse 39, 89312 Gunzburg, GERMANY, www.civilisation-records.com)

THE BLACK LIPS – "In & Out / Stuck in My Mind"

From the BLACK LIPS' first recording session; "In & Out" is not the LARRY & THE BLUE NOTES song that the MUMMIES covered but a surf-punkish original, while "Stuck in My Mind" dips into the early STONES-ish R&B well for inspiration. The birth of a legend—just like visiting the childhood home of U.S. Grant. (DD)
(Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, www.slovenly.com)

THE BLUE LETTER / THE GOSPEL IS A GRENADE – split CD

THE BLUE LETTER is a shitty piece-of-shit Christian band from Sacramento playing shitty-piece-of-shit emo. THE GOSPEL IS A GRENADE is a shitty piece of shit Christian band from Southern California playing unbelievably shitty DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN shit. Avoid like a big piece of shit. (EL)
(Guevara, www.guevaraent.com)

BODIES LAY BROKEN – "Discursive Decomposing Disquisitions of Moldered Malapropisms and Sedulous Solecisms 2000-2002" CD

A discographical autopsy report from this now defunct Minneapolis gore-grind band. Included here is material from splits with HEAD HITS CONCRETE, BLACK MARKET FETUS, MACHETAZO, their demo tape, and live stuff. As far as gurgling gore-grind goes, this is really top-notch stuff. The riffs are killer, the pace is relentless, and the vocals are just absurdly over-the-top in the best regurgitated-offal sort of way. Too bad they're not around anymore, but they've left a wonderful stench behind. (EL)
(One Percent, www.oneprecentrecords.com)

BODIES LAY BROKEN – "Eximinious Execration of Exiguous Exequies" LP

Face-battering gore grind terror here from this supposedly now-defunct Minneapolis trio. Too bad they're history cuz once I got over the frustration of trying to pronounce their song titles ("Hemalcelt Recrulse Obfuscate Obturator" for instance) I was loving this record. The multiple vocals are ridiculously pitch-shifted, the riffs are detuned sub-harmonic CARCASS worship, the drums are blasting non-stopping, and the samples let you know they're not taking themselves too seriously (as does the mentally- handicapped insert art). Not much more to say about this one—fans of the genre will definitely be pleased. (EL)
(One Percent, www.onepercentrecords.com)

THE BOMB – "Indecision" CD

I've known of the BOMB, Jeff Pezzati's current band, for some time, although this is the first time I've actually heard them. I'd heard mixed reviews though I don't know why; I can't imagine anything coming fifteen years down the road from NAKED RAYGUN sounding any better. This is exactly what I hoped they'd sound like—I knew I wasn't going to get more RAYGUN but this is the next best thing. Very solid sounding Chicago punk rock with melody and hooks that's tough as hell and sounds as good as anything PEGBOY did after *Strong Reaction*. I know it's impolite to compare people's new bands to their old ones but sometimes it's impossible, sorry. The songwriting, the guitar breaks, the drumming, the vocals, the backing vocals (including the trademark "whoa-hey-ho's") are all there and bring you right back to the glory days of *All Rise*, *Jettison*, and *Understand*. God, listening to the chorus of "Burn It All" is giving me the shivers. The Chicago theme is strengthened by the appearance of Dan Vapid and at least one song (especially "Turned On") comes pretty close to SMOKING POPES territory. The NAKED RAYGUN sound is alive and well with great young bands like the MATICS and the ARRIVALS but it's nice to hear one of the members continuing to make good music. This is truly awesome, I'm not fuckin' you around, I'm on the third listen in a row. Hell, if I didn't get a free one to review I would *even* go out and buy a copy. Can't say better than that... (AD)

(Thick, www.thickrecords.com)

BOMBENALARM – "Buried Alive" LP

BOMBENALARM from Germany hammers through 12 songs of dark and crusty hardcore with a metallic crunch and super gruff vocals. There were a few songs that I thought were pretty strong, but overall this was a little too mid-tempo/slow for my taste. Fans of some of the crusty stuff coming out of Portland these days would dig this. (RC)

(Unsociable, PO Box 10 58 24, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY)

BONES BRIGADE – "Older Than Shit, Heavier Than Time" CD

This is an anthology CD that gathers all of BONES BRIGADE's EPs released over the last couple of years. There are even a few unreleased studio tracks on here. Musically, these guys attack with some fast and furious hard/skatecore. There is an ever present metallic crunch, but this is a hardcore release at the root of it all. This CD includes a couple of covers, including one of SUICIDAL TENDENCIES and another one of the FACTION. Pretty fitting if you ask me. Overall this is a damn fine CD, so if you missed their EPs the first time around, be sure to pick this up. (RC)

(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS, coalition-records.com)

BORIS KARLOFF – "Run for Your Life" EP

This band comes from the East Coast. They present us with a five-song EP of mid-paced hardcore with lyrics dealing with their frustration with scene politics, war, and society in general. Don't expect a solid, well-produced record, because you will not get it. This is sloppy hardcore punk with shitty production and I am happy about that. (MS)

(Vulture, 229 Burnet Park Dr., Syracuse, NY 13204, www.vulturerecords.com)

BORN/DEAD – "Repetition / Fear"

There's something inherently cool about a two-song 7". Sure, you could cram as many songs as possible on there, make it 33 RPM, and blow the sound quality to shit, but if you're going to spend a shitload of money on recording and mastering a piece of vinyl, you might as well make it sound good. And this does. Two powerful scorchers, one medium-paced and one thrasher, delivered with maximum venom. Uncompromising anti-government, anti-war lyrics too. This record is a must-have. Extra scene points for getting the limited edition "deliberate mistake" sleeve too. (AM)

(Prank, PO Box 410892, San Francisco, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

BRAINWASHED YOUTH – "Testing British Accents" EP

Cleveland, Ohio's BRAINWASHED YOUTH delivers four songs of mid-tempo hardcore punk that'll probably remind you of your friends joke band you went see when you were fourteen…those kids who tried really hard but couldn't play their instruments, so they tried to cover it up by being funny…but their jokes were worse than their music was. You remember? Good. Anyway, while listening to the British accents featured on the B-side "Moron World" I noticed a misprint on the sleeve. It reads "WARNING: If you don't have a sense of humor, don't buy this A-hole!" Where as it should have read "Unless you need something to make fun of, don't buy this!" (VH)

(Non-Commercial, 85 Clay St. #1L, Brooklyn, NY 11122)

BURIAL – "Never Give Up…Never Give In" LP

Burning Spirits Japcore worship out of Germany of all places, complete with BASTARD style grunts and wailing guitar solos. Not quite as faithful as SELFISH, retaining at least some of their own character, but sticking pretty close to the BASTARD/DEATHSIDE/CRUDE school of paint peeling hardcore. Catchy rip-roaring tunes, slick packaging and thick-ass production make this top ten material. (TB)

(www.haterecords.net)

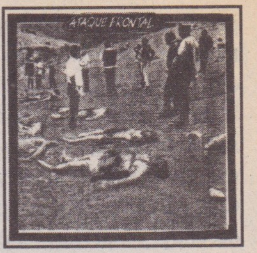
CAN'T DECIDE – "Discography" CD

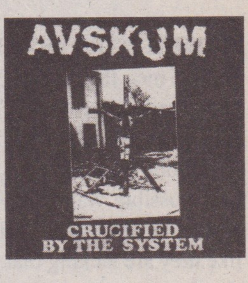
I can't imagine that the kids were crying out for a CAN'T DECIDE discography but here it is anyway. They were an early-90s band that rose out of the ashes of two of UK hardcore's greats from the late-80s, HERESY and RIPCORD, but they took a distinctly less thrashy approach, more akin to SNFU or the INSTIGATORS. They definitely sound as if they were a lot more American-influenced than their previous bands. I never paid them much attention and never saw 'em live (and no wonder—the liner notes explain that they only played live in the UK nine times, despite doing three European tours), and frankly, listening to them now there's not really much that makes them stand out. It's not terrible but there were a lot of better bands at the time. For nostalgia purposes only. (AM)

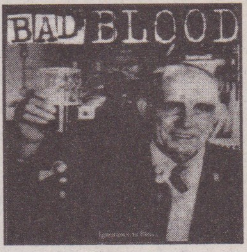
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UNITED KINGDOM, www.bosstuneage.com)

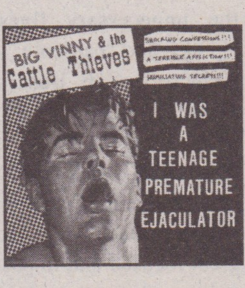
THE CARPETTES – CD

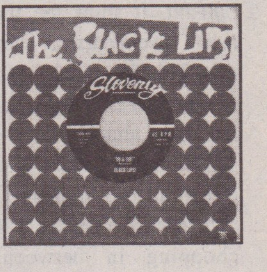
A quasi reunion disc here. Their first one from 2002

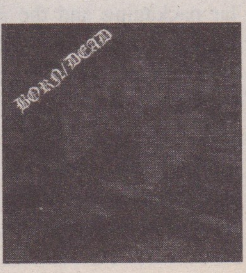












got by me. I like this band's early stuff. A better representation would be the first two LPs on one CD or their *Early Years* CD. This line-up includes only the original bassist, who sings and write songs. The early 1978-ish stuff had a mod and pop quality. This sounds like COCKSPARRER. So they punk it up a bit here, decently — it just doesn't sound like THE CARPETTES I know. (RL)
(NDN, www.ndnrecords.com)

CATHOLIC BOYS – "Hurt to Hate" EP

For me, the CATHOLIC BOYS are best experienced live; they play faster, their guitar tone goes straight for the brain, and they are shambolic and on the edge of collapse in the best possible way. I have all of their records, and I like and listen to them, but I always feel like they are lacking that last little something to put them totally over the top. Not so with this *Hurt to Hate*, which I genuinely feel like is their best record to date. Three songs, including the undeniably catchy title track. I've listened to this record a bunch already and it's not looking like it's gonna leave the turntable anytime soon. I know that the CATHOLIC BOYS travel in mostly garage punk circles, but to me they sound resolutely and classically punk. One of them does double duty in HOLY SHIT, and they fit in well with the school of bands (REGULATIONS, et al.) that are currently blurring the unnecessary lines between "garage," "punk," and "hardcore." Kudos. (GN)
(Bancroft, 816 Bancroft, Port Huron, MI 48060)

CHRONICLE A.D. – " Bloodsport War" EP

A thematic four-song lyrical and artistic attack on Bush's Iraq campaign and all wars. A great focused and impassioned outcry, rallying point and fresh update framing the current onslaught of non-stop Bush Administration bullshit. It stuns me that it's taken the punk scene five years to start making records like this. This Savannah band weaves in and out of savage full-tilt thrash with a spastic, hyperactive drum attack, effects-laden guitar, and harsh screeching vocals. It loses impact by changing directions too frequently, as the unique playing and inventive musicianship become servant to chopping in between progressive tempo changes that overwhelm the listener. Parts, stellar packaging and the intent of this EP command your attention. (KS)
(Loderbrock, PO Box 25453, Salt Lake City, UT 84125-0453, www.loderbrock.com)

THE CONFESSION – CD

A Swedish punk band doing the street punk thing. The early 80s Britpunk sound is present, or in today's terms, RANCID and the SWINGIN' UTTERS. These guys do a decent job here. This genre gets tired due to band overload, but when a band like this or WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES does it right it sounds pretty damn good. (RL)
(Tuned In, www.theconfession.se)

CONSUME / HELLSHOCK – split EP

Seattle's CONSUME spew a very traditional mid-tempo metallic crusty charge, dumpy waltz beats and gnarled vocals mired in mid-range distortion (or shoddy mastering) that buries squealing guitar feedback, guitar tone, and the hooks of the songs, as well as the high end of the recording. An intense but somehow restrained feeling hardcore attack that's proficient, but the recording, performance, and delivery are not extreme or severe enough to transcend predictability. For some, that's exactly the plug 'n' play sweet spot for this sound, but pushed a bit more over the top in any or all directions, they'd be unstoppable. Portland's HELLSHOCK's two songs of CONCRETE SOX/UK-1988-style metallic stenchcore rampages with a recording/mix that better highlights their driving drum attack, throaty spewed vocals, and oppressive guitar heft and charge. Comes packaged in a nice 'n' creepy gatefold sleeve. (KS)
(Hellshock, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208-5223)

COTZRAIZ – "1000 Jahre" CD

Yet another in the long line of decent straight-up punk bands coming out of Germany. More street punk than beer swilling sing-alongs, but enough gang backups to raise a stein or two to. Plenty of 80s influences (think later SLIME or TOXOPLASMA) which makes for a damn good listen. One piece of advice: lose the ska song. (TB)
(www.scumfuck.de)

COUNTDOWN – "Without Them" EP

After judging this record by the weak layout, I was pleasantly surprised by this Los Angeles straightedge band. At its best, COUNTDOWN reminds me of CHAIN OF STRENGTH (especially the vocalist), but unfortunately, the overall production and occasional gratuitous metal breakdown end up reminding me more of bands like STRIFE or TERROR. The guitar tones are also lacking, but the songwriting is good enough to make up for it. Overall, COUNTDOWN is a welcome and refreshing addition to the California straight edge scene. Keep it up, guys. (CC)
(Nervous Breakdown, www.nervousbreakdownrecords.com)

CRIME DESIRE – "We Hate All Life" CD

Ten quick and very blown-out tracks, plus a 2003 demo, all whipped by a how-fast-can-we-change-the-tempo, chaotic quirk and spazz-out capped with absolutely horrid screechy vocals. The music frantically jumps back and forth like a cruder, beefier CROM TECH that occasionally slows to a massive, crushing sludge. The lyrics alternate between third person 20-something hip angst, sexual frustration, and outright offensive stupidity like, "I've never raped a woman or stole a record from a fellow man, but I've got a crime desire the things I want most in life are never in my hands." *Yikes!* Pass. (KS)
(Coalition, Newtonstraat 212, 2562 KW Den Haag, NETHERLANDS)

DDC – "Death Destruction Chaos" CD

I started poking around on the Internet to see if I could gather any additional information on this band and the first thing I see is they are part of some battle of the bands competition to be part of the Warped Tour. Wow, dudes, I really hope you make it! Then you can get your crappy music released on some major label and *MRR* won't have to review any more of your CDs. These guys play an oddball mix of metallic thrash, street punk, and rock 'n' roll. There is a decent crunch to the guitars but those vocals are horrendous. I'm not into it at all. (RC)
(Antidote, antidoterecords.net)

DEAD POPES SOCIETY – "Grey Days" EP

Quirky screamed hardcore with spastic guitar leads. That second guitar is what sets this apart—squalling shards of noise, not metal noodling. Tight. (AM)
(Thorazine, 1406 Portage Ave, South Bend, IN 46616, ThorazineRecords@hotmail.com)

DECONDITIONED – "Where am I?" LP

Where am I? is eclectic to the point that this plays like a compilation, the songs are well played/well conceived and explosive; varying from abrasive punk thrash to slightly off time more mid-tempo art damaged punk rock. VOID, CRIMSON CURSE, WEIRDOS, NO MEANS NO (circa *Sex Mad*), and KARP all to come to mind, though utterly fail to describe the thread that is the DECONDITIONED sound. Excellent. (BS)
(Beginning Era, 7626 SE Clay, Portland, OR 97215, berecords@aol.com)

DEEDS NOT WORDS / EXIT – split EP

Ahem. DEEDS NOT WORDS play melodic punkish songs. Lots of melodic leads over steady rhythm-melodic-emo shite. Sounds raw and Japanese—gruff like LEATHERFACE or something. Really generic sounding shit. EXIT is not THE EXIT. Comparable to Lookout!-era GREEN DAY with emo hooks. They went and sang in English, so they got lines like, "Hey, you don't have to tears any more." Both bands, especially the latter, are skilled and solid as hell, but lack depth and the rest. (WL)

(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 155-0033, JAPAN)

DERITA SISTERS – "Get Off My Property" CD

DERITA SISTERS play mid-tempo punk with raging guitar solos, "fuck you" lyrics, the whole punk deal. It's like the RAMONES wearing BAD RELIGION knit caps, meeting SOCIAL DISTORTION and MOTÖRHEAD at a DICKIES convention. I know a lot of punks would probably think this album isn't PC, but it still beats listening to SPITBOY. Signing off, (WL)

(Trash2001, PO Box 101653, D-46216 Bottrop, GERMANY, www.trash2001.de)

DHOOM – EP

Dhoom tackles the beast of bass and beats harnessing the fun of the BOREDOMS with intricacies, rhythmic jolts and jostles reminiscent of NOMEANSNO. If they could muster one tenth the vocal rhythm and lyrical genius of the two previously mentioned bands they would be on to something. But there are no vocals at all, which puts them knee deep in the parasitic shallows of accessible noise music, along with the other hundreds of LIGHTNING BOLT (sans LB vocals) clones sprouting up on college campuses around throughout the world. Worth checking out but not essential. (BS)

(Dish or Die, kefka@youra55.com)

DIMESTORE HALOES – "The Ghosts of Saturday Night" CD

Although I've come to view this band as a reliable bore, they've been a favorite with the pop-punk crowd since their formation. With this, their swan song, longtime fans will no doubt get their kicks one last time, but no new converts will be made. They haven't strayed from the glam-greaser punk that they've honed for years, with the exception of some inexplicable "serious songwriting" vibe running throughout. It's sad to see a band end on such a mediocre note, but perhaps they started out that way. (MC)

(Pelado, 2208 Meyer Pl., Costa Mesa, CA 92627)

DISCLOSE – "Apocalypse Continues" EP

You know what to expect here. Lo-fi DIS-core where the guitar distortion sounds like a drill. I love it, but that high treble on this recording can be a little overwhelming. Still, nobody does this style better! (RC)

(Overthrow, Maruta Palace #402, 21-5 Shimo Shinshuku Ichikawa, Chiba 272-0102, JAPAN)

DISCONVENIENCE – "War on Wankers" EP

This two-thirds female three-piece from the hotbed that is Umeå, Sweden plays speedy melodic punk with a tough edge that reminds one of UXA, AVENGERS, and the current German band DAISY CHAIN, as much as say VICE SQUAD. On second listen I can hear a lot of the old UK82 band the VIOLATORS—and that's a good thing in my opinion. This is their debut release and I must say it's a strong one, five tracks of great, catchy, angry femme-fronted punk rock. (AD)

(Wasted Sounds, c/o Lundberg, V. Brinkvagen 21, Se-903 20 Umeå, SWEDEN)

THE DISSIMILARS – "Landmine" EP

These San Diegan freaks rock! They play a fast and furious garage punk. I like their debut 7" *Jimmy's Room* better, but it does have six songs compared to three on this EP. Watch out for these fucks. I think they are a force to be reckoned with. (HM)

(Plastic Idol, www.plasticidolrecords.com, www.thedissimilars.com)

DOGS – "Rollin' In It" LP

DOGS plays simple, trashy, four-chord punk. Their guitar sound is raw, noisy, and basic. Their drummer drives the songs like a poor man's DJ Bonebrake. Lyrically vague, but still strong, the vocals are wavering all over the place, muddy and out of tune. They have a garage feel, but a hardcore edge. The record is packaged with style and care. Reminds me in spirit of DEAD MOON, also some of the Chattanooga bands. Some songs gnaw endearingly on your eardrums, some drag, some bring the point home. One for the team. (WL)

(Jiiga!, 2221 Bloomington Ave. S. #1, Minneapolis, MN 55404)

DOWN TO NOTHING – "Splitting Headache" CD

This is a compilation of material including five new songs, a re-recorded version of "Burn" from their demo, a MURDER WEAPON cover, and the four songs from their split with KIDS LIKE US. I liked their full-length, and I like this. DOWN TO NOTHING is one of the few modern, fast, straightedge hardcore bands that have been able to hold my attention with every release. David's vocals are always crisp and clear, and despite the obvious line-up changes, this band can still write a damn good hardcore song. (CC)

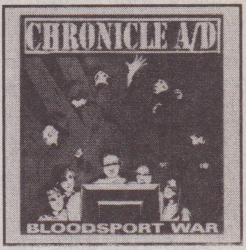
(Thorp, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612)

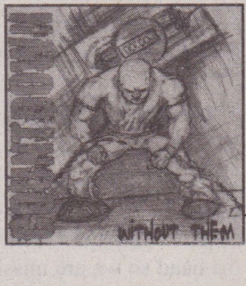
DROWNING MAN – "Don't Push Us When We're Hot" CD

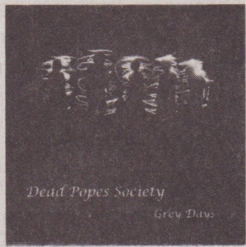
This band had their debut on Hydra Head, which seems appropriate when you listen to the thick and repetitive mid-tempo riffs being bashed out here. The majority of this is rumbling metalcore, though they transition into a melodic screamo on and off throughout the CD. Even though these transitions are pretty seamless, I prefer this style of music aggressive and heavy. Drop those sensitive bits boys and you got yourself a dandy release. (RC)

(Thorp, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612, thorprecords.com)

Hurt to Hate
catholic boys







Death Destruction Chaos

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN – "Burn Bright…Burn Fast!" CD

Are you motherfuckers ready to respect the rawk? *Burn Bright…Burn Fast!* doesn't deviate much from the countless other EF releases belched out in the past couple years…and that's not a good thing. There's still that gigantic wall of canned guitar and the throaty frontman snarl, but any and all punk tinge to their sound has vanished, leaving us with plain ol' hard rock to contend with. A small bone to pick, I know, but one I thought I should mention, since this review isn't running in *Metal Edge*. (MC)
(TKO, 8941 Atlanta Ave. #505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

FEARLESS LEADER – "God Bless the Devil" CD

I guess this thing was recorded back in 1997, back when the likes of the VOLUPTOROUS HORROR OF KAREN BLACK were still a force in the scene. You get a bunch of slobs wearing metal face paint pounding out sludgy-sounding bar band punk rock with lots and *lots* of flange on the spiraling guitar solos. The drums sound like they were recorded in a different zip code, the super-ironic "metal hero" vocals are waaaaaay the fuck up front and the songs sound like someone arranged the parts inspired by the 3x5 cards on the community bulletin board: you just kinda move 'em around. If THOR ever saw these guys in action he'd probably murdalize em. (RW)
(Gulcher, www.gulcher.gemm.com)

THEE FINE LINES "Looking Everywhere" EP

Another fun garage record from THEE FINE LINES. Unfortunately, it seems that singer/songwriter Trista Winn is no longer with the band so we are missing out on the female-lead songs I enjoyed so much from their LP. Otherwise, these are some nice, catchy pop songs. My favorite is "You're Heartless" where the band gets to thrash out a bit. (CK)
(Licorice Tree, PO Box 92783, Austin, TX 78709)

FLEAS AND LICE – "Prepare For Armageddon" CD

Dutch crust punks FLEAS AND LICE are back with eleven new tracks of drunken anarcho-rage. Their first new release in over four years. Fans of their early work won't be disappointed with tracks like "Industrial Brutality" and "Don't Say Cunt" as they unleash more of their rough, mid-tempo signature sound and male/female duel vocal assault. Of course, if you're punk enough to listen to FLEAS AND LICE, you don't want a shoddy CD. LP version available on Skuld. (VH)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

FLIMMER "Ich Schien Zu Erliegen" CD

Uncomfortable, and choppy Swiss post-punk with stripped down "sing and dance with Barney" style choruses. Phrases such as "overtly Caucasian" or "flaccid" can often times come off as being cruel, so I'd rather just say that this may not be for everyone. Nice packaging and booklet! (BS)
(David Pfliger, Lichtstrasse 7, CH-4056, www.flimmer.ch)

FOREDIRELIFESAKE – "A Daydream Disaster" CD

Whoa, man, this CD is a load of crap. First off, in 10-plus years of reviewing I have never had to endure a band with a song called "Acoustic Instrumental" (yes, it is exactly what it says). Secondly, this is incredibly generic metalcore that is really wanky and has lots of soft and melodic parts thrown in, plus vocals that range from growling screams to whiny singing. The artwork sucks and the lyrics read like bad poetry. Oh man, no mercy for the mediocre! (RC)
(Thorp, PO Box 6786, Toledo, OH 43612; thorprecords.com)

FORMER CELL MATES – "Hustle" CD

Almost more rock than punk, this band comfortably straddles a few genres. Unlike some of the recent hardcore-turned-ironic-70s-cock-rockers, these guys dip into the world of the PINK FAIRIES and BLUE CHEER and come up with something heartfelt and driving. As well as the rock there is an early POLICE or even REPLACEMENTS feel as well as some of the more emotional (no, not *emo*) bands around, most notably UK's STEEL RULES DIE. This disc is hard to pigeonhole, but rocks from front to back. (TB)
(Newest Industry, Unit 100 61 Wellfield Road, Cardiff, CF24 2DG, UK)

THE FOUR EYES – "Sweet Sounds" CD

This may be the most under-appreciated band around these parts. The FOUR EYES play super catchy, singalong, dancealong punk rock, sort of in the vein of fellow Sacramento-ites the BANANAS, but a lot less drunk. Almost all of their songs are about nerds, or being a nerd, like their earlier greats "Hat Nerd" (which, if you ask Floyd, is "arguably" the best song of all time), and "Nerdy Girl" (re-done on this CD in a doo-wop style). You might get the impression that they're just a novelty act, but I think these guys are the real deal: actual nerds playing punk rock and singing from the heart. On this, their second full-length, they put some interesting 60s-style riffs in a few songs, and you'll hear a horn section and other crazy instruments and effects here and there. But for the most part it's similar to, and just as awesome, fun, and memorable, as their previous disc *Rock and Role Playing*. New nerdy classics herein include "Debate Team," "Lycantrope Nerd," and "The Oldest Dude in the World." Most notable, though, is the ten-minute-long "Ben Casey Saga," a six-part epic in which the protagonist turns invisible to fight Ben Casey, then Ben Casey drives a car, changes his name, eats a lot food, feigns death, fights in space, grows extra genitalia and goes to the sixth dimension. I told you they were nerds. (PC)
(Plan-It-X, PO Box 52, Bloomington, IN 47402)

FRUSTRATIONS – "Nerves Are Fried / Summer"

Well-meaning but unfocused garage-level punker rock that skirts avant territories but ends up sounding like an adventurous hardcore band circa 1984 that's gotten bored with the 'core, if you follow me. The songs aren't there, but the desire is, so they could rip a great one off, just not on this one. Aim for KILSLUG gents, if you're taking advice…(RW)
(X!, www.x-recordings.com)

GAS HUFFER – "Lemonade for Vampires" CD

Album number seven for Seattle's GAS HUFFER, featuring their usual pleasant blend of punk, rock, and country riffs. There are rockin' numbers and charming ballads. I find it very reassuring that this album sounds exactly like every GAS HUFFER album before. I don't mean that as an insult. There are new songs, new rhythms, and new sounds, but you definitely know this is a GAS HUFFER album and that is oh so nice. (CK)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227)

GAYS IN THE MILITARY – "People is Beautiful" CD

Okay, I'll stop talking about it like it's some kind of revelation; the early 90s are back in a Big Way. These guys are ranting and stumbling their way through some vintage RANCID VAT-styled gonzo theater on this'n. They feature the burbling synth sounds of the "here and now" but the package, from the Peter Bagge CD art to the BUTTHOLE SURFERS cover to the gutter-luvin' lyrical fixations, is Prime Time 1992. It's plodding and uneven like so many of "those" 90s bands were but the overall effect is pleasant in a stoner-sitting-in-a-shitty-living-

room kind-of-way. No new ground broken, but this zombie fist upthrusting through the graveyard dirt might have more up its sleeve in the near future. (RW)
(Gulcher, www.gitm.com)

GITHEAD – "Profile" CD
Featuring WIRE's Colin Newman, and other members of Europe's abstract pop and noise scene, GITHEAD is not a band for those who think of punk as being simple and straightforward. GITHEAD's funky, yet still angular, rhythms are a post-everything that hearkens back to PIL meets Newman's own later-era WIRE on the shorter, good tracks. Unfortunately, this CD has some lengthier tracks that bring to mind the more monotonous parts of a SAVAGE REPUBLIC or a wankier indie band trying to be cool. Overall GITHEAD shows some promise, but have too many weak tracks to make this a must have. (JF)
(Swim, PO Box 3459, London, UK, SW19 6ES)

GRUK – "While You Were Apathetic" EP
All-around excellent EP by GRUK from Northern California. On the surface, this is rough, noisy hardcore punk, simple and pissed. What really sets it apart from the rest of the pack, though, is the band's manic energy and sarcastic attitude. Great out-of-breath, stream-of-consciousness vocals that remind me of the singer of CHRIST ON A CRUTCH. There is a distinct sense of personality here as well (apparent everywhere from the lyrics to the ugly but punk-as-fuck cover art) that is woefully lacking from the majority of assembly-line punk bands today. This 7" is self-released and comes on clear vinyl. (CS)
(Gruk, PO Box 4838, Chico, CA 95927, gruk@blackvault.com)

GUIDED CRADLE – "Riding the Witches Billygoat" LP
Metallic overdrive, battle axes, bullets, punk orcs killing cops on the cover, ram-charging, galloping D-beat with EXTREME NOISE TERROR-style throaty vocals, a chorus of throaty vocal backups, punk, punk and punk point-blank lyrics, and an *Absolut Country of Sweden*-era ANTI-CIMEX cover. The eight songs by this Czech band are well-recorded and exceptionally delivered, like the basic ENT-style take on DISCHARGE/DISGUST where the sound gets a metallic updating and comes up with a fresh new breath of life...no new ground but ground held very well indeed. Powerful. (KS)
(Damaged Done, www.damagedonerecords.com)

THE GUILTY HEARTS / THIS DAMN TOWN – split EP
...four song split EP featuring two bands....two songs each.....no info as to where each band is from...however, the GUILTY HEARTS stuff was recorded in Los Angeles, but these days that doesn't tell much because everybody records all over the world.....the network is *huge*!!! The THIS DAMN TOWN side is dirgy and underproduced with loud buzzsaw guitars...the GUILTY HEARTS side is just as badly produced but sloppy and upbeat...sounds like this could be a Goner release......!!!! Well, maybe not....there's not enough chicken grease in the grooves......!!!! Actually, I'd rather suck on King Louie's crack pipe any old day.......*baby*!!!!! (SW)
(www.redonfire.com/theguiltyhearts, www.thisdamntown.com)

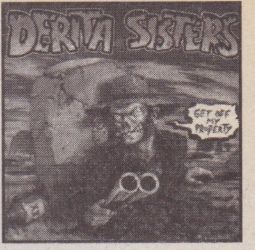
HER CANDANE – "...Could Be Nothing to Some" CD
This starts off like a GUNS 'N' ROSES, song then goes downhill from there. Creamy, screamy emo that sounds like if FUGAZI were still trying to play while the four of them were being castrated with rusty knifes. Is this shit punk? Was it ever? (AD)
(Sound Vs. Silence, PO Box 2532, Salt Lake City, UT 94101)

HILLBILLY NIGHTMARE – "Dirty Rock Demons" CD
The first few songs sound like JUDAS PRIEST or TWISTED SISTER. They eventually mix in a little ZEKE and the HOOKERS. These drunken badass motherfuckers wanna drink your ass under the table then fight for the sake of fighting...are you game? (HM)
(Sonic Swirl, PO Box 111202, Cleveland, OH 44111, www.sonicswirlrecords.com)

THE HORRIBLY WRONG – "Bleeding for You" EP
Trashy, distorted, messy rock and roll. Just the way I like it. The singer screeches like a maniac and the band make him go at full speed. A fun record. (CK)
(Spin The Bottle, 1123 W. 11th St., Bloomington, IN 47404, spinthebottlerecords@gmail.com)

THE HOSPITALS – "I've Visited the Island of Jocks and Jazz" LP
The HOSPITALS are a local noise band that I last saw at an insanely rad, sweaty Oakland basement show with the WIVES and MIKA MIKO. Incidentally they sound like neither of those bands, but I bet they all have similar record collections—you know, early-80s L.A. destruction. They kind of reminded me of a thrashier KARP when I saw them, but listening to this recording I am getting this Gregg Ginn-through-a-meat-grinder idea. ELECTRIC EELS too for sure—it's recorded in a bathroom down the tubes style, got that garagy thrash feel, but I mean really ELECTRIC EELS rather than BLACK FLAG. I like this, it's noisy, bratty, and mean, though, rather than aimless and self-indulgent. (LG)
(Load, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

I ADAPT – "No Pasaran" 12"
This band from Iceland plays modern youth crew-influenced hardcore punk with touches of melody. There is a decent amount of diversity on this eight-track 12", though I must admit I could do without the singing parts on a couple of the songs. The best aspect of this record, though, is the lyrics. While not writing in their native language (both the lyrics and explanations are in English) and not covering any particular topics that haven't been covered before, I ADAPT still offers some interesting and



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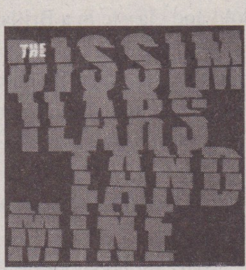
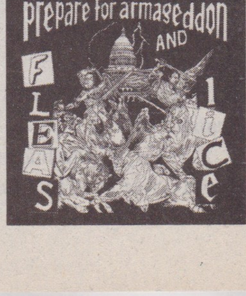




thought-provoking opinions on hardcore, not fitting in, and society in general. (CS)
(Malarie, Valasska Bystrice c.408, 756 27 CZECH REPUBLIC, www.malarie.ind.cz)

I EXCUSE / WHISKEY SUNDAY – split EP

Score! I think I have reviewed every one of Japan's I EXCUSE for this magazine, and every one has been a winner. Their side of this record sounds like a perfect mash up of No Idea-style punk mixed with the early-90s LEATHERFACE/SNUFF UK scene. This is just awesome, danceable, fun. WHISKEY SUNDAY is made up of longtime members of the underrepresented San Jose scene, and delivers some kick-ass melodic monsters on their side of this EP. When listening to this band I constantly hear a strange mixture of JAWBREAKER, J CHURCH, and maybe a touch of TILTWHEEL. Of course a split this good could only be released on one label, and that would be… (JF)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, 155-0033, JAPAN)

THE IGNORANT- "Belly of the Beast" EP

It's got the nasally Hollywood vibe on the go, and you'd almost be forgiven in thinking that you've got another STITCHES clone. But in all its weirdness it takes an almost '82 Riot City feel and sorta just goes with it. Sounding old and classic in a British sense but still decidedly yank. The choruses will get ya in the end and, like me, you'll end up digging it. (SD)
(Rebel Sound, 4821 Lankershim Blvd. Suite F-351, North Hollywood, CA 91601)

IN MY WAY – "Another Forgotten Name" EP

Why do labels insist on sending out promotional one-sheets to *MRR*? Not only are they cheesy, but they *always* make your band look silly. Tell your record label to let the music speak for itself rather than spoon-feeding reviewers inaccurate information. Moving on. This record is great. The singer has a very strong vocal presence, and is the definite highlight of this recording. STRIKING DISTANCE does come to mind (as mentioned in the promo), but so do RIGHT BRIGADE and CARRY ON. Most of the lyrics are on the straightedge tip, so stay away if you like to hit the sauce. (CC)
(A389, PO Box 12058, Baltimore, MD 21281, www.A389records.com)

THE INOCULATORS – "Dropped Their Brains" LP

The funny Starbucks knockoff logo and record cover have this Robert Williams quality to them. This whole package is very slick from the high quality packaging to the highly produced sound quality. The INOCULATORS deliver sarcastic and biting messages over their melodic punk. They also like to incorporate clean, tight ska intros and breaks between power chord choruses into their songs. I say these guys are a shoe-in for the next Van's Warped super tour. (HM)
(www.inoculators.com)

INQUISITION – "Revolution—I Think It's Called Inspiration" CD

A reissue of this legendary band's full length. Members of INQUISITION went on to form STRIKE ANYWHERE, ANN BERETTA, and RIVER CITY HIGH. Due to Thomas's great vocals, this sounds most similar to STRIKE ANYWHERE. This is pretty great and hopefully will be easier to track down than prior issues. Classic stuff from these nineties punks. (RL)
(A-F, www.a-frecords.com)

THE INSOMNIACS – "Switched On / 'Bout My Love"

This band could have easily been part of the whole late-70s Northern Irish power-pop scene. Like a cheeky mix of the more sugary STARJETS with the more charged, but still sweet, OUTCASTS. I dig this—it ain't gonna change the world or even get me out on a school night if they dropped through my town, but if I just happened upon them, say, on a drunken weekend I'd wriggle on the floor and drench myself in beer…the cheap stuff that is. (SD)
(Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504, www.slovenly.com)

IPANEMA – "Me Me Me" CD

A mini-LP of sorts with six tracks from this UK band that includes Wiz and Gerry from one of my all-time faves MEGA CITY FOUR. Wiz is at the songwriting helm (at least lyrically) here. These songs tend to have a darker tone *a la* the later DOUGHBOYS stuff. It's a bit jagged musically. All right by me, as anytime Wiz is doing something there is always a chance for greatness. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, www.ipanemarock.com)

I SHOT CYRUS / KRIEGSTANZ – split EP

Charging with a noisy attack, Holland's KRIEGSTANZ has melodic elements, complex compositions, and dual vocal attack similar to TRAGEDY, but more tumultuous like the rawer moments of DEVOID OF FAITH. Two songs with a more powerful delivery than their recent 10", and great lyrics. I SHOT CYRUS continues with their manic RATOS DE PORÃO's *Brasil*-played-on-45 attack, sped up even faster than their stellar 625 LP, and possibly getting nearly too hyper at points. Over the top!!! Includes anti-G8 information and a cool DICKS parody sleeve. Great split! (KS)
(UPS c/o MOS Vliegtuiglaan 3, 3769 JM Soesrerberg, NETHERLANDS, www.go.to./upspunk)

ISTUKAS OVER DISNEYLAND – "O Guinu" CD

Under-produced but still interesting political punk from the Philippines, which from my vantage point seems to have a small but strong scene. There are a lot of right on sentiments in these folks' lyrics highlighting their struggle as a punk band in a poor country — their dedication to DIY ideals is really quite inspiring. The music is a little basically straightforward melodic hardcore with the vocals fairly high in the mix. Unfortunately, the recording quality is a bit distracting, but I am nonetheless impressed with this heartfelt DIY release. (GN)
($6 ppd: Catfood Money, www.catfoodmoney.org)

IT BURNS – "Cut the Red Wire" EP

IT BURNS kicks out raw, shameless rock and roll punk—no holds barred, action packed, all that jazz. IT BURNS sounds like someone channeling MOTÖRHEAD, but I'm not sure who it is (Chris says it's the MOTARDS, but I don't think so), so I'll just say they sound like they listen to a ton of MOTÖRHEAD. It's good old-timey punk rock and I like it. Only two songs on here, one more mid-tempo and one more revved up. Big ups! Limited, limited, limited, so order fast you all. (WL)
(Dryrot, no address)

THE JET SET – "Let's Get Broken" EP

Sounding like a cross between the B-52S, the STOOGES, and LED ZEPPLIN, these guys do some pretty serious rocking. I get the feeling that they maybe think they're pretty hip, so I don't really want to like them. But with that crazy organ doing its thing in the background, it's difficult not to like them. All three tracks make the cut. This is a very cool record. Perhaps these guys are as hip as they think they are. And maybe I'm not nearly as cool as I think I am. (KK)
(Wee Rock, PO Box 333, Springfield, MO 65801, www.weerockrecords.com)

JOHN DEERE – "Duskdeeredawn" EP

I don't think you'd be missing much by saying this is straight-up pure power-violence. Blazing blast-beats over speedy thrashing hardcore riffs—perhaps just because they're

German I can't help but think of Y with screamier vocals. If screamier were a word. Nice, fast tempos that transition seamlessly into ripping breakdowns. This will be choice for the legions of 625 devotees and the like. (EL)
(Prugelprinz, pruegelprinz-rec@gmx.de)

KILL THE HIPPIES – "Erectospective" 2xCD

Seventy-seven tracks of straight-forward, late-70s/early-80s style punk with alternating male/female vocals. Spanning from 1993 to 2004, this double CD includes all of the 7" and comp tracks this Kent, Ohio band had done during their eleven-year career, plus loads of unreleased stuff. Surprisingly good. (VH)
(Rock 'n' Roll Purgatory, PO Box 771153, Lakewood, OH 44107)

THE KIRBY / BLUEPRINT CAR CRASH – "Split" CD

The KIRBY is full-on wannabe MTV-mo—not bad for what it is but nothing groundbreaking. BLUEPRINT CAR CRASH has gone the prog-core MARS VOLTA route, disguising their lack of songwriting ability by throwing in as many changes and effects as possible. Each band contributes three songs, and neither one is awful, but the whole thing smacks of CMJ showcases, videos on Fuse TV, and a willingness to go down on corporate cock at the first available opportunity. There is nothing remotely punk about this CD, except for the dedication to "Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior who's carried us so far when we deserve so little" — that's gotta be a joke right? Good one guys. (AM)
(Doll House, PO Box 898, Colleyville, TX 76034, www.dollhouseinc.com)

THE KORPS – "Hello World!" CD

The KORPS were formed from the AFRIKA KORPS after the band kicked out one of the members "just because" and his brother decided to leave too. This is a reissue of their 1978 album with some bonus tracks: outtakes from the album and solo tracks from both band members. Goofy punk rock that may not be essential but is fun for a couple of listens. You like your punk stupid, right? "The Blizzard of '78" commemorates that crazy snowstorm all Bostonians remember (I know I do) and sounds like a reject from the *Grease* soundtrack. "Beat the Beets" is an anti-vegetable eating song "inspired" by the RAMONES. I think you get the idea. (CK)
(Gulcher, gulcherrecords@aol.com)

THE LONG FORGOTTEN – "Divinity School Drop Out" CD

Damn, I didn't want to give this a bad review because, before listened to it, I read the lyric sheet and thought the words were really awesome. The album follows a theme of disillusionment with religions in general, as the title would suggest, but also with all types of dogmatic thought in our society. But alas, the music is generic metal riffage with emo/youth crew-type vocals that sounds way too much like it was done by one dude on a four-track. (In fact it was done by two dudes, and probably on a computer.) I applaud thought and the effort that went into this, but sadly, I find it almost unbearable to listen to. (PC)
(www.thelongforgotten.com)

LOSING SIX SECONDS – "Omniscient and In Control" CD

This UK band plays a nice blend of metallic hardcore (think SHAI HULUD) mixed with straight-up old school metal (think IRON MAIDEN). It's a little too slick for my tastes, but the songs are pretty rocking. If you like rocking MTV2 hardcore with a POISON THE WELL vibe, then I would suggest picking these six songs up. (CC)
(Engineer, 210 William St., Boonton, NJ 07005)

MACGYVER / RAINBOW REVENGE – split EP

High-energy thrash from RAINBOW REVENGE with screaming, screechy vocals a bit like CHARLES BRONSON. Pretty decent but I didn't find anything terribly unique or distinguishing to their tunes. The band is already broken up so I'd be hard-pressed to imagine too many people needing this. MACGYVER are a tad tougher to pin down; their songs are all over the place—a little metal, a little spazzy noise-grind, some MORSER-style metalcore breakdowns, and still more noise on top. They've got some OK ideas but things are a little too disjointed for now. Some promise for future endeavors but overall a pretty underwhelming EP. By the way, dude, that's the most ill-advised label email address ever. (EL)
(Drachenwerkstatt, xdrachenwerkstatt-infotainmentx@hypocrisy.org)

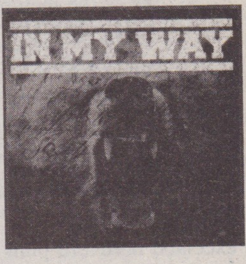
MAD SIN - "Sweet & Innocent? ... Loud & Dirty!" CD

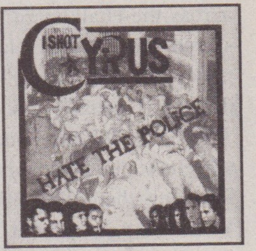
German pyschobilly band. Stand up bass. Lots of tattoos. Songs about zombies and corpses and stuff. They do it well, and I'm sure fans of TIGER ARMY, HORRORPOPS, et al will lap this up. (RK)
(Thorp, www.thorprecords.com)

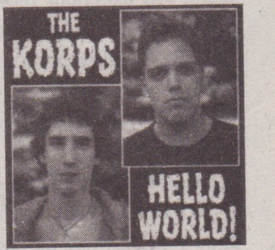
MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT – "26 Ghosts" CD

Subtitled "The Best of 1986-2005," *26 Ghosts* collects A two-disk set: one 26-track audio CD, and one CD-ROM laden with "active multimedia content" (videos, live footage, and home movies). If you can suss it out from the group's candy-coated moniker, the OVERCOATS were/are a 60s revivalist group who never achieved the intensity of the NOMADS, the snottiness of the CYNICS, or the bullet-headed earnestness of the FUZZTONES. Rather, Msr. Tim Gassen and his revolving-door lineup went for a sorta trippy early LOVE-meets-*Pebbles* sound that never really busted out of its Beatle Boots…tunes like "Psylocibic Mind," "The Spell I'm Under" and "We're the Knights of Fuzz" are fun listening, but less than thrilling in this spoiled and jaded post-MUMMIES/MAKERS era. The farfisa organ's there, but it sounds strangely neutered. Doesn't aid matters that Gassen's vocals have a deep-seated hayride twang more suited to the golden days of the Grand Ole Opry than the Teen Twist Shack—seems at odds with all those delicate Arthur Lee-pop numbers.

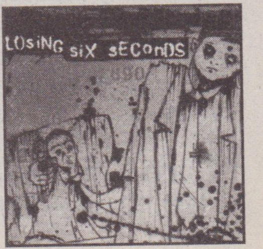
FRUSTRATIONS







THE LONG FORGOTTEN
DIVINITY SCHOOL
DROP OUT



Nice career-encompassing retrospective from a hard-working outfit, regardless. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 95107, www.dionysusrecords.com)

MARTYRÖD – "In Extremis" EP

First let me say this: *In Extremis,* MARTYRÖD's second LP, is a fucking great record. Dark, driving, and relentless kängcore that sits firmly in the modern Swedish hardcore camp (one of the members of this band is now playing in SKITSYSTEM), but that still defies genericism. Vicious, angry vocals and brutally heavy drumming make this record good, but what makes MARTYRDÖD really stand out are their searing, expressive guitar counter-melodies, which never come across as wanky, but instead are moving in the way that well-executed hardcore punk should be. There is a lot of talk of this band having "black metal influences," I think mostly 'cause of the nails-across-the-chalkboard vocals, but don't be scared—that stupid black metal drumbeat is nowhere to be found, nor is the monotonous droning I usually associate with that genre. This LP is definitely metallic, but the result is somehow more immediate and less overdone-sounding than WOLFBRIGADE or the like. What I like best about MARTYRDÖD is that they have taken a well-worn template and created something that is really unique and powerful. An excellent record—one of the year's best—that just edges the SKITKIDS 7" as my favorite Swedish hardcore release of the month. (GN)
(Havoc, www.havocrex.com)

THE MINDS – "We Got the Pop" EP

What is up with Portland these days?! Every time I turn around another solid release is coming out from that Northwestern town. What we have here is three quick ditties from the MINDS that continue with the new wave tinged punk that they perfected on their *Plastic Girls* LP. The great thing about this band is that they have a new wave influence but are still solidly four feet in the punk camp. Great live band too. Recommended. (JF)
(Plastic Idol, www.plasticidolrecords.com)

THEE MINKS - "Are You Ready Now?" CD

This rockin' three-piece from Philly plays tough, catchy punk rock with female vocals. Reminiscent of everything from BLONDIE to L7 to BIKINI KILL. Good stuff. (AD)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

M.O.T.O. – "Raw Power" CD

M.O.T.O. plays mid-tempo melodic punk that's not sugar-sweet; straightforward RAMONES-y rock that's not too much like all those other bands that have the RAMONES as their main influence. The lyrics are honest, sometimes on the verge of heartbreaking, sometimes on the verge of funny, but never quite there. It's obvious that the singer is the main force in this band. His vocals are almost too up-front in the mix, but he can belt it out well, sounding almost like a lower-register (and way less cheesy) OFFSPRING dude. All of you pegged jeans wearin', leather jacket with buttons havin', Chuck Taylor sportin' punkers should dig this. (PC)
(Criminal IQ, www.criminaliq.com)

MUCULORDS – "Carpe Diem" CD

I think "absolutely retarded" is the only way to properly describe this bizarre Italian sextet and their self-applied "Total Valgorezer Mucu Grind." Over the course of 27 "mucumpositions" exclusively "spermformed" by the MUCULORDS it's not hard to get a feel for their sense of humor. It's considerably more difficult to make sense of the in-jokes or the band's predilection for carp in their song titles and in the CD's "visual slayout." Har har. But actually, it all works quite well, and the music is pretty consistently ripping death/grind along the same lines as FETUS EATERS, ABSCESS and the like. These guys would probably be a lot of fun to see live, so here's to hoping they keep it up with the Mucu-grind. (EL)
(Akom, www.akomprod.com)

NAKED AGGRESSION – "Right Now" EP

Back in the day these guys were the bomb; fantastic femme-fronted protest punk, a little one-dimensional perhaps, but great nonetheless. These tracks were released ten years (has it been that long?) ago and although not as urgent and exciting as they sounded *then*, they are still a great trip down memory lane. I'm looking forward to hearing what the new stuff sounds like. (TB)
(Campary, Erkrather Str. 286, 40233 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

NAYKU – "Pnar Ha Pee" CD

Bit tricky this one. This handsome quartet were (and probably still are!) Russian. Virtually all of the writing on the CD (including the name of the band, and LP title) is (unsurprisingly enough) in Cyrillic script (which means I undoubtedly have both written wrongly above). I'm guessing (from the copyright date, handily in English), that this is a release from 1996. And it looks like they had another disc out in '94. The band photo has four young lads, topless, with shaven heads and not too many tattoos. The cover has a pirate thang going on. The music is a mixture of spirited punk, with a strong rock 'n' roll, garage-y element. So, er, there you go, really. Mother Russia and all that. (RK)
(fenka@mail333.com)

NEW THRILL PARADE – 12"

I love the BIRTHDAY PARTY, so I don't mind at all that NEW THRILL PARADE is trying to sound exactly like them. Their songs aren't nearly as edgy or dangerous as the BP were, but the dark, moody feel is definitely there. That, along with some interesting saxophone/trash experimentation that brings to mind the overlooked greatness of the CRAVATS definitely makes this five-song EP worth a listen. (VH)
(Mountain Landis, 3876-A Shafter Ave, Oakland, CA 94609)

NOWHITERAG – "Da Che Parte Stai?" EP

I love spiky-hair punk! Sure it's cheesy, clichéd, and largely fashion-based, but it is such a nice guilty pleasure. Besides, I ain't afraid of fashion, I just can't pull it off. NOWHITERAG is from Italy and plays some damn good mohican, fist-in-the-air, UK82-influenced punk rock a la Charged or Punkcore records. Sung in their native Italian, NOWHITERAG is so good that I wonder how long it will be until the kids over here have replaced their VIRUS patches with NOWHITERAG ones. So pass me a cider and let's dance. (JF)
(NKTN Rehorz, c/o Ricci Andrea, via Bisenzio 11, 50127 Firenze, ITALY)

ONION FLAVORED RINGS – "Two Minutes' Enlightenment" LP

A line cast that reads like a who's who of the punk rock elite, a star studded parade of the anti-establishment vanguard, a royal lineage of the truest of the blue. But enough of the ass munching and to the music, young fellow. Second release from the Bay Area's greatest power-poppers, now being hosted by a fancy label, No Idea, and sporting a cover with pretty colors. Soppy pop, with catchy hooks mixed with some nifty '79 mod revival. An ol' English indie feel permeates the sound, with hints of the FLATMATES, HOUSEMARTINS and MIGHTY MIGHTY. To say this LP is charming is an insult; it's got way too much drive, passion and confection. It makes me nostalgic in all the right reasons, missing my parka and those late nights of huddling the radio whilst listening to John Peel. Jingle jangle with power. I'll even dance to this sober. (SD)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

PANADERIA BOLLERIA NEUSTRA SENORA DEL KARMEN / TDK – split EP

Frankly, this highly sought-after blast of Spanish political punk is solid, but no revelation. Originally released in 1984, TDK recalls frenetic, impassioned Italian hardcore in spirit, but shows more of a punkish energy in the guitars. On the other hand, PANADERIA connects with two very basic, but well-recorded hardcore songs with power chord rhythms that bring back memories of ESPASMODICOS. Very limited edition of 500. (SS)

(Radikal1977, Apartado de Correos 81, CP 28921, Madrid SPAIN, radikal77@terra.es)

PARANOIA KEEPS CRAWLING – "Made to Be Broken" CD

Dark, churning metalcore from Germany. very much in the now-more-and-more-trademark style of the country as embodied by the majority of the Per Koro Records roster. Not to say that these guys don't distinguish themselves—there are lots of good dynamics, tension-and-release tempo changes, and a pretty bleak melancholic air to the doomy riffs. Kinda like what MAJORITY RULE gets up to, though, with a definite German metalcore angle and some nice galloping fast parts. Definitely not sunny pick-me-up music. (EL)

(Per Koro, www.perkoro.de)

THE PAUKI – "Holiday at the Lunatic Asylum" CD

The Cold War might be over, but Russia is still posing a threat to the west, maybe not with nuclear weapons, but with bombs of musical variety. The PAUKI should maybe spend more than just a holiday at the asylum if you ask me. Thirteen tracks (plus some bonus live material) of metallic, surfy comedy punk. Well, I'm guessing on the comedy angle but on one song the vocals consisted entirely of a Donald Duck impression. Nice to know that the Russians are at least adopting the best elements of US culture. At times this reminds me a bit of Wales' excellent COWBOY KILLERS, but unfortunately not as exciting. (AM)

(Tankovich Sasha, St. Petersburg, Metallostroy 196641, PO Box 86, RUSSIA, www.pauki.nm.ru)

THE PAUKI – "Wild Dances of Dead Dogs" CD

Dude, it appears that this Russian band has been rockin' for well over ten years now! The PAUKI has an interesting combination of sounds from UK-post-82 (think INSTIGATORS or SUBHUMANS) to German-style anthems to Spike Jones-y wackiness to neo-grunge to Russian folk music to (perhaps) some California punk influences. Most of the songs are in the British/German vein, and are very well done and memorable (especially the singalong "Believe Me!"). "The Attack of the Bats" reminds me of the early OFFSPRING or OPERATION IVY in its driving drumbeat and boppity bass line. The lyrics are crazy, though: "The guardians of the great wizard's secrets make the mist cover everything" ... I'm not sure if it's veiled political commentary or if these dudes are listening too much fantasy metal. If you forgive them their forays into slower tempo "grunge"-y alt-rock (with that distorted-vocals-in-a-tin-can effect that too many bands like to use these days), and the crappy sounding live tracks at the end, this is some top-notch punk rock, and well worth your attention. (PC)

(Tankovitch Sasha, St. Petersburg, Metallostroy, 196641, PO Box 86, RUSSIA)

PAYBACK – "Don't Break the Bloodpact" CD

These guys sound like an Italian version of post-VIP AGNOSTIC FRONT. From the catchy songwriting to the first-rate production, I can only imagine these guys are as big as TERROR over there. Every chorus is infectious, and every breakdown has the mindless mutant in me nodding my head. If you like later SICK OF IT ALL, KILLING TIME, or any of the other aforementioned bands, get into PAYBACK. You won't be disappointed. (CC)

(www.sflrecs.com)

PLASTIC LETTERS – "Don't Tell Your Boyfriend" LP

...man, what a lame fucking record!!!!! The EXPLODING HEARTS did this kinda shit sooooooooo much better!!!!!!! So many of these new young pop bands are cliché, name-dropping bozos as far as I'm concerned!!!!! None of them are worth the mouth I piss in!!!! Produced by legendary Peter Case (ex-NERVES/PLIMSOULS)....big fucking deal!!!!! (SW)

(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln Germany/www.screamingapple.de)

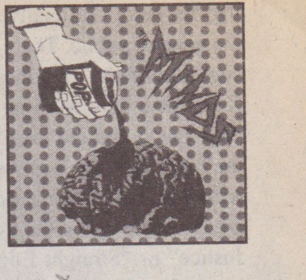
POSER DISPOSER – "Waiting to Inhale" CD

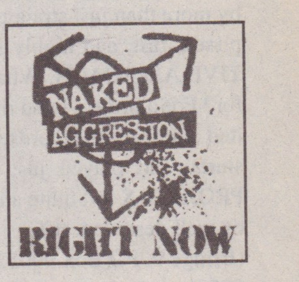
I've been waiting for *Waiting to Inhale* ever since the band sent me the demo version of this album half a year ago. It's great to see this album, easily one of the best grind releases of the year, from definitely one of the best new bands, get a proper release. If the album title, the album cover (*great* idea; took me a second to get it…), songs like "Drugs Win Drug War" and the band photo on the back didn't clue you in to the massive influence pot had on the making of this record, then the not-even-close-to-what's-listed song order definitely will. These raging stoners from Saskatchewan, Canada are the type of band that seems to play only faster and tighter the longer the knife is stuck in the stove so to speak. But not only is this some wicked-fast brutal grind, it's also completely memorable with super-catchy riffs and vocals. And they even added a LACK OF INTEREST cover to round things out. I can't recommend this enough. (EL)

(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz,GERMANY, www.mitglied.lycos.de/skrupel, skrupel@web.de)

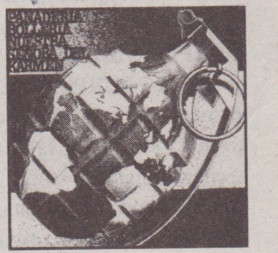
PROJECT X – "Straight Edge Revenge" EP

This will be the first time a lot of people will hear this record at the accurate speed. Unless you own the original, the Champion bootleg, or a cassette recording of either, you probably have been listening to the Lost & Found version (or a bootleg made from it) mastered at a slower speed. Bridge 9 Records deserves kudos for finally mak-





NOWHITERAG
Da che parte stai?


PANADERIA BOLLERIA NUESTRA SEÑORA DEL KARMEN

poser disposer
waiting to inhale

ing this record officially available/affordable to the general public. There are two kinds of hardcore/punk kids: The ones who shun PROJECT X because they were an in-your-face straightedge band, and the ones who can look beyond the over-the-top lyrics and realize that this record is hardcore classic. Straightedge or not, anyone who takes the lyrics to "Dance Floor Justice" or "Straight Edge Revenge" seriously is missing the point. This record is sought after by more than just straightedge kids because it's pissed, fast, and highly influenced by NEGATIVE APPROACH. What more could one ask for? For a project band that only pressed a limited number of records, screened even fewer shirts, and played just a handful of shows, PROJECT X left quite a legacy. And it's a legacy well deserved. (CC)
(Bridge 9, PO Box 99052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)

PUBLIC ACCESS – "Fleeced." CD

I have to say, this ska-punk all starts to sound the same to me. This NY five-piece does it all pretty good. And this is their third disc, so they've been at it for a while. It's just difficult for me to distinguish between bands like this anymore. Not as punk as AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY, but not as ska as the SLACKERS. Not as upbeat as CITIZEN FISH. But pretty good if you like that stuff, I guess. (RK)
(www.we-dont-suck.com)

PURPLE MERKINS – "Merkinmania!" CD

Ah, the PURPLE MERKINS, the definitive B-team 60s garage revival act from the early-to-mid 90s. Their take on screaming/moping teenage angst is stiffer than week-old Texas roadkill, and just so totally missing the whole feel and impact of original 60s garage that it rapidly gets to the point of squirming embarrassment. Had these guys not heard the MUMMIES, SUPERCHARGER, or BRENTWOODS? The rules of the game had *changed* by the time these guys were around, shit, even surf slickers like the BOMBORAS and TIKI TONES had adapted in their own fashion. I used to love writing nasty reviews, now it just pains me. Suxxx. (RW)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)

RAINBOW REVENGE / ANDI NERD AND THE NEW SCHOOL TOUGH GUYS – split EP

RAINBOW REVENGE dishes out six fastcore tunes chock full of all the 80s rehash glory that you can handle. Silly, yet somewhat charismatic lyrics and flair to keep the kids guessing and hardcore thug wannabes wondering when the mosh part is coming. Apparently RAINBOW REVENGE has split up which, after hearing this, is too bad. ANDY NERD AND THE NEW SCHOOL TOUGHGUYS tread down the same path, yet without leaving any noticeable foot prints with this effort — their side just sounds tired in comparison. They're decent enough fast hardcore, their lyrics and sentiments will leave me keeping an eye out for future releases from these fellas. (BS)
(Drachenwekstatt, punkrob@gedenkenkontolle.de)

THE REAL MACKENZIES – "10,000 Shots" CD

Fuelled with a stand in Fatty McMike on bass, and a GOOD RIDDANCE filling the drum stool, this sixth long-player may be the REAL MACKENZIES' best yet. For those familiar with the kilted ones, this is their typical rollicking pop-punk-with-bagpipes. For those that have somehow missed 'em to date, think DROPKICK MURPHYS with a batch of great tunes instead of bluster. Truly great, and a credit to Celtic punk! (RK)
(Fat Wreck, www.fatwreck.com)

THE REBEL – "Prawns" LP

THE REBEL is Ben Wallers, the fabulously fascinating lead singer of the COUNTRY TEASERS. This isn't a record for just anyone. You need to have at least some appreciation for creativity and be very secure in your punkness. His songs are little minimalist sonic poems that seem to use only electronics and piano. His lyrics are fucked up and funny as hell. I dare you not to enjoy this record. (CK)
(Junior Aspirin, www.junioraspirin,com)

RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS – "Life" CD

This is a tribute to their late singer/guitarist/co-founder/band personality Frank Vagonozzi. It's a touching sentiment, but the RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS just don't stand out. They have a good time with belting out silly tough guy rock punk, with covers by BLACK FLAG, HÜSKER DÜ, and the REPACEMENTS, but they sound pretty generic. Only one song of the twenty-five tunes really kicks my ass. Apparently, RECKLESS DEERHUNTERS are back on the prowl. They must be a great live band. (HM)
(The Frank Vagonozzi Music Foundation, 4611 Deerwatch Drive, Chantilly, VA 20151)

RECKLESS YOUTH – "State of Confusion" EP

If you're a fan of anything coming out of the Belgium and Boston scenes right now, then it would behoove you to look into this Dutch band. This EP has all the right elements that make up a great hardcore record: speed, competent production, and above all, great songwriting. The thing that really pushes this band past the rest of the bands trying to do the mid-80s NYHC sound are the vocals, which are complete HR/BAD BRAINS worship. The layout and insert look totally great, and it's nice to see RECKLESS YOUTH get the recognition they deserve with this re-release on Boston's own Painkiller Records. With bands like JUSTICE, DEAD STOP, and now RECKLESS YOUTH, the Belgium and Holland scenes are giving the rest of the hardcore world a run for their money. A great record. (CC)
(www.painkillerrecords.com)

RED CAR BURNS – "When Everything Seems to Be in Silence" CD

Italy's RED CAR BURNS is like LAWRENCE ARMS-meets-*Dear You*-era JAWBREAKER. I don't want to call it emo because that word has become so broad and used to describe everything, but if you went by the definition circa 1999, then it fits. The artwork for this record would even be at home on a HOT WATER MUSIC CD, if that tells you anything. A good record for those who still believe in beards, backpacks, and zines. (JF)
(NH-N, Via Alla Stazione per Cassella 22, 16122 Genova, ITALY)

RED INVASION – "I'm Not Too Young to Die" CD

Speedy melodic punk from Boston with a lot of old New York snottiness. These guys definitely own a couple of DEAD BOYS records between them. (AD)
(www.pelado.com)

RED TAPE APOCALYPSE – "I Fucking Love My Friends" EP

Totally unbearable and excellent. This EP from the now-de*punk*t Oberlin, Ohio, band sounds like a shitty basement demo shittily mastered on shitty vinyl. The male-female vocals are way too loud in the mix, made worse by the fact that the girl sounds like Annie BLATZ at times. But, somehow, magically, this record rules. The songs are sloppy and punk as fuck, but poppy and fun, the screen-printed artwork is great, and the short song synopses are hilarious ("It's not cool to break other people's trampolines"). And a fucking COCK SPARRER cover? I haven't been able to listen to the whole thing in one sitting, but I'm totally gonna get myself a copy. (PC)
(searchandhug@gmail.com)

REDWORMS' FARM – "Amazing" CD

A band has to have *mas cajones* to name its CD "Amazing," unless they're trying to be ironic, which is pretty silly. In this case the self-confidence is well founded. This Italian trio fucking rocks. Razor sharp, driving, angst-punk

that doesn't sound like any one band in particular but owes a nod to elements of WIRE, MISSION OF BURMA, and JOY DIVISION, as well as contemporary Dischord stuff like BLACK EYES and the two-guitar, no bass attack of SLEATER-KINNEY. Get it. (AM)
(Fooltribe, via Valli n. 624, 41030 San Martino, Spino MO, ITALY, www.fooltribe.com)

REIGNING SOUND – "Home for Orphans" LP

...you never know what you're in for with a REIGNING SOUND record....Greg Cartwright likes to throw curve balls.....this here LP is much different than the last one (*Too Much Guitar*).....and it seems as if Greg has been dusting off his old DYLAN records along with other old folk/country gems.....!!!!! This is a slow moving, moody record.....but once again, the song crafting is fantastic......!!!!!!!! WILCO wishes they sounded *this* good!!!!!!! It's amazing to me that this band is not *huge* in the mainstream at this point.......or a least as *huge* as the cock Mike Lucas is making me sit on right now......!!!!! I've been a very *bad boy* lately.....my motto is "No Condom, No Lube, No Complaining"!!!!!!! Tops, feel free to look me up.....contact *MRR*!!!!! (SW)
(Sympathy)

RIFF RAFF – "Lowlifer" EP

Despite my initial disappointment that this band has nothing to do with BILLY BRAGG, I thought this EP by Massachusetts' RIFF RAFF (who shares members with THINK I CARE) was good, burly, NYHC-influenced hardcore punk. And I'm not talking paint-by-numbers late-80s youth crew NYHC or basketball-jersey-wearing thugcore NYHC, I'm talking about the real deal—early-80s bands like the ABUSED, ANTIDOTE, and *United Blood*-era AGNOSTIC FRONT (with a touch of the CRO-MAGS and NEGATIVE APPROACH). Good songwriting and a mix of faster and mid-tempo tracks make this record well worth picking up for fans of the aforementioned bands. (CS)
(Eating Rats, www.eatingrats.com)

THE RIVERA PLAYBOYS – " Ambassadors of Rock 'n' Roll" LP

Hold on, I thought that was us, obviously we was mistaken. Not only sounding old but looking old, which I like—too many kids in this damn scene and not enough jaded ol' saggy balled has-beens like ourselves. Straight-up fuzz drenched garage. They've got the tunes, they got the songs…well, stole the riffs and stole the sound is more like it. But this is garage and originality is for skinny Germans. Enough fuzz and dirge, and pondering to that '66 sound that I eat like the Irish eat their Korn Flakes. Ballads stinking of that echoed YARDBIRDS vibe, the power pop of RADIO BIRDMAN and a primitive rock thud to be likened to the mighty MISSING LINKS. Predictable, but enjoyable nonetheless. (SD)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstr. 14, 50939 Koln, GERMANY, www.screaming-apple-records.de)

ROCK 'N' ROLL MONKEY & THE ROBOTS – "Detroit Trauma" CD

"Detroit Trauma" is packed full of semi-ridiculous bedroom demo quirk with, naturally, varying degrees of success. The poppy odes to crack-addicted dogs and the fake-hipster keyboard buzz are admirable on some far-off level, but this is the sort of stuff that's best left to circulate between friends rather than unleash on an unsuspecting public. (MC)
(www.drastic-plastic.com)

SCHLEPROCK - "Learning to Fall" CD

A Greatest Hits, of sorts, from this SoCal band, spanning their career from 1989-1996 (though they released a couple of albums after this, and even may have reformed last year?). Anyways, this charts their progress (not in chronological order!) from their early pop-punk days, to that melodic SoCal sound (LAGWAGON, et al), to a harder, more anthemic oi! (influenced) vibe. Street punk I believe it's now called. Some excellent liner notes and song descriptions tell the tale of rags, to riches, to (major label induced) ruin. I actually really liked all their mutations (including the major label LP), and there's a bunch of rare stuff/demo versions (of the songs that got them "signed") and the like, which will please the completists, and folks who already have all their other releases. (RK)
(Fiend Music, www.fiendmusic.com)

SEEIN RED – "We Need to Do More Than Just Music" LP

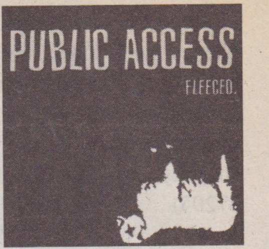
The long-awaited LP by these Dutch punks has finally made it into our hands. SEEIN RED has been around for quite some time and we know they have a history in punk. This is yet another volume to be added to their lengthy list of releases. They have not been weakened with age. The angry lyrics and aggressive music is still here—"Bloodsuckers" is a standout. If you were expecting a softened up SEEIN RED after all these years, you were wrong. Musically manic and, as always, political! (MS)
(Ebullition)

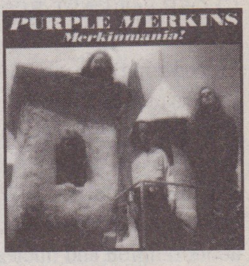
SEND MORE PARAMEDICS – " The Hallowed and the Heathen" CD

"I'm a flesh-creeping horror and I'm ready to rock!"???? Zombie speed-metal from the UK??? Songs about eating flesh, songs about the pain of being dead, songs about Zombie Armageddon, songs about feeling yourself rotting…these are apparently "fast zombies" as they play tight, proficiently delivered standard issue, no argument, no fault, mechanical thrash-metal with yelping, screechy vocals that would sound more appropriate in a sloppy basement thrash band. Fun enough. Listening to *Reign in Blood* while the mute button is on *Dawn of the Dead* might work to more impressive effect. (KS)
(In at the Deep End, www.iatde.com)

THE SEX "Wake Up and Smell the Parents" CD

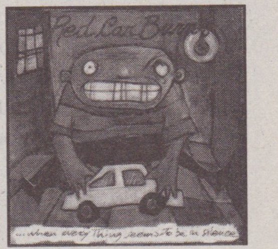
Noisy, loose, and cathartic punk riffage, with screamy vocals and some moderately fast drumming, the occasion-

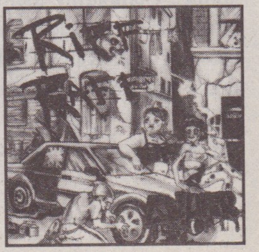




THE REAL MCKENZIES
10,000 shots

reckless deerhunters





al sloppy new wave parts with raw AM frequency synth tones strewn around keep things interesting, though I found myself incessantly spinning the cylinder of my revolver and aiming it toward my head. (BS)
(Infinity Cat, PO Box 50623, Nashville, TN 37205)

SHADOW OF FEAR – "Painful Cry" EP

A predictable collision of members of DISCLOSE and LAST BOMB. The A-side is two distorted and noisy DIS-core thrashers charging buzzing disorto-guitar and throaty vocal shrieks amidst squealing metallic solos. The B-side goes repetitively mid-tempo and channels later DISCHARGE riffs through a more tepid metallic sheen. Cool UK-cut pocket sleeve, with short DISCHARGE haiku-style lyrics about religion and nuclear Armageddon. (KS)
(Overthrow, Maruta Palace #402, Shimoshinshuku, 21-5, Ichikawa, Chiba 272-0102, JAPAN)

DIE SCHWARZEN SCHAFE – "Wir Haben Noch Lange Nicht Genug!" LP

You know me, and you know I love the German punk. Always melodious, tough, and anthemic with catchy choruses. DIE SCHWARZEN SCHAFE is no exception, which is good, but they're also nothing different. Most of this is from the early 80s and late 90s, with a couple tracks from '97 and a couple from 2004, and this record is is limited to 700 copies. Maybe not one of the most essential re-releases to come out recently, but it's recommendable to Deutsche-o-philes. (PC)
(Teenage Rebel, Wallstr. 21, 40213 Düsseldorf, GERMANY, www.teenagerebel.de)

SINIESTRO TOTAL – "El Regreso" LP

My received wisdom is that the Spanish punk scene was late responding to Mr. Rotten and Pals, so this disc from 1983 is free of the 'core, instead trending towards what was coming out of Sweden (say) circa 1981 or so; heavy, rhythmic, and anthemic (okay, there are a few polka-beats here but at nowhere near the speeds of USA 1983). As songwriters these guys were no great shakes, but the undeniable energy coming off of this is still winning, despite the language barrier (a Californian who doesn't speak Spanish in 2005 is mega lame, I admit). Comparing them to their roughly contemporary comrades, I would come up with a cross of later RUDE KIDS and DOA. A wave that's late arriving but worth swimming out for. (RW)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

SINIESTRO TOTAL – "¿Cuando Se Come Aqui?" LP

A classic Spanish band from the early 80s, and they've got the look and style to prove it. The vocals are undeniably Johnny Rotten-influenced, or maybe John Lydon-influenced is more accurate since SINIESTRO TOTAL ventured into post-punk territory as much as it pogoed about in fun, bouncy proto-thrash. A thoroughly enjoyable album to listen to—a few of the tracks are totally catchy—but I'm reluctant to give this a really high recommendation as it's not all that memorable, even after several listens. (PC)
(Munster, www.munster-records.com)

SIR HENRY FIAT'S BASTARD – "Your Mom is a Fucking Mongo" EP

For those of you that didn't get your hands on the Swedish pressing of this scorcher, "This is the Day When Rock 'n' Roll Came Back to Town" and "George W Bush is a Fucking Hippie" are instant evidence that HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE front man isn't about to let you down with a watered down acoustic-punk solo project. Sir Henry dishes out six heart-stopping tracks that are just as fierce, energetic, and catchy as ever. This US pressing is essentially the same as the Ken Rock release minus the foldout poster. (VH)
(Pandacide, PO Box 2774, Petaluma, CA 94952)

SISTE DAGERS HELVETE – "Helvete Er Løs" LP

SISTE DAGERS HELVETE (not to be confused with SISTE DAGERS HELLIGE, who did the *Seks Millioner* EP) played raw, fast, ferocious hardcore punk, and were the first Norwegian hardcore band to release an LP, *The Hell*, in 1984. This reissue brings us that devastating LP (originally slated for release on the infamous Finnish HC label Propaganda, but ultimately coming out on Rock-O-Rama) along with five comp tracks, making this a complete discography. Seventeen tracks of totally pissed, no-bullshit, American-influenced hardcore mayhem. Great! (VH)
(Cradle to Grave, PB 9044 Grønland, 0133 Oslo, NORWAY)

SKARP – "Requiem" CD

Absolutely ballistic black metal-infused grind from this grim Seattle outfit. The change from their earlier material (included as bonus tracks) to their current style is substantial—though previously an odd mix of semi-melodic punk and metal, this album sees the suicide-obsessed group going full-bore into metal terrain and not giving the listener a second's respite. The drumming on this is fucking pummeling—this guy can blast with the best of 'em, and the guitars are right alongside him, switching from bleak black metal riffs into crushing breakdowns at the drop of a guillotine's blade. And I hope the singer eats a nice big bowl of ice cream after they play cuz she must just destroy her throat with her glass-chewing vocals. Really don't know how to express how floored I was by this record—their power and intensity is undeniable. (EL)
(Alternative Tentacles, www.alternativetentacles.com)

SKITKIDS – "Valkomna Till Paradiset..." EP

Probably my favorite Swedish band of the moment, this is possibly their best release to date. Super thick, raw punk with wailing guitars, galloping drums and throat shredding vocals. Less SKITSYSTEM and more blown out UK82/early TOTALITÄR. Ripping. (TB).
(540, PO Box 143403, Austin, TX 78714)

SLITER – "Think Other Wise" CD

Strange, fast punk from Japan that's all over the map musically. From bits that are almost ska to (not quite) straight-up hardcore songs. This is weird, especially coming from a scene where everything is so genre-specific. (AD)
(www.sliter.net)

SOFAHEAD – "Pre-Marital Predicament" CD

A reissue of this 1990-ish Brit band's two LPs. Melodic punk, post punk, and hardcore with great gal vocals mixed with screaming guy vocals, from the scene that brought us LEATHERFACE, SNUFF, and WAT TYLER. I loved this stuff then and it holds up pretty well now. A chance to discover a lesser-known band from the prolific 1990 UK punk scene. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, www.bosstuneage)

THE SONS OF SATURN – "Pure" CD

Metallic hardcore that incorporates an aggressive screamo edge with lots of erratic tempo changes. They mix in some faster parts with an occasional chunk of softened melody. The vocals are mostly screamed and the lyrics are in English even though the band is from France. It should be noted that the CD comes in a funky fold-out cover. (RC)
(Maldoror, c/o 11 Route De Montchanin, 71450 Blanzy, FRANCE, maldorocollective.com)

STARCADE – "Space Vacuum from Outer Space" CD

I love new wave — synthesizers, female

vocals, and funny outfits. STARCADE has all of that, yet I don't really care for them. The reason for all of that is it seems in the last year there have been too many bands that have copied that formula, but haven't copied the formula of having good songs as the backbone of any decent band. I like good songs, hence I don't like STARCADE. (JF)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysusrecords.com)

STILL BREAKING HEARTS - "The Thin Line" CDEP

Six-track effort, recorded back in 2001. Not my bag at all. I guess FUGAZI's less-melodic moments might be a good reference. Lots of screaming, emotion, and not so anthemic rock guitars, in an odd sort of way. Post-hardcore? Thick as a post? Beards and backpacks really love this sort of stuff. I don't get it. (RK)
(www.soundvssilence.com)

STORM HEAVEN – "Requiem" CD

Epic and melodic crusty hardcore with lovely packaging and the cringeworthy politics we've come to associate with Crimethinc. I have the familiar these-kids-have-their-hearts-in-the-right-place-but-making-stencils-isn't-gonna-solve-the-world feeling this stuff always gives me. Luckily, the music is more straightforward than the extremely long, multi-instrumented intro led me to believe; there are some kind of emo moments, but the overall mood is one of FROM ASHES RISE-style guitar parts over dual-vocalled crust. A bit overwrought, and in a painfully overcrowded genre, but not bad. Overall, this is well executed and the fine packaging almost makes me forget that this is a CD release. (GN)
(Crimethinc)

SUBJEKT 2 CHANGE – "New #2" CD

This is "where Punk and Metal collide!" These guys are straight out of 1992 with their immaculate "music school" hardcore/metal precision and PRINCE-style cool spelled words. They're overly produced and contrived almost to the point of absurdity. They sport their mastery of styles with "Rasta Metal" and actually sound very fast and wanky. Their tunes display an impressive exercise in musicianship, but I don't really like it. (HM)
(www.subjekt2change.com)

SUBSONICS – "Die Bobby Die" LP

Another record from one of "those" 90s bands that you figure would have long broken up by now but haven't, like the BASSHOLES or the CHEATER SLICKS. I've heard most of their previous waxings and this is by far the most engaging thing they've done, not that the older stuff is a waste of time. They employ a roots-conscious attack with zero retro affectations, so the Garage Fonzies would be as bummed as an In The Red type would be perked up. The vocals used to be a tad heavy on the "trill" effect, but this barely shows up on this LP, so the lingering effect here is the lazy Quine-like guitar and the effectively-sneered LOU REED styled vocals. Probably the best Sunday morning "garage" record of the year so far. (RW)
(Slovenly, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504)

SUGAR EATER – "Nine Songs" CD

This bands switches between terrible emo-pop and melodic punk—QUEERS sounding stuff, then songs that sound like DAG NASTY or old AFI. Lyrically, it's pretty clever and funny, super sarcastic. The first song has a funny NILSSON-style spoken word part. All of it sounds like it's supposed to be epic and huge, but just comes across as kind of weak. Funny, though, I guess. Take it or leave it. (WL)
(Eyephat, PO Box 1156, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866, www.sugareater.com)

SWEETHEARTS – "Looks Could Kill" CD

Austin, TX, stalwarts the SWEETHEARTS play some good ol' straight ahead rock 'n' roll punk with some vocals that recall the GITS' Mia Zapata meeting Cinder Block from TILT. More straight punk and less rock 'n' roll than the typical Mortville release, this CD is still a standout. Hopefully there is vinyl because quality like this release deserves it. (JF)
(Mortville)

SYSTEM – "…Is Still Murder" CD

Fantastic retrospective of one of the lesser known UK anarcho bands from the early 80s. Consisting of the their only two 7"s, a bunch of demo tracks and a full history, this a worthy purchase for any fan of that genre. SYSTEM released their 7"s on FLUX OF PINK INDIANS' Spiderleg record label which gives a good idea where they were coming from. Much more straight ahead than much of the CRASS catalogue, having more in common with FLUX, ALTERNATIVE and EXIT-STANCE, it's a rip-roaring listen. Anti-state, anti-war, snotty vocals and a tribal backbeat make this band a much better listen than some of the stuff from that era that has been deemed "classic." Check this out, and while you're at it check out the tremendous *Anti-State* and *Anti-War* compilation CDs this label put out a while back. (TB)
(www.overgroundrecords.co.uk)

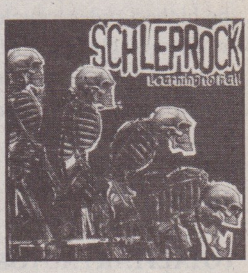
THIRD DEGREE – "Outstay" CD

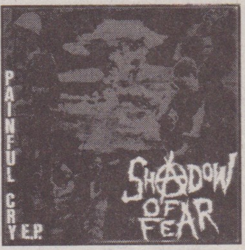
Holy crap—this band has gotten way more intense since last I heard them. If I recall correctly, they used to be a decent but fairly standard D-beat group outta Poland, but now they're fucking devastating metallic grind, not unlike fellow countrymen ANTIGAMA and the potent grind they perpetrate. I love the simple but relentless guitar riffs that are offset so well by the seamless transitions from mid-paced hardcore beat to full-speed blasts. The guitars have gotten seriously heavy and some of the breakdowns are deadly, accented by steamrolling double-kick beats, as best witnessed on "Pope Died Tonight," a definite album highlight. There've been a ton of great grind releases this month and this one certainly stands among the best. (EL)
(Selfmadegod, POB 46, 21500 Biala Podl., POLAND, www.selfmadegod.com)

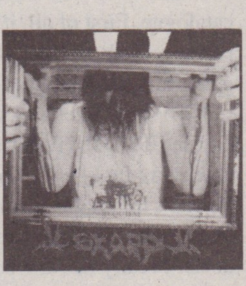
THE TIME FLYS – "Fly" LP

On *Fly*, sent in for review with "*MRR SUX*!" lovingly Sharpied onto the cover, Oakland's TIME FLYS have set

ROCK N ROLL MONKEY AND THE ROBOTS
DETROIT TRAUMA







skitkids
VALKOMNA TILL FABRIKEN...

STORM
Requiem
HEAVEN

out to burn every punk pillar currently erected by, well…us. Trouble is they've come out with what might go down as the punkest record of the year. With their longhaired and dog-eared appearance (infinitely more shocking than a thousand mohawks), the spirit behind these tunes recalls the same malcontented forever-teenage gusto of all those Mid-American bell-bottomed beardos that dart the obscure punk compilations. This is primitive punk sleaze of the highest order, coupled with lyrics that ring so disgustingly true that I'm left feeling equal parts empowered and nauseous. To borrow a phrase from their own "21st Century Ape-Man," the TIME FLYS are King Kong strong and, thus far, can do no wrong. (MC)
(Birdman, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90041)

TOTALITÄR / AUTORITÄR – split EP

TOTALITÄR is not only one of the best Swedish hardcore bands of recent memory; they are one of the truly great bands of all time, period. If it were up to me, all of their records would be in print and easily accessible; with the exception of their less-than-stellar second EP, they didn't put out a record I wouldn't recommend, and they put out a lot of records. I have to admit, though, this reissue of this relatively recent split EP with crusty German thrashers AUTORITÄR is definitely not where I'd start in resurrecting TOTALITÄR's out of print back catalogue. First of all, it's probably one of their easier records to find, and secondly, while still good, it is definitely not the Swedes' best material. The first two tracks are classics in the signature TOTALITÄR style, complete with catchy-as-fuck riffs, pounding D-beat, and Poffen's inimitable, expressive vocals. The next two tracks, though, are faster in a way that doesn't really suit the band. It's still great, fast hardcore, but it seems as though they were trying to compete with the blast-beat-lovin' Germans on the flip for some sort of speed award. It's no surprise to see that these tracks were recorded separately from the first two. For what it's worth, AUTORITÄR is pretty cool too, if you dig hyper-fast, blasting crustcore. Anyway, this is a good way to get these tracks if you don't have 'em already, and if you haven't heard TOTALITÄR yet, by all means pick up their classic LPs on Prank Records and their collection of early EPs on Armageddon Records immediately. (GN)
(Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208)

THE TROUBLE – "Nobody Laughs Anymore" LP

These Boston stalwarts recorded the 15 songs on this record in 1998, when they were apparently the toast of the town, according to my East Coast sources. Even Bruce Roehrs was salivating when he clapped eyes on my copy. It came out on CD back then on GMM Records, and this is a good time for the vinyl version, since the music world has apparently warmed up to the idea of a punk rock band playing with hardcore intensity and street punk catchiness. The pictures are of young, skinny hardcore kids, but if you didn't look at those and just put the record on, you'd be picturing boots 'n' braces all round. Good stuff. (AM)
(Painkiller, 8 Burney St #1, Boston, MA 02120, www.painkillerrecords.com)

TUFF MCGRUFF – "Sling the State" CD

Eight solid tracks of basic, stripped down late-80s sXe revival—endearingly honest-sounding hardcore from Florida. It's barebones, melodic, and straight-ahead mixed with a little more musical flourish for breakdowns, blast beats, and an occasional solo for emphasis. Raw, throaty vocals work well, complemented by the coarse recording. The lyrics are largely about friendship and the scene. "Right or left" calls for a "don't ask don't tell" kind of apolitical scene: "Keep it to yourself, don't preach to me, keep your mouth shut and leave it out of our scene," followed by a song calling for unity, which I can't get onboard with—punk to me was always a *counter*-culture, an *underground* in opposition to a dominant above-ground culture, a refuge for those pushed to the margins as well as a place to debate ideas. The unity was found there, as opposed to being a come one, come all buddy club. Otherwise, a cool and worthy, rampaging printed CD in Xerox packaging. (KS)
($4 ppd US/ $5 world: Chris Donaldson, 5140 Tamarind Rd., Naples, FL 34119)

THE TWATS – "Hell In My Pants" CD

Damn, I give these folks a good review last time, so that means I get their CD too! Right on! The TWATS even emailed me to say that I had their vocals misrepresented. Well, upon closer scrutiny of this CD, their no frills hardcore and vocal onslaught reminds me of the new East Bay stupor group RETCHING RED. Like their split EP, this CD features their epic anthem "Brotherly Love." (HM)
(Overdose, PO Box 525, Fleetwood, PA 19522)

TWELVE GAUGE VALENTINE – "Exclamationaire" CD

How do you make your pathetic DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN rip-off band even worse? Be Christian. Oh, and name your album *Exclamationaire*. (EL)
(Sound vs. Silence, www.soundvssilence.com)

TWIN CAM – CD

In these days of retro power pop looking bands dishing out some bad pop, here's a good one. Similar in sound to MATERIAL ISSUE and REAL KIDS on the known rock side. Six songs to sing-along to. A good start for this Ohio band. (RL)
(www.twincamband.com)

THE VENDETTA – "Forever Terror" EP

Good hard street-core from Italy. Fast, angry, and tough as hell, this four-track doesn't let up for a second—it's punk as fuck, which alone puts it miles above knucklehead US acts like TERROR. I can even hear hints of the DIDJITS in their full on ragingness (if that's a word.) Well-played, solid, and loud as all get out. If I was ten years younger and had ten more tattoos… (AD)
(Pure Punk, CP 214, 43100 Parma, ITALY)

VICTIMISED – "Tinnitusattentat" LP

This is quick-paced, energetic, crusty thrash from Norway—basically stays at one speed throughout the whole song, but I don't think anyone reading *MRR* will object to keeping the pedal on "fast." Not really as dark as most of what gets associated with Scandinavian hardcore, VICTIMISED balance their crust tendencies enough with the speed of thrash to separate it from the bleak trademark sound of the region. These compositions aren't gonna be up for Nobel consideration anytime soon, but even if originality and variety aren't their strong suits, these Trondheim thrashers make up for it with a good amount of speed and energy. (EL)
(Plata, www.platarecords.no/victimized)

SONNY VINCENT – "Soul Mates" CD

Sonny Vincent—one-time guitarist of early New York punk combo TESTORS and prolific solo punkist—really cranks 'em out, doesn't he. CDs, EPs, LPs, you name it, he's got it. His name's everywhere in the *MRR* bins, Bay Meadows racing forms, on the back of cereal boxes, here and there in my own record collection (and I don't remember buying them, but *must* have). *Soul Mates* sounds like a slicked-up modern-world 2005 model of the TESTORS most of the time and sensitive hard-worn-rocker-against-the-world schlock (complete with end-of-the-song fadeouts and girl back-up singers) some of the time. Predictably, I like the fast material like "You Very Much" or "Chopping Block" and don't have a lot of use for the slow stuff (and sense traces of fatigue in some of the speedy DEAD BOYS-ish riffs and fancy solos). The album winds up with a bunch of answering machine messages left for Mr. Vincent from various RAMONES: I'm glad he has cool friends. (JH)
(Disturbed)

VÖETSEK – "Kick It" EP

One of the more popular bands in the Bay Area has kicked down another EP containing eight tunes of blistering fast tuneless thrash. Ami's aggressive vocals keep pace with the music and hit on subjects like politics, consumerism, and racism. More than likely, you have already heard VÖETSEK and know whether you need to grab this EP or not. (RC)

(Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510, deepsixrecords.com)

WADGE – "The Road to Hana" CD

34 tracks of in-the-red grindcore, testing recording limits with screeching, gnarled vocals and speeding push-button drum machine thrash that only halts the pummeling brutality to pick up a SABBATH riff or chunky breakdown for seconds before returning to savage mechanical buzz and howling vocal gargle. Bookended by surf music, a cover adorned by Tiki and Moa Heads and largely Pacific Island-themed song titles, makes for a complete oddity and a niche assuredly cornered: a German issued, Canadian based, Hawaiian themed one-man grindcore band!!! Sadly, no lyrics are provided, leaving the impart of "Menehune Meltsdown," "The Rapa Nui Mangler," or "Curse the World (Pahoa-A'u-Ku Version) open to interpretation. *And*…no ukuleles…but this is still spit-your-Mai-Tai-out-in-shock *sick*! (KS)

(RSR c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. Des Friendens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY)

WARTORN – "Adolf Bushler: War Bastard" EP

As if all of the spraypainted stencils that crop up after Critical Masses across the country proclaiming "*Bush = Hitler*" weren't obvious clear enough, WARTORN gives us their *Adolf Bushler* EP, complete with some of the worst Photoshopping ever featuring a ridiculous collage of George Bush with Hitler mustache, a mushroom cloud, and missiles pointing every which way. There's no two ways about it: the art's fuckin' ugly. The music itself is fairly pedestrian, if still energetic, Midwestern crustcore in the STATE OF FEAR tradition. Dual vocals, elementary school politics, and a galloping hardcore beat are all prominently featured. This disc is limited to 300 copies you can only get from Crimes Against Humanity or from the band itself. (GN)

(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702)

WEAPONS OF PLEASURE – "Daredevil" CD

Rock 'n' rock here from WEAPONS OF PLEASURE. Switches off between songs that are like BABES IN TOYLAND at a FRIGHTWIG convention and songs that are like the STOOGES at an electronic FOO FIGHTERS picnic. Someone got ahold of a wah-wah pedal and Pro Tools…this shit fucking rocks, though I may not like it. (WL)

(www.weaponsofpleasure.com)

WEEKEND NACHOS "Torture" EP

An assaulting and sadistic blend of grind and hardcore thrash from this Illinois four-piece. Well-constructed songs rake the coals of power violence yesteryear, with obligatory fury and rage. Great harsh vocals although with an almost too simplistic, get-the-job-done, lyrical approach that could stand some improvement. All in all a good listen and worth checking out. (BS)

(Tooth Decay 1086, S Naper Blvd, Naperville, Il 60540, www.toothdecayrecords.com)

WEEKENDERS – "Anyplace Else" EP

An all-girl trio cranking out the punk rock-n-roll from New York. The A-side has a fun "cutting loose" feel with its up-tempo sound. The B-sides are a tougher listen due to off key vocals which are little too off to be charming. Brings back the memories of the old JABBERJAW EP from '89 or so. A little PATTI SMITH? Not unlike many a Sympathy Records gal band. (RL)

(www.theweekenders.net)

YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE! – "Hit the Floor!" CD

This Vancouver band does the new wave sound with gals singing and screaming. Much in the way of keyboards here. If SLEATER KINNEY dumped the guitars for keyboards, they'd sound just like this. This is a pretty good release both song and sound wise. The loose, raw approach gives this a cool groove, which touches on anthemic at times. (RL)

(www.sounddocument.com)

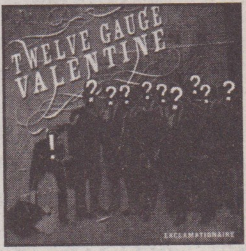
YOUSSOUF TODAY – "I'm So Punk" EP

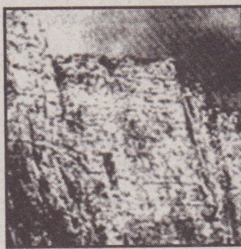
I wasn't even fifteen seconds into the first track before it became obvious that these guys like their SCHOLASTIC DETH. Sure enough, I open the lyric sheet and the singer is wearing the shirt of said band. First off, you've got to give these kids props for being a hardcore/punk band from France. The vocals are a little high for my tastes, but the music is top-notch thrash. The music is not only well-written and catchy, but each song stands apart from the next, which really sets YOUSSOUF TODAY head and shoulders above the plethora of generic fast-core bands whose songs all sound the fucking same. Most of the lyrics deal with their love of all things punk and DIY. However, their song "Smell the Glove" gets this month's Best English-as-a-Second-Language Lyrics award for the line "In the pit, when I hit your face, you can smell my working glove." Priceless. (CC)

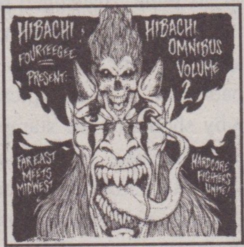
(Wee Wee, c/o David Sechaud, 25 Rue Goudouli, 31240 Saint Jean, FRANCE)

ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE / SEND MORE PARAMEDICS – split CD

The first thing that I should point out is that ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE is from New York and contains two members from SHAI HULUD. Z.A. blast through some fast and aggressive metalcore, and the extremely harsh vocals compliment these fierce tunes well (with their zombiefied lyrics). SEND MORE PARAMEDICS, who are from England, go more down the route of bands like MUNICIPAL WASTE. Straight-up 80s thrash metal worship, done







KILLED BY #2QUEZ HILLSIDE STRANGLER

very well. A damn fine release from both bands! (RC)
(In At The Deep End, iatde.com)

V/A – "Amebix Japan" CD

"To everyone who believes in no gods, no masters!" Six Japanese bands, namely ACROSTIX, EFFIGY, RAW GAUGE, AGE, LIFE, and ZOE offer up two songs a piece in tribute to England's post-apocalyptic crust punk legends AMEBIX. The songs are well done — dark, metallic, and for the most part true to the originals. The packaging is simple, with a few short tirades of AMEBIX worship and a foldout poster. (VH)
(MCR, 157 Kamiagu, Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr)

V/A – "Hibachi Omnibus, Vol. 2" EP

Here is a compilation highlighting three bands from the Midwest and four bands from Japan. The lineup includes INSANE YOUTH A.D., UPSTAB, QUILL, THE BILL BONDSMEN, MICROFILM, CHAINSAW, and NUMBSKULL. All the songs have a lo-fi rawness to them that seems to compliment raging hardcore like this. It is hard to choose a standout here, but my money may fall on INSANE YOUTH A.D. And just like it says on the insert, "All songs are very fast, short and loud!!! So, handle with care!!!" Pick this one up before you can't find it anymore. (RC)
(Hibachi, 497 Owego St., Painsville, OH 44077-4122)

V/A – "Killed By Que? No. 2" EP

As with the first *Killed by Que?*, a bunch of Spanish bands more or less influenced by various parts of the pre-hardcore punk/new wave spectrum (C'MON TUTANKHAMON have a bit of HC influence evident, but equal amounts of art punk), packaged with no indication that the bands are current. And I'm all for it—the stuff on here is just as good, good/bad, and bad/good as your typical collector comp and why shouldn't the stamp collectors be buying and listening to current *grupos*, especially when it's 13 of 'em on one EP? This is liable to get a lot more spins than a lot of recent *Stained by Death* comps. (DD)
(Hillside Stranglers, Apdo 13120, 28080, Madrid, SPAIN)

V/A – "Lewd Conduct: A Compilation of the Louisiana Underground!!" CD

This is a timely release in light of the horrible disaster down south. I scoured all the websites, and it looks like these guys are alright. Thank goodness. The bands on this comp span the musical spectrum of punk, surf, and metal. Standouts on this comp are the PALLBEARERS, the SUTURES, ANTARCTICA VS THE WORLD, DEDI QUESO AND THE VIOLATORS, KAJUN SS, and the POOTS. A nice comp from this devastated area. (HM)
(Rectum, www.terroroptics.com)

V/A – "Punk Occupation 8 International" CD

An international punk compilation put together by a member of the PAUKI, a Russian band whose CDs are also reviewed in this issue. The focus is on Russian and Ukranian punk, though bands from the US, UK, Netherlands, Germany, and Finland also make their way onto the comp. A lot of this stuff is pretty great, actually — rousing and catchy street punk and hardcore that has a crazy, unique quality due to the Eastern European languages employed. The only band I'd ever heard of on the CD is AGATHOCLES, which isn't surprising since I couldn't even read half of the band names (they're in Cyrillic). There are definitely a couple of clunkers, and a couple of weird nü-metal influenced songs (which were basically unlistenable), but overall this is an interesting collection that spotlights both the international nature of punk as well as focuses on a locale that has not gotten a lot of recognition in the international scene. (GN)
(crazyrat@yandex.ru)

V/A – "Put Some Pussy in Your Punk: Volume 2" CD

The second installment in this CD series, which according to On the Rag Records founder Renae's liner notes is in line with the On The Rag mission to "put the spotlight on women and build solidarity between female musicians in a world that teaches most women to hate each other." Right on. This is a long CD —31 tracks in all —which leans towards the straightforward punk/hardcore end of the spectrum and features the PROFIT$ (whose song is great), NAKED AGGRESSION, SISTER MARY ROTTEN CROTCH, and ALL OR NOTHING HC, among a slew of lesser known but equally fitting bands. A lot of the songs feature lyrics that have strong feminist themes, and the bands share enough stylistically to make this a fairly listenable comp. My only real complaint is that the insert for this CD is practically nonexistent; with such a strong theme, it would've been cool to read lyrics, or to read more about where these bands are coming from. I also have to admit that the name of this comp series and the names of a bunch of the bands on the CD (HYMEN MANEUVER, SECRET CERVIX, etc.) made me blush, but I guess that's the point. (GN)
(On the Rag, PO Box 251, Norco, CA 92860)

V/A – "Staring Down the Barrel" LP

I'm sure that anyone with any interest in *Killed by Death*-style compilations has already sniffed out this new compilation by now. After the huge comp glut of a few years ago and the few that have trickled out since, you'd think that all the monsters had already been uncovered. "Not so!" says the compiler(s) of this surprisingly solid compilation of unknown punk. The quality level of these excavations is higher than anyone would've bargained for…and there are 16 fucking tracks! Why oh why haven't we heard MIND GAMES before? Tell me that DUCKY BOYS single is readily available! Kudos to the compiler(s) for some ace archeology! Hopefully there's more goodies left out there. But for now, this'll more than do. (MC)
(Address? Yeah right!)

V/A – "What Are Friends For?" CD

Twenty bands, ranging from rockabilly to pop punk to comedy-core to 1990s alternative rock get together for the 20-track train wreck. the only thing linking them together being their mutually awful songs! With bands like ACOUSTIC FRONT, the FUX, and ROADHOGS it's an unfortunately accurate soundtrack to a modern world gone amuck with bad ideas. Hand me down DIY ethics butting heads with cheap disposable technology, creating a backlash that makes us wish we'd all died in New Orleans. (VH)
(Spine Punch Music, PO Box 163, Barto, PA 19504)

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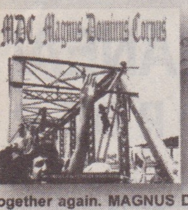

MDC

MAGNUS DOMINUS CORPUS

CD/LP - Great new CD from MDC, one of the most political bands of all time. This sizzling release is steered along in the right direction by having 3/4 of the original line-up back together again. MAGNUS DOMINUS CORPUS takes straight aim the US government and corporate bullshit.

Pointed Sticks

Pointed Sticks

PERFECT YOUTH

CD has 4 rare bonus tracks
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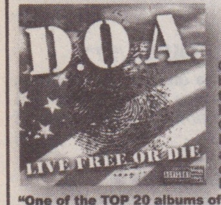
CD/LP - The Pointed Sticks were a West Coast phenomenon that burned white hot 1978-81.These Vancouver greats created a unique legacy with their pop/rock/punk sound. Perfect Youth, produced by Bob Rock captures their bright, fresh and fun sound at the band's peak.



D.O.A.

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"One of the TOP 20 albums of 2004" - Falling James - L.A.Times

THE REAL McKENZIES

The REAL McKENZIES

Clash of the Tartans

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THE REAL McKENZIES
PISSED TAE TH' GILLS

Pissed Tae Th' Gills

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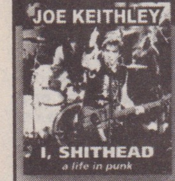

JOE KEITHLEY

I Shithead

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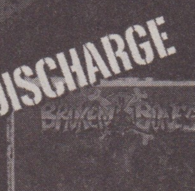

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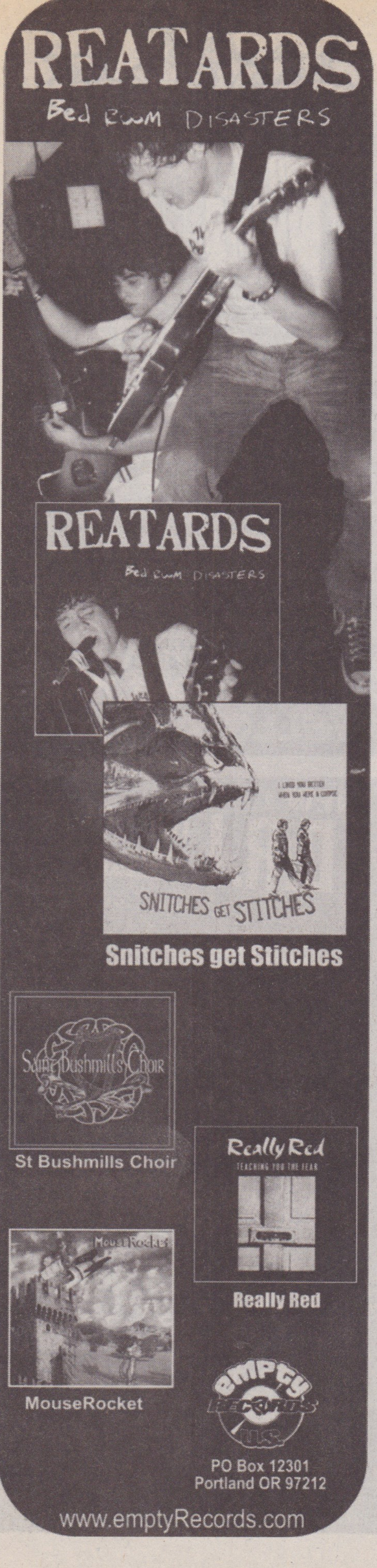

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HANS-A-PLAST "Hans-A-Plast" LP

An official reissue of their first (and best!) album, with great, sarcastic and totally nutty female vocals. Originally out on the small Lava Records label in 1979, it was soon taken over by the famous No Fun label, and went on to be one of the best-selling independently released punk albums in Germany ever. One listen to this and you'll know why! This reissue comes with the original booklet. Limited pressing of 1000 on white vinyl, German import. **LP $13.35**

DUTCH MASTERS "Radioactive" 7"

Three songs from this hot, kickass new Memphis garage punk band that includes Eric from THE OBLIVIANS, Scott from COOL JERKS, and Talbot from ROYAL PENDLETONS, and you can definitely hear the influences from those bands! **7" $4.45**

THE FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS s/t 7"

More intensely crazed punk noise and anarchy from this well-known Chicago outfit. Yes, they still sound a bit like THE GERMS, but even more over-the-top than ever! 4 songs, UK import. **7" $5.20**

DUMB HAIRCUTS / ETHAN split 7"

Here's a sunny, fun little record, for sure! THE DUMB HAIRCUTS play cute, punky, lo-fi songs about stuff like counting down to a birthday, our lives as frogs, a porcupine ghost, an orange marker and a goblet full of drool. ETHAN just hauls out his ukulele and sings songs that hover somewhere between innocence and sadness. The 3 inserts have lyrics, artwork, writings, credits, etc. **7" $4.50**

NI-FI NIFE FIGHT
"There's Blood in My Body" 7"

Vomit-noise-rant-thrash inflicted with conventional weapons (guitar, bass, drums, vocals) wielded by four lunatics. This stuff has teeth, not to mention some mighty strange lyrics. Beware that lock groove at the end. Full color cover. **7" $4.00**

BLUTTAT "Nkululeko" LP

An official reissue of their 2nd album of thrashy political hardcore, originally out on the Ausschuss label in 1984. This comes with the original (and really enormous) fold-out poster sleeve, with a Zimbabwe liberation poster on one side, and all the lyrics plus lots of photos and graphics on the other. Also includes a Bluttat sticker. German import. **LP $14.00**

"PROPAGANDA LIVE" comp LP

Another reissue of a classic from Finland's great Propaganda label, this 1983 hardcore compilation featured tracks from BASTARDS, TERVEET KADET, RIISTETYT, RAATO, VARAUS, VAAPA KALIJA, and more! German import. **LP $14.00**

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Ariel Awesome, and Erin Yanke.

80's GIRL plays trashy blown-out punk rock that alternates with trashy blown-out stop-start hardcore. ANGRY SAMOANS on homemade speed, or maybe more like the more hardcore HICKEY songs (the production, totally). They have an anti-Jimmy Carter song! And they even stole a RABID LASSIE riff? Yes! Hilarious. I am a fan. ($1 ppd. 8 song CD, lyrics included. 4004 Mimleste Dr., Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275.) (Erin)

AND/OR plays emotional hardcore with that art school twist. It is refreshing that they take on some relevant issues in their songs, such as rape, heterosexism, the cooptation of punk culture, and our desperate inability to communicate with one another. I just wish the music was as well-conceived as the lyrics. They do, however, get mega-bonus points for a heart-shaped CD, personal notes from each band member, and for appropriating those fabulous skeletal studies by Andreas Vesalius. (4 song CD, lyrics included. 8 Howe St. Lewiston, ME 04240, Thesecitieswillburn@hotmail.com) (Ariel)

ASH MONDAY plays slow, crusty, metallic hardcore with a tiny bit of the grindcore mixed in. The guitars are dark and slow, the rhythm is slow and crashing, and the vocals are a mix of sore-throat-from-hell purring, and a woman speaking clearly. I think it's the same person doing all the singing, which is an impressive range! They do have fast parts but the slow stuff makes up more than two-thirds of the demo. ($1 ppd. 4 song CD, no lyrics included. 55A Milford Ave., Whiting NJ 08759.) (Erin)

BE YOUR OWN PET is a female-fronted rock band that plays some solidly rockin' tunes. They sound a lot like the YEAH YEAH YEAHS, minus the thrashing scream parts (my favorite parts). I went ahead and danced to it a little on the bus. Pretty good. (2 song CD, no lyrics. PO Box 50632 Nashville, TN 37205)

BUT NOT FORGOTTEN recorded their demo live at CBGB's and kept in the intros and banter for your listening pleasure. They mix up their punk with some weird influences that take away from the anger they're trying to convey. One song's got a Santana-like intro, and there's lots of pseudo-metal going on. The lady vocals are totally prominent, really covering up what's going on with the rest of the instruments, especially the guitar leads. I guess that's a live recording for you. (5 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 2570, WNY, NJ 07093.) (Erin)

THE CRACKS have straightforward snottiness and true pissed-off-ed-ness in their corner, which I appreciate and applaud! Mid-tempo punk, nothing pop or metal here, with basic distorted guitar and vocals trading off the standout parts. Solid rhythm section that doesn't draw attention to itself but gets the job done. Vocals are on that line between spoken and sung, but full of piss and vinegar attitude. Yeah! (8 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 210, Williams Bay, WI 53191.) (Erin)

DISNIHIL straight-up are of the TRAGEDY school of hardcore. Dual screaming vocals, slow brutal parts, and the rage all are there. But they're not as dense, and they're missing the moments that make you catch your breath. Maybe that happens at graduation. They're definitely solid, though, and it's a really good demo. ($3 ppd. 4 song CD, lyrics included. 150-16 77th Ave, Kew Gardens Hills, NY 11367.) (Erin)

DRAFT DODGER is awesome! The no-nonsense power of hardcore personified! The singer has truly venomous vocals. There are some backups occasionally, but not too much. They only wank on short bursting guitar solos, and they only slow down for a bit to give the kids a chance to slam instead of totally thrash. It's mean and great. (5 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 5817, West End, Australia, 4101.) (Erin)

FEMURS play incredibly catchy acoustic power pop! Really upbeat, but not bubblegummy. I am totally enamored of this record. I can see the JONATHAN RICHMAN influence here for sure, and well as some K records. Sooo good. Highly recommended for dishwashing, sandwich eating, and hand holding. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. 1414 Seneca St. #307. Seattle, WA 98101. thefemurs@hotmail.com) (Ariel)

KIM PHUC plays moody and catchy punk that ranges from slow- to mid-tempo. Musically, it's a bit complicated, with the usual instruments, and then some droning element that adds depth and darkness. The vocals are sung in a post-punk way; spoken and sung, but urgent. This is really good. ($3 ppd. 4 song cassette, lyrics included. 3215 Joe Hammer Square, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.) (Erin)

KOMMUNEN plays Swedish Punk Rock, not hardcore, and do it tight and well. They have clean guitars as well as a distorted one, and sometimes they even sound jangly, but always fast, or at least fast-ish. The vocals are prominent in all the songs, and have a sing-song yelling to them. There is some snotty, almost kid-like taunting going on, too, but maybe that's just how they sing. The quality is good, and the songs are catchy, and I am totally into it. They also do a KSMB cover. ($2 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. Språkgränd 23 907 33 Umeå, Sweden.) (Erin)

RISING DISSENT play no-frills political hardcore, with some mosh parts breaking up the fast yet danceable pace—but I believe they do that so you will be able to hear the lyrics more clearly. They double-bass it up a bit, but there is no wanking, and it sounds powerful and sincere. (5 song CD, no lyrics included. 6 Groveside Dr., Aliso Viejo, CA 92656.) (Erin)

THE PHENOMS are a garage rock/punk band that sound a lot like the DWARVES' *Blood Guts and Pussy* album. The vocals have distinctly Danzig moments; that may just be some well-placed "whoa-oh"s. Not bad. (11 song CD, lyrics included. www.thephenoms.com) (Ariel)

REALIZED is well above your typical hardcore fare. They play with a ferocity and tightness that reminds me of LOS CRUDOS, like if CRUDOS had been a fucking destroy-the-world crusty black metal band. Throaty, angry vocals, distorted bass, and heavy heaviness! Fucking rad! (7 song CD, no lyrics included. Realizedhc@hotmail.com. 1-52 2JO8 Chome Miyanomori. Chuo-ku Sapporo, Japan.) (Ariel)

THE SECRET CLUB is a two-person synth project that utilizes a drum machine and keyboard. It is moody and atmospheric, but lacks anything truly interesting. It sounds like the soundtrack to a *Dr. Who* episode remixed for a hipster dance club. Oh, and mediocre poetry! Oh, yay! (3 song CD, lyrics included. 102 Rue Kleber. 33000 Bordeaux, France. Thesecretclub@hotmail.fr) (Ariel)

TAKE IT BACK plays some songs that are screamo with dance part keyboards, and some songs sound like videogame soundtrack noises. The screaming songs have the videogame noises, too. There are actual instruments, and the vocals have a lot of effects on them. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. 1186 ∏ 25th St., Moline, IL 61265.) (Erin)

HE TANKS are like JONESTOWN, sort of art punk but more urban and less college than you might associate the with phrase "art punk." They occasionally bust into double-bass/grindcore parts, vocals included, but for the most part the tempos have a slow groove and change a bit within that. The vocals are spoken with a droning sing-song to them. I loved this band live. ($5 ppd. 5 song CD, no lyrics included. 612 S. Van Buren, Apt 1, Iowa City, IA 52240.) (Erin)

HE UNITED STATES plays a mix of melodic emo and quirky danceable post-punk. The rhythm section is usually interesting, the lead instruments are creating atmosphere, and the vocals are sung and straightforward, except when they're yelling and straightforward. ($4 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyrics included. 101 Graham Ave. Apt 2, Brooklyn, NY 11206.) (Erin)

ZINES

Reviews by: (AR) Aragorn, (HB) Heather Blotto, (PC) Paul Curran, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (BD) Ben Ditch, (LG) Layla Gibbon, (CH) Cassie Harwood, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (GN) Golnar Nikpour, (CR) Casey Ress, (AS) Andy Shoup, (DS) Dionne Stevens.

Please send your zine in for review to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and postpaid price. If you want us to include a foreign postpaid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ADIJO PAMET #11 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 36 pgs – Croatian

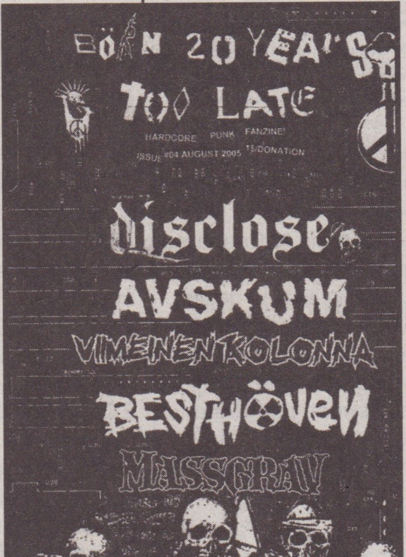
This fanzine from Croatia has interviews with John King, an English writer, and Superhiks, a ska band from Macedonia. There are articles on the *Killed By Death* collection, Sham 69, and MC5. There is also a report on Euro 2004 in Portugal—I guess that was a punk rock festival. There are plenty of new record reviews and a few ads. This fanzine isn't too bad, and probably a great way to make a connection with the scene in the Balkans. (HH)

Adijopamet / Gunduliceva 12 / 44320 Kutina / Croatia
adijopamet@yahoo.com

THE ALARM #2 / 2 stamps
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs

Take a look at this radical, collaborative, political zine from Houston, TX. It has cursory descriptions and contact information for a bunch of radical groups in Houston like Earth First!, Food Not Bombs, Indymedia, Paper Machete (a local guerrilla theater group), and a Radical Women's Collective, among others. It also has some really awesome interviews with Houston activists Simon Sedillo and Maria Jimenez. They focus on making connections between different radical groups based on identifying capitalism as a common enemy. *The Alarm* also has a distro that offers political literature for really cheap—almost everything is either $1 or a stamp. The layout and artwork look really good, and the attitude is extremely positive. This looks like an excellent resource for activist-minded people in Houston or Texas in general, and a good read for radicals elsewhere. (HB)

1301 Richmond Apt. U-9 / Houston, TX 77006
alarm@riseup.net



ANARCHOI #14 / ?
8.5 x 11.75 – copied – 28 pgs

Anarchoi packs quite a bit of UK punk rock action into its 28 pages, featuring interviews with the One Takes, Filthpact, Sad Society, Self Abuse, and others, as well as record and show reviews and an awesome piece lambasting American Oi bands for their jingoistic, fascist leanings. My favorite part of *Anarchoi*, though, was the ad for Anti Hunt Punx, an anti-fox hunt group which shows a cartoon of a punk fox, complete with docs, a mohawk, and an upraised paw, giving the ol' two fingered *fook ahf.* Awesome. (AS)

Mr. James Gemmel / 3 Hazelgrove / Kilwinning / Ayrshire / KA13 7JH / UK

BALD CACTUS #23 / **HEAD WOUND** #17 / $3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 48 pgs

This is a split zine, between BALD CACTUS & HEAD WOUND, both of which I'd never heard of but that doesn't mean much of anything. I think these are pretty well known in Leeds though. Anyway, well put-together zine on both ends. This issue of BALD CACTUS has an interviews with Chris of Peter Bower Records and bands C.D.S. and No Substance. Lots and lots of book and record reviews and lots of football talk. Is football soccer over there? This issue of HEAD WOUND has interviews with people from Insurgence Records and with bands No Respect, Opcio K-95, Burn All Flags and Forced Entry. Also a ton of record, zine, and film reviews. The two zines complement and resemble eachother and are definitely worth the 3 bucks if you're into zines with heavy review/interview content. (CH)

145-149 Cardigan Road / Leeds LS6 1LJ / England

BEAT MOTEL #2 / £1.50
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 52 pgs

Subtitled "The zine full of Punks, Bands, Writers and Idiocy," *Beat Motel* takes the *MRR* formula in a refreshing direction. This can probably be attributed to the fact that the editor had never even *seen MRR* until we sent him a recent issue. Well, welcome to the family! *Beat Motel* covers a wide range of punk and independent music—from Julian Cope to Ação Direta—and it's columnists cover a wide range of topics—from a teenager explaining to parents "What's up with them?" to a bunch of folks giving their take on straightedge. Interviews, articles, show reviews and zine reviews abound, complimented by cool/ridiculous photos and graphics. I enjoyed almost everything in here, especially the free-ranting columns, but sometimes the Britishness of it left me wondering who/what the hell they were talking about. Comes with a free lighter, too, so if you don't like it you can smoke it! Well worth the pound-fifty. [Note: Their website says this issue is sold out. Write or email 'em to be sure.] (PC)

Beat Motel / 71 Rectory Road / Ipswich / Suffolk / IP2 8EQ / England
www.beatmotel.co.uk /
crap@beatmotel.co.uk

THE BLASPHUNNY PAGES #2 / $2 or trade
7 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs

Matt weaves an intricate web in this zine, combining history, childhood experiences, politics and the modern day culture of the bizarre city that is Spokane, WA. Sometimes it felt like a college paper, and then there would be some ridiculously funny incident noted that no college professor would appreciate—but I did. From the KKK to town-razing fires to bigoted parents and segregation, it all captures the feeling of being in an isolated environment in the middle of nowhere, as well as the ability to look back on it all with a sense of humor. (MD)

Matt Runkle / 3207 Telegraph Ave. / Oakland, CA 94609

BORN 20 YEARS TOO LATE #4 / $1 or donation
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
A hardcore punk fanzine featuring interviews with Disclose, Avskum, Viimeinen Kolonna, Besthoven and Massgrav. The interviews are interesting and there's also plenty of record reviews and zine listings and stuff. I like the way this zine looks and the things it says. It's all photocopied punk flyer-art-style but still clean and easy to read. It leaves you feeling satisfied like eating a good sandwich. Mmmm. (CH)

G2 Riel / Gatineau, QB / J8Y 5Y2 / Canada
theamebix@yahoo.com

BRAINS #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This is a series of short stories set in a universe where the "normals" are actually undead and the punx are the only ones living. Much like our world. The project is nothing short of brilliant. Well-written, high concept—the punks will rule when the undead roam the land! (AR)

3206 NE 11th St. / Portland, OR 97212

BRENDAN ROCKS RANTS / ?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 31 pgs
Brendan Rocks, the same guy that makes *Picaresque* (see review this issue), made this. It has five articles, and zine reviews. The articles are well written and funny, with titles like "Jerry Lewis Is as Punk as Fuck," and "Mesh Caps, Vice Magazine and the Trouble with Irony." It's nice to see someone writing thoughtfully about cultural trends and issues that are relevant to the punk community without having to constantly be talking about themself. The zine reviews are witty and descriptive, and sometimes harshly honest. Although I got a little bit lost on the apparently sarcastic rant, "I mean really, who is Straight Edge anymore anyway," I actually couldn't stop reading it. Maybe it was because the type is huge and it made me feel smart. (HB)

Moonee Dams Press / c/-17 Mayes St / Stawell, VIC / Australia 3380
http://mooneedams.blogspot.com / mooneedamspress@hotmail.com

CHUMPIRE #182 / 1 stamp or trade
8.5 x 3.5 – copied – 12 pgs
First, the particulars: *Chumpire* gets a couple of bonus points for its interesting format. It's the same dimensions as a business check or a note of currency, and fits perfectly into a business envelope. At the same time, I would take a couple of points away for the spine. Instead of having a fold, it is open on the end, which is one of my pet peeves as far as zines go. But onto the important stuff: *Chumpire* has two main components. One part is a few so-so photos of bands playing and some people hanging out at shows. The other part is the writing. The best part is someone's account of their experiences working at a summer camp, and then (whoa!) in the next paragraph I'm suddenly reading a show review, then an account of a trip to Centralia, PA, then some record reviews, and before you know it, it's over. The writing is decent, but dude, if you're going to go to the trouble of doing a zine, let's see a little more content. I'm not quite sure why, but if a zine is really short, it's gotta be really sweet, and this one left me a little sour. (AS)

Greg Knowles / PO Box 27 / Annville, PA 17003-0027
chumpire@hotmail.com

#7
Imagine
ANARCHISM FOR THE REAL WORLD
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Sarah Winnemucca believed in the U.S. government as a force of good and moral values. In return, the U.S. government betrayed her, called her a whore and used her to try to exterminate her tribe — but it waited until this year for its final humiliation. Page 50

☞ But the most brilliant propagandist technique will yield no success unless one fundamental principle is borne in mind constantly and with unflagging attention. It must confine itself to a few points and repeat them over and over. – **Adolph Hitler, "Mein Kampf", 1925**

☞ See, in my line of work you got to keep repeating things over and over and over again for the truth to sink in, to kind of catapult the propaganda. – **George W. Bush, 2005**

☞ **Inside:** The case for an anarchist society part 1 (p. 30), responses to patriotic bumperstickers (p. 23), worthy charities (p. 40), anarchist parenting skills part 2 (p. 46), Mormon Corner (p. 26), letters, laughs.

DOLL #217 / ?
7 x 10 – printed – 136 pgs – Japanese
A high-gloss, full-color fanzine from Japan. All the writing is in Japanese except for most of the feature titles on the front cover and a few isolated words inside. It includes an extended interview with the Damned that has tons of color photos, as well as interviews with Guitar Wolf, the Casualties, High On Fire, the Monsters, Fuck On The Beach, the Suicide Machines, Misery Signals, Subzero, and so many other bands from the US and Japan. Parts of the magazine are in color, but most of it is black-and-white. It also has record reviews and a lot of ads for punk-type merchandise. If you don't know Japanese, you won't be able to read any of it, but the pictures are so cool that it's pretty much worth checking out anyway. (HB)

No. 303 Aota Bldg. / 3-1-9 Kita / Kohenji, Suginami-Ku / Tokyo / JAPAN
hensyu@doll-mag.co.jp

DROP OUT #1 / $4 ppd
8.5 x 12 – printed – 36 pgs
"Polish zine written in English!" *Drop Out* is pretty standard hardcore/crust zine fare (i.e., lots of black ink, lots of interviews). Featured bands: D.H.I.B.A.C., Grief, Hellnation, Shackled Down, Catheter, Matka Teresa. There are lots of pictures and reviews as well. Above average debut, but no mailing address. (MD)

dropout@go2.pl

EARQUAKE #87 / $1
5.5 x 8 – printed – 24 pgs – French
This small fanzine, a long time staple of the French punk scene, has an in depth interview with Flogging Molly, then come plenty of fanzine and record reviews. This is definitely a great fanzine for checking out French punk. Always a good read! (HH)

Frederic Leca / 65 rue St. Jean / 88300 Neufchateau / France
earquake@gmail.com

EAST VILLAGE INKY #28 / $2
5.5 x 4.5 – copied – 40 pgs
As always, *East Village Inky* is full of little stories about little babies and big adventures. This issue has some real photos of the family in action, too. In this issue, read about a fabulous mermaid parade and a stressful journey to the hospital to deliver a baby...and more! (CH)

PO Box 22754 / Brooklyn, NY 11202
www.ayunhalliday.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT July 2005 / postage
8.5 x 11 – copied – 22 pgs
This is a monthly magazine that gives a bit of context to a weekly radio show of the same name out of Toronto. This issue includes interviews with Saigon Distress Signal, the Freeze, and Chris Walter, record reviews, a couple zine reviews, and a lengthy show review. The interviews and content generally errs on the side of depth rather than style and the reviewers are well informed. (AR)

equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm

THE HATED #1 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Uh… I don't know what to say about this. It's a true scum fuck zine complete with a tribute

to GG Allin and a story about the eroticism of piss and shit. This certainly caters to a niche market. Probably those who are fans of the Dwarves and the Mentors will be into this zine. It seems designed to shock and repulse. (BD)

Fanorama Society / 109 Arnold Ave. / Ceanston, RI 02905

IMAGINE #7 / $3.50

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs

This is a solid anarcho-liberal publication that emphasizes the tragedy of the current system and the hypocrisy of the current leadership rather than a sense of how beautiful another world could be. This is underlined in the lengthy "The case for an anarchist society" that describes social human behavior as anarchist (thereby diluting anarchist ideas into such a weak solution as to be barely noticeable) and government as a herder of sheep. The promise made, and conclusion alluded to throughout this publication, is that economics "appears to be a good gateway to a real anarchist future." It specifically cites Michael Albert's Parecon which is the most passionless, lifeless, and bureaucratic mechanism ever devised to organize human society. Also included in this issue is a nice biography of Sarah Winnemucca, poetry, and "10 favorite things." (AR)

PO Box 8145 / Reno, NV 89507

L.A. SCENE REPORTER # 17 / free

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 8pgs

A short little zine giving L.A. ska punkers a heads up about shows and goings on in their neighborhood. A pretty cool project, though not necessarily of much interest to those living outside the L.A. area. Keep up the good work! (GN)

Nick G / 312 W. 8th St. / Los Angeles, CA 90014

ME LLAMAN FASCISTA #14 / 0.30

12 x 16 – copied – 4 pgs – Spanish

First, I have to apologize for my limited translation skills. This four-page zine describes itself as a punk and anarchist fanzine, and has articles on Reclaim the Streets, Communists-as-crap, the filthy people around the author, and a few columns about hardcore, punk, and vegetarianism. It's hard to do the zine justice in this review, but it looks good and the content is interesting. Unfortunately, there is no address or contact info! If this is your zine, drop us a line and will print the contact info in the next issue. (CR)

MODERN ARIZONA #8 / $1

5.5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs

The writing pieces in this New York zine can basically be broken into two categories: personal adventure and educational. The latter being represented by the articles "Water: Compound of Life" and "Uranium: Element of Death," as well as "Ask Kevin," which is all about boogers. The adventures include skydiving, drug smuggling, eating chitlin's, and stealing those yellow-ribbon magnets off cars. It's all very well written and enjoyable to read. I learned a lot, I laughed, I cried. Okay, I didn't cry, but I do have a strange taste of shit in my mouth from that chitlin' story… (PC)

Joe Unseen / PO Box 494 / Brewster, NY 10509

http://users.bestweb.net/~unseen/

MOVE YOUR ASS #10 / $3

11 x 8 – newsprint – 52 pgs – Czech

This fanzine has a layout similar to that of *MRR*. This issue opens with lots of interesting columns, then come plenty of band interviews including Purification, Totalni Nasazeni, X-wing, Antimaniax, Rambo, New Winds, and Brigada Flores Magon. There are also plenty of new record reviews. Overall this is a damn cool fanzine that makes punk rock. fun. Yeah! (HH)

PO Box 18 Chrastava 46331 / Czech Republic

moveyourass@seznam.cz

MPATA #2 / **STICK 2 FINGERS** #38 / £1 UK, $3 world

5.75 x 7.75 – copied – 32 pgs

If you miss the spirit of Britain's unruliest tabloids, *Most Punks Are Total Arseholes* will pleasantly take you back. It looks pretty good, being all handwritten with grainy photocopied pictures, newspaper clippings about cops being assaulted, etc. This guy doesn't even get to hating the Queen or the rich 'cuz he's too busy hating students and middle-class wankers (even our own beloved *MRR*!). The interview with Intensive Scare comes off pretty good. Outside of the punk realm, famous drunken writers and historical queers of note are briefly profiled. I'll keep my eye out for future issues. On the flip, *S2F* is not as packed with material; actually it looks sparse next to its meaner brethren. This is the last issue, and it seems a little thrown together. Interviewed are Raw Poo and P.A.W.N.S., these are OK. Also, there's some humor, more underground ads, and a list of back issues. Past readers probably will think it's fine, but it fell short for me. Like Mould said, "A baby's born and another one dies." Enclosed is a poster dissing £60 reunion shows. (JM)

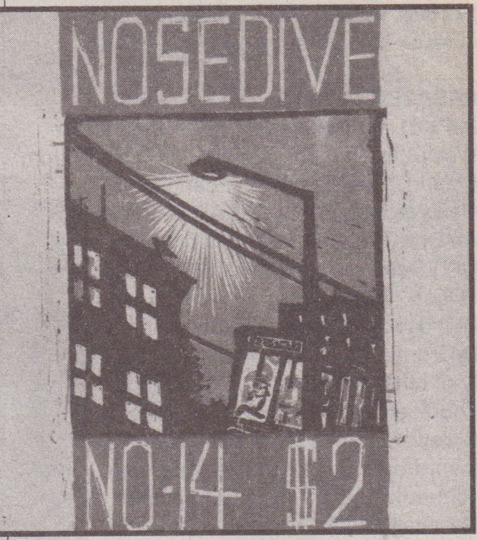
MPATA / PO Box 35913 / London / N17 9YP / UK

NIGHT JAUNTS #3 / $1-2, trade, free to prisoners

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs

It's all writing with barely any graphics, telling stories of walking around. (Actually, the photo on the cover is kind of nice.) The editor is seeking submissions, and the ones he got for this issue are kind of middling. One guy gets smashed in the face with a brick, and these other kids get addicted to stealing after they take revenge by ripping off somebody's skate ramp... Other stories discuss camping in the high desert, sneaking out, drunks wanting to fight, and stuff like that. Seems like a fair deal for trade or a dollar, and it's something to read if you're incarcerated. (JM)

PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405



NOSEDIVE #14 / $2

6.5 x 6.5 – copied – 32 pg

Man, I really lucked out this month. I got not one but, two great "personal" type zines, and this is one of them. In *Nosedive*, Icki covers a lot of well worn territory—moving around, feeling fucked up and disenchanted with activism/punk, trying to find some solace in the everyday—but he does it in a way that seems both earnest and fresh. It certainly doesn't hurt that he's an excellent writer, and that he's covering territory that I found myself relating to. There is a moving and interesting interview with Icki's father—a Vietnam war veteran—some book reviews and recommendations, and writing about work. The whole thing is handsomely and lovingly packaged in hand-screened covers. A keeper, for sure. (GN)

Icki / PO Box 6834 / Portland, OR 97228

OX FANZINE #60 / $7

11 x 8 – printed – 140 pgs – German

As usual this fanzine is jam-packed with tons of punk rock. There are plenty of interviews, including Dwarves, Mars Volta, Generators, Knights of the New Crusade, Wall of Voodoo, The Unseen, Black Maria, and many others. There are also pages and pages of new record reviews, as well as ads, columns and

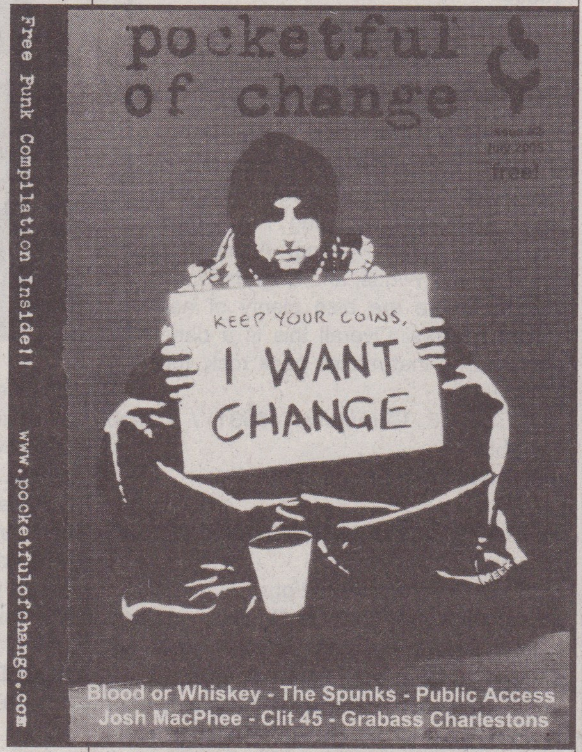
punk gossip. Finally, it comes with a free 27-song sampler that include many of the bands interviewed. This is definitely a worthwhile fanzine for staying hip on what's happening in the world of punk. (HH)
PO Box 102225 / 42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

PASAZER #20 / $5
8.5 x 11 – printed – 132 pgs – Poland
Wow! Lots of punk rock in this fanzine from Poland. There are lots of band interviews including Sick Of It All, Eye For An Eye, Turbonegro, Tsunami Bomb, UK Subs, Resistance 77, One Million Bulgarians, Raw Power, Birthday Massacre, Riistetyt, Ratos De Porão, Kevin Seconds, plus plenty of other not so well known bands. There are also lots of new record reviews and ads for people to order them from. Finally. this fanzine also comes with a 24-song CD sampler. Definitely an informative read and good listen. (HH)
PO Box 42 / 39-201 Debica 3 / Poland
www.pasazer.pl

PICARESQUE / #8 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This is a personal zine that's put together in an unmistakably *Cometbus*-like format (36 pages of almost solid text, broken up into 25 numbered sections). The short stories are about this guy's life growing up, living, loving, working, partying, etc. in Australia. The writing is clear and straightforward, the content is interesting, and the short stories relate to each other in an awkward but successful way. The author possesses self-awareness about being a zine writer that so many of his peers seem to be lacking these days. (HB)
Moonee Dams Press / c/-17 Mayes St / Stawell, VIC / Australia 3380
http://mooneedams.blogspot.com / mooneedamspress@hotmail.com

POCKETFUL OF CHANGE #2 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 32 pgs
This is one of those free rags you find laying around the record store or wherever. This one is better than most, to damn with faint praise. It's, of course, 95% interviews, ads, and reviews, though it comes with a CD-R featuring some of the bands inside. The book reviews were better than I expected, and some of the interviews are well done. Editor Caryn talks with the Spunks, who evidently she just met that same night, and it comes out well, and her talk with Grabass Charlestons is fine too. Editor Jim emails (I think) stencil artist Josh MacPhee, which is a shorter but still good interview. The rest of it is kind of mediocre and/or corny, but for free it's worth looking through. (JM)
1005 N 36th St. #2 / Seattle, WA 98103
www.pocketfulofchange.com

RATCHAGER #3 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 11 – photocopied – 32 pgs – French
The guy who is putting out this fanzine also has done the fanzine Black Lung, and after reading this issue I realized what a cool dude he must be. That makes it worth checking out. Included in this issue are interviews with the bands Hjertestop, Regulations, and Destrux. There are also record, fanzine and movie reviews. There is an article on why Punk Voter sucks, plus personal writings and a Paris scene report. Support this fanzine send something to trade for it! (HH)
Alex Simon / 57 Ave. du General Morand / 91600 Savigny-Orge / France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Josh MacPhee - Clit 45 - Grabass Charlestons

RAZORCAKE #27 / $3
8.5 x 11 – printed – 116 pgs
Razorcake is an excellent punk fanzine that always reflects the passionate enthusiasm of its writers and editors. It looks great, and is very readable. If I weren't required to read all the interviews in *MRR*, I'd probably read *Razorcake*'s more often. This issue has This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb, cover-cuties the Observers, and Paul Roessler, brother of Black Flag's Kira and (not mentioned in the interview cuz they were too busy talking about the Screamers and Darby Crash) writer of the Nip Drivers' "Never Was," one of the best punk songs ever! They've got two always-entertaining columnists with Nardwuar (this time vs. Fat Mike—hilarious!) and Rev. Nørb (who I hope I never have to hang out with, for fear that he talks like he writes [with so many parenthetical asides that you always have to backtrack to figure out what the hell he was talking about in the first place], and actually looks like he does in photos [yikes!]). And there are always good non-interview features, like this month's "All-Girl Bands on the Big Screen" article. If you don't buy this issue, at least pick it up and read Todd's inspirational intro—it'll do you right. (PC)
PO Box 42129 / LA, CA 90024
www.razorcake.com

REVOLUTIONARIES / $4
5.5 x 7 – copied – 96 pgs
This thick booklet is a "best of" picture book filled with photographs of radicals and protestors from the period of 1966 to 1977 (or so). These are inspiring pictures that range from student protests to the ruins of Weather Underground hideouts. The back cover asks a question that should haunt us today: "How will you live your life so that it does not make a mockery of your values?" which I would turn on the editor of this selection of photographs of Stalinists, Maoists, state collaborators, and rhetoricians of revolution. That said, if you are into the style, this is a considered collection of imagery. (AR)
365 SE Division St. / Portland, OR 97202

SEDITION #5 / free
8.5 x 11 – printed – French
Even though this fanzine says "free" on the cover, one should send these people some money for postage if ordering it from the States. To start with, there's a bunch of interviews, including the bands Requiem, High On Fire, Tokyo Sex Destruction, the Ungdomshuse squat in Denmark and the Profane Existence crew. And of course there are plenty of record reviews of lots of cool bands. All in all this is a pretty good fanzine, especially for anyone interested in the French scene. (HH)
Exutoire / BP 073 / 33031 Bordeau Cedex / France
seditionzine@hotmail.com

SNAKE PIT #34 / GULLIBLE #26 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
Here we have a split between *Snake Pit* and *Gullible*. Ben Snakepit, whose awesome zine features scores and scores of three-paneled strips, (each documenting one day of his life), shifts gears here and does his half with all writing, no comics. The result? Snakepit can hold his own without the aid of pictures, luring you in with tales of heartbreak and humor over which he reminisces while traveling Japan. His enthusiasm is infectious and his

stories are a blast to read. Chris Terry of *Gullible* zine tells some tour stories too, and adds some comics and a recipe for variety. This is a solidly written and produced zine. In fact it even has some graphic and aesthetic themes! Zine makers need to look at zines like this and pay close attention, maybe even take notes. Good stuff. (AS)

C. Terry / 807 Bergen St. 2R / Brooklyn, NY 11238

SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #7 / $3
8.5 X 11 – copied – 36 pgs

Taking a break from his book and his band, J Church, our comrade from Austin, Lance Hahn has put out a new issue of *Some Hope and Some Despair*, much to my excitement. This issue might be better than any of the others I've read over the years. A nice mix of politics, music, and reviews, including an interview with Cathy Wilkerson formerly of the Weather Underground, a J Church Japan tour diary, list of the things he's done since high school, lists of bands he's seen, an interview with the band DIRT, and lots of music and film reviews. Our city is worse off without Lance. I guess this zine will just have to suffice as a substitute. (CR)

Honey Bear Records / 1730 E. Oltorf #135 / Austin, TX 78741

TACOMA LAB EXPERIMENTS #4 / $3
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs

Sometimes a zine requires you to piece together odd bits and pieces to find out what it's about, who the writer is, and what the reader is supposed to get out of it. Near as I can figure, *TLE* was put together by resident participants of a drug study. Each person involved in the study is represented by a grotesque drawing and a brief biographical sketch, neither of which seem to make much sense. Which is not to say that this was a crappy zine, rather it's just kinda strange. I liked it but yeah…it's weird. (CR)

PO Box 23132 / Seattle, WA 98102

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #188 / trade
6 x 8 – printed – 32 pgs – Finnish

As always, the most consistent fanzine *MRR* reviews from Finland. This issue has a scene report on the K-Town Fest in Denmark. There are some fanzine and record reviews, plus a few gig reports from corner spots in Europe including Vaasa where this fanzine originates. Finally, there is a great photo on the back cover of punks facing off a squad of cops. Send something to Finland to trade for this cool fanzine. (HH)

PO Box 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
www.punkinfinland.net/tv/English

TORN AND FRAYED #3 / $1
8.5 x 7 – copied – 48 pgs

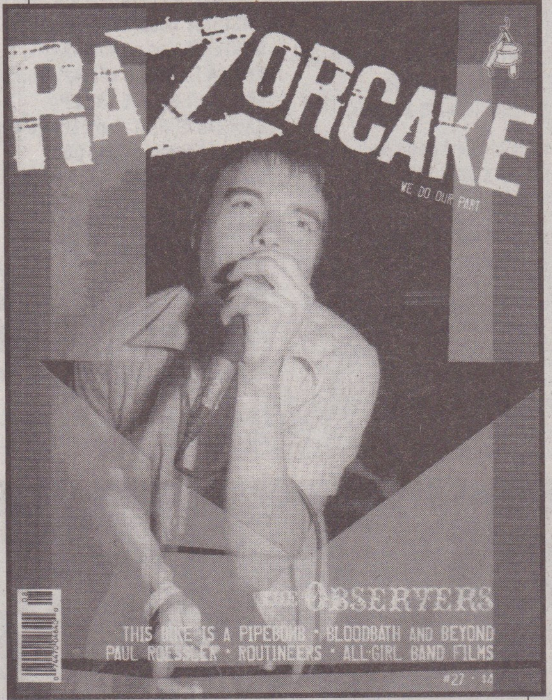
The cover of this zine pretty much sums up the content. "Two funerals, a divorce, depression, soul searching, and a tiny bit of hope." This is a personal zine; fairly well written, and fairly entertaining but nothing too mind blowing here… It doesn't suck. (BD)

Francis / PO Box 19374/ Cincinnati, OH 45219

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #76 / $1+postage
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 52 pgs

This is a music zine with lots of show reviews. Bands that played at these shows include but are not limited to: The Groovie Ghoulies, The Queers, Against Me!, Har Mar Superstar, and Nomeansno. There are also interviews with Napalm Deaths' Mark "Barney" Greenway and Mah Jongg. Furthermore, there are lots of CD and record reviews, and last but not least, an interesting political column titled "The Claiming of America—A brief look at social conservatives, their political counterparts and their effect on America." That was my favorite part. (BD)

PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329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UNDERWORLD CRAWL #3 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs

I have to say, *Underworld Crawl* was a genuinely unexpected treat. The layout is pretty minimal, and on first glance I figured this for another average personal zine filled with the same banal shit I find in too many zines. This, though, is different. Honestly, I am not totally sure if this is a personal zine or a series of short, fictional vignettes about working the night shift at some shit job, but in either case *Underworld Crawl* is a meaningful, memorable read. The stories are narrated by a fucked up, somewhat misanthropic, but somewhat hopeful wage slave; the shorts are populated pretty much exclusively by his two fucked up friends. What could have been a pretty maudlin tale actually wound up reminding me a bit of *Jesus' Son* by Denis Johnson, which is pretty high praise for a zine. Overall, I felt a great deal of empathy for the narrator, and nodded quite a few times in recognition or agreement. There are some awkward passages, and the writing can be slightly overwrought at times, but it is real *writing*, and good stuff at that. Highly recommended—I am gonna send for the first two issues. (GN)

R. Lee / PO Box 1421 / Oshkosh, WI 54903

WAR ON WANKERS #1 / ?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 10 pgs

This is a record collectors' zine with a focus on punk and hardcore bands. There are lots of record reviews and one editorial column talking about bands and records. Most of the writing concerns older bands such as Void, Gang Green, etc. (BD)

Ben Parker / 5501 S. 1st St. # 736 / Austin, TX 78704

WESTSTARLAND #1 / $5
5.5 x 8 – copied – 48 pgs

It's always interesting to see how people from other countries experience visiting the US of A. Of course, visiting in November, I know one thing you will experience—*cold*! Kerry documents her travels in SF, Boston, NYC, DC, and Chicago, detailing vegetarian restaurants visited, museums, shows and punks encountered along the way. Very lighthearted, and a quick read. I finished it wanting a little more substance, but enjoyed it while it lasted. (MD)

Kerry Ann Lee / PO Box 14562 / Kilbirnie / Wellington 6003 / New Zealand

ZINESTERS ARE PRETENTIOUS ASSHOLES #1 / $1 or 2 stamps
4.25 x 7.25 – copied – 30 pgs

This is a self-reflective personal zine from the East Bay. The author references *My So-Called Life* and tells a story about when she met Betsy Johnson. She's working out her issues on paper and making impulsive declarations (e.g., the zine's title, or, "There's no greater feeling than inspiration!"). The format is awesome—oddly shaped and haphazardly stapled, with typed writing, handwriting, photos, stories, quotes, drawings and poems all mixed up. Like almost all personal zines, this one will be interesting to people who dig on the author's lifestyle, and probably won't be interesting to those who don't. (HB)

Maggie Battles / 95 Linda Ave. #101 / Piedmont, CA 94911

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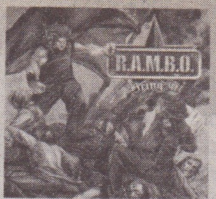
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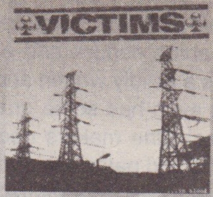
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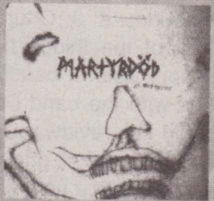
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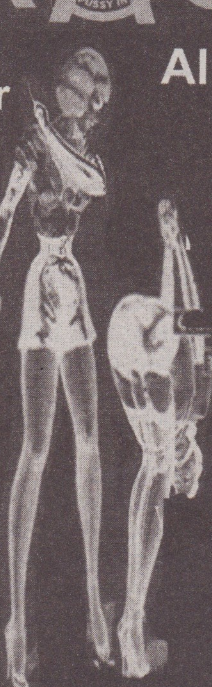

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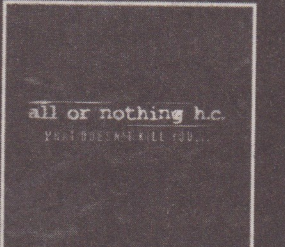

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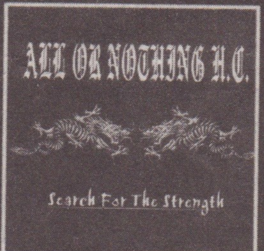

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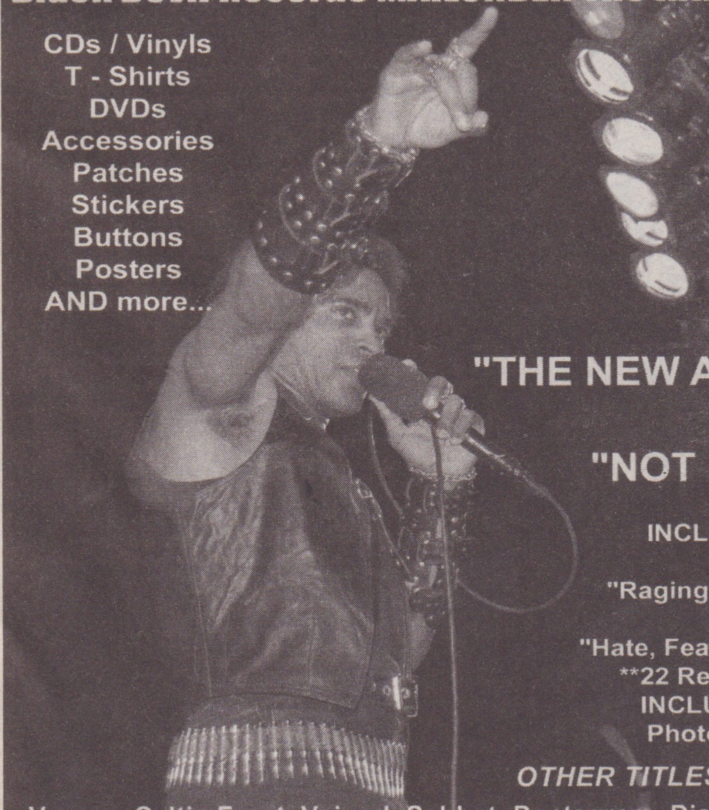

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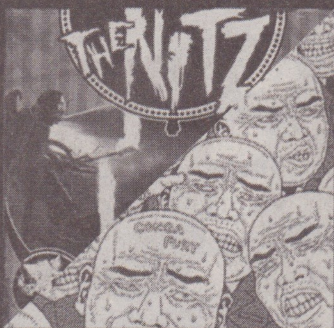
THE SPARK / DEATHCYCLE

Baltimore hardcore veterans THE SPARK offer up five songs on their fourth release that proves they have absolutely no intentions of slowing down. NY's DEATHCYCLE featuring x and current members of CR and KILL YOUR IDOLS, plays a brand of fast hardcore that'll knock your straight on your ass! Split release with Burn Bridges. www.burnbridges.net



CONGA FURY / THE NITZ

CONGA FURY deliver four of their most over the top, distorted and high-speed congs combining the power of their Japanese forebearers like GAUZE and LIP CREAM with the distortion of DISCLOSE. The NITZ deliver two slabs of MOTORHEAD meets THE DWARVES and an insane cover of SCHOOLASTIC DETH'S geek-thrash anthem "Revenge of the Nerds."

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RELEASES ARE $5ppd or $5.50 via paypal
5075 Wright Ave., Baltimore, MD 21205

www.ReptilianRecords.com/CompleteDistort CompleteDistort@ureach.com

Complete Distort is always looking for demos from fast, thrash, crust and just plain fun bands!

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CORRUPTED new CD from HG FACT, Japan.
$23.00 + postage(ask)
1 song 1 darkest hour, HEAVIEST.

Corrupted
El Mundo Frio

CLASSIFIEDS

Attention Classifieds Readers: When responding to these ads remember that the world of MRR readers is not a punk rock utopia where everyone is looking out for everyone else and we're all cool... Be careful what you tell people and be careful who you send money to. There are people out there in punkland who will try to rip you off, exploit you or manipulate you. Really, it's true.

NUCLEAR "FUCK'IN" SKULL-N-BONES Fla.'s pissed off, disenfranchised underground misfits introduce their 1st studio 3-song demo featuring "Resident Evil Mercenary" & "Smash, Crash, Burn". Get the new "Fuck the System" T-shirt ($13) before the Bush gestapo shuts them down!! nuclearskull.com

"WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?" is a 20 band/20 track CD compilation including: The Fux, El Destructo, Kill the Witness, Exit Wound (ex-Common Enemy) Eden Park, Los Griswolds, Explosive Intent & more. Available through: www.Interpunk.com www.CDBaby.com

IF YOUR HAND GETS TIRED, GIVE YOURSELF A REST, switch hands, or try a vibrator. If you're on the brink of orgasm, but can't quite get over the hump, try altering your breathing, or focusing on a really hot fantasy. Enjoy, DigginforDirt.com.

RARE PUNK! For the biggest catalog in the world for RARE punk rock records, cd's, shirts, posters, bondage belts, creepers, boots, hair dye, studs, bondage pants, leather jackets, Fred Perrys, and a fuckload more, send three stamps or $1.00 ($2.00 or three IRC's) for a 90+ page catalog to: Dr. Strange Records, PO Box 1058, Alta Loma, CA 91701 USA or check out "some" of the goodies on-line: www.drstrange.com in California? Get your fat-ass over here to visit us at the store. The BIGGEST punk rock store in all of California. Over 2300 square feet and 20,000 different items. Everything from The Adolescents to Zounds. Call for directions at (909) 944-1778. Open every fuckin' day from 10-7. "Dr. Strange Records, where it's 1982 everyday."

RARE PUNK for fair prices. Everything from Adolescents to Zounds. Over 20,000 items including: records, CD's, DVD's, videos, bondage pants, bullet belts, t-shirts, patches, stickers, key chains, leather jackets, posters, buttons and a lot more. Site is updated every 2 hours. If we don't have it, it doesn't exist! www.rarepunk.com phn (909) 944-1778.

USING ONE OR TWO FINGERS, rhythmically stroke the different parts of your vulva, paying particular attention to your clitoris and labia. Experiment with different types of pressure, speed and motion. Enjoy, DigginforDirt.com.

DWELLING PORTABLY. POB 190-mrdp. Philomath, OR 97370. How to live comfortably without rent/taxes/hassles in tents, van wikiups, etc. Readers tell what works, and doesn't. "In-depth information...awesome" = MRR #254. $1. Back issues 6 / $5, 13 /$10, 30 / $20.

POISON GIRLS were in my opinion one of the best bands ever. Anarcha-feminist 80s punk from the UK. Kicking the capitalist patriarchy in the nuts. Check out their lyrics, music and what they were about at www.kersplebedeb.com/poisongirls

BEST SELECTION of punk and core on the web 1975-86: www.stoopidrecgemm.com Garage, art punk, keybourd punk metalcore, edge etc. All vinyl, because punk did not happen on CD.

DETROIT HARDCORE COMPILATION CD I Accuse!, Publife, The Billbondsmen, Goddamn, and Death In Custody. 5 Bands / 10 songs. Only $3. fleshwave@hotmail.com, 21620 Hoffman St., Claire Shores, MI.

WEB HOSTING FOR DUMMIES Yes, now the most computer illiterate can put up a multimedia website complete with music, video, email server and e-commerce store. Cool stuff for techies too. Go to www.Cool-Gigs.com.

KILLEDBYDEATH.ORG - All punk, all the time - check out 24x7 streaming punk and hardcore classics at www.killedbydeath.org. 128 Kbps of punk angst and hardcore fury. No MTV crap here, only the real deal. Requests welcomed!

WWW.HUNGRYGHOSTSRECORDS.COM Check out our huge distro sale. HG participates in international trading which only works with your support.

KERSPLEBEDEB SAYS: FUCK SHIT UP or fuck right off – check out our radical butt-kicking boot-stomping cop-hating rapist-killing collection of buttons, t-shirts and pamphlets: www.kersplebedeb.com. Email: info@kersplebedeb.com. Send $1 for catalog: Kersplebedeb, CP 63560, CCCP Van Horne, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H3W 3H8.

FREE 12 SONG CD from the Master of DIY, Skidd Freeman. Get your free copy of Skidd Freeman's classic CD release, "Pain on Parade". Simply send your mailing address to: SkiddFreeman@webtv.net. "Feeling bad never sounded so good." – Jim Santo, Demo Universe.

WATER HELPS MANY WOMEN LEARN TO MASTURBATE. Lie back with legs spread in a bath with a shower hose and direct the stream of water at your clitoris. Vary the pressure, the pulsation, and the temperature. Enjoy, DigginforDirt.com.

"DON'T BLAME ME I VOTED FOR RAW COOTER" vinyl bumper sticker only $2.00 postage paid from The Cooters, PO Box 443, Oxford, Mississippi 38655 USA. Guaranteed to get a rise out of people! More cool Cooters stuff at: www.TheCooters.com.

LOOKING FOR GIRL from El Paso area, now age 25-30: you were at a skate contest in Las Cruces, April '95, Thrasher was there. Tomboy w/ long straight brown hair & Beastie Boys tee. Where are you now? Ms. Girl, 628 Rondeau Dr., Erie, PA 16505.

PUERTO RICO'S SKATE-PUNKS , The Panty Sniffers, debut length out now called "Sexo, Skate Y Rock n Roll". More info: myspace.com/thepantysniffers.

RARE OLD SCHOOL PUNK VIDEOS and live shows at cheap prices, trades always accepted. More info: www.freewebs.com/forgottenyouthvideo.

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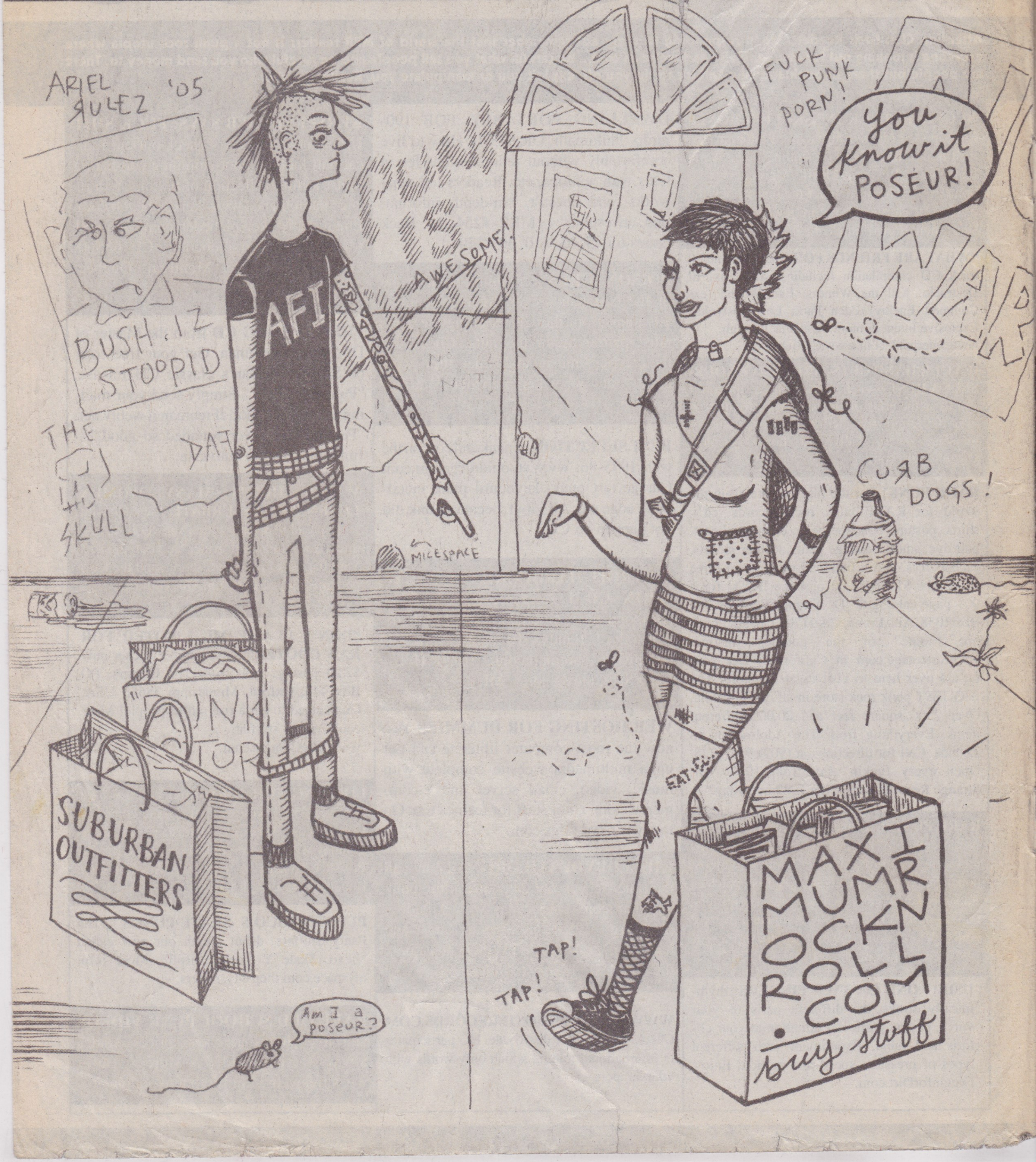
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